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LETTERS FROM AMERICA

1776-1779



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# LETTERS FROM AMERICA

1776-1779

Being *Letters* of  
BRUNSWICK, HESSIAN, and WALDECK  
*Officers* with the *British Armies*  
During the *Revolution*

TRANSLATED BY  
RAY W. PETTENGILL, PH.D.



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TO MY SONS  
GEORGE EWALD PETTENGILL  
AND  
DANIEL WALDRON PETTENGILL  
THAT THEY MAY LEARN WHAT MANNER OF MEN  
THEIR ANCESTORS FACED  
IN BATTLE





## PREFACE

To render the following letters by German officers with the British armies in America during the Revolution available to those who either do not read German or do not have ready access to the rare original would seem a worth-while task, for to see ourselves as others see us — or have seen us — may be as well for a nation as for the individual. Such, at least, was the present translator's feeling when he chanced to purchase an incomplete set of Schlözer's *Briefwechsel* and stumble upon the letters.

A casual search merely revealed that Mr. Edward J. Lowell had utilized this material for his valuable study: *The Hessians and the other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War* (New York, 1884), and so this translation was begun. Then it developed that Mr. Lowell, who fully appreciated the value of these letters, had prompted Mr. William Leete Stone to make a translation which appeared under the title: *Letters of Brunswick and Hessian Officers during the American Revolution* in Munsell's Historical Series (Albany, 1891).

There now seemed to be no possible excuse for another translation, but curiosity about several obscure passages led to an examination of Mr. Stone's work. This immediately revealed the fact

that several letters were but briefly paraphrased, a few had been overlooked, while closer scrutiny showed several errors. With a single exception the elusive passages were either misunderstood or omitted altogether.

Accordingly, this translation, already well along, was completed and is offered in order that this interesting material may be available to a wider circle in more complete and, let us hope, more accurate form. The aim has been to follow the original as closely as possible, even through the long, cumbersome sentences found in some of the letters. Several related items have been added as appendices, so that practically all the original contributions on America and the Revolution contained in the ten volumes of the *Briefwechsel* are here reproduced.



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## INTRODUCTION

AUGUST LUDWIG SCHLÖZER, one of the most thorough and comprehensive German historians of his day, was born July 5, 1735, at Jagststedt in the County Hohenlohe-Kirchberg. His father, a clergyman, died when the boy was but five years old, and August was brought up by relatives. With good linguistic training he entered the University at Wittenberg in 1751 and transferred to Göttingen in 1754 as a student of Theology. Schlözer had already set his heart on a trip to the Orient and devoted considerable attention to Oriental languages at Göttingen. Upon completing his course he went to Stockholm as teacher in a private family and later to Upsala. In 1758 he published an *Attempt at a History of Commerce*, in Swedish. In 1759 he returned to Göttingen to study medicine under the obstetrician Röderer, whose daughter later became his wife.

In 1761, as he was expecting to take his degree and start on his long-projected Oriental journey, the official Russian historian, Müller, induced him to enter his service as private teacher and literary assistant. Schlözer soon learned Russian and began to study early Russian records. This made Müller envious and led to a break in their relations. Schlözer succeeded in securing an appointment as teacher and continued his studies. Müller pre-

vented him from leaving to take a professorship at Göttingen in 1764, but Russia gave him a professorship the next year and commissioned him to work over older Russian history. In 1767 Schlözer was again called to Göttingen as Professor of Politics, and now began the most fruitful period of his active career.

Among other achievements Schlözer led the way in a more animated and inspiring treatment of historical material, gave new value to statistics and extended their use, and did much to further the study of political science. He even lectured on Travel and Journalism, being — so far as I know — the first to introduce the latter subject into any university.

At the age of seventy, Schlözer retired. In 1804 the Czar of Russia raised him to the nobility. He died in 1809. His son, Christian von Schlözer, published his *Public and Private Life* (Leipzig, 1828), where details may be found.

Our concern is not Schlözer's major works, some of which are still consulted, but a periodical which he started in 1775 under the title: *Versuch eines Briefwechsels* ("Attempt at a Letter Exchange"). Popular as a teacher and widely known as a scholar, Schlözer seems always to have received more contributions than he could use. The "Attempt" was followed by the *Briefwechsel* (ten volumes, 1776-82), and this was continued as *Staatsanzeigen* (eighteen volumes, 1782-93). Though the price was trifling — about five cents the number — the de-

mand became so great that he enjoyed a large income, for those days, from this one publication.

American affairs naturally could not fail to interest the editor, and the list of articles dealing with America and the war given in an appendix to this volume shows how large the subject bulks in the *Briefwechsel*. To many the editor's attitude may be of interest. Inasmuch as George III in his character of Elector of Hannover was Schlözer's sovereign, we expect him to take the British point of view, and there is no doubt but that he favored that side, both because of conservative monarchical tradition and because he found more coherent writings in defense thereof. The first issue of the *Briefwechsel* contains a twenty-five-page translation from Mr. Pinto's *Letter to S. B., M.D., in Kingston, Jamaica*, which sets forth the English side of the case. The second issue gives Mr. Pinto's *Political Prophecy for North America* and an *Account between Great Britain and North America* detailing the expense of the colonies to the mother country as a justification of taxation. The fifth issue begins with an abstract of the *Plan for Conciliation* offered to Parliament in 1775, and closes with an explanation of the *Account* mentioned above, in connection with which there is a defense of Mr. Pinto and of the editor himself [see below], while the sixth issue brings further defense and argument, including a partial list of books and pamphlets on the subject used by Schlözer, and an *Anecdote* from Mr. Pinto. The eighth issue brings

the first letter by one of the officers on the ground. The tenth translates letters sent earlier by Americans to Montcalm and de Berryer predicting trouble for England, while the twelfth gives part of the report of the trial of James Hill for "setting fire to the Rope House in His Majesty's Dock Yard at Portsmouth" (1776), which implicates the American agent, Silas Deane. With the thirteenth issue (Vol. III, 1778) letters from America become more frequent than controversial matter about the war.

Evidently Schlözer's apparent English sympathies elicited sharp criticism from other Germans, for, as indicated above, he felt compelled to defend himself. A few sentences from this explanation (fifth issue, Vol. I, page 315 ff.) will show his position:

I know no better apology for the Ministry [than Pinto's.]

To date I have not been able to publish a statement for the Americans because no good one has come into my hands.

It is my purpose, by all means, to clarify the ideas of the German public regarding the American affair, as far as lies in my power.

To represent to this public the side of the Ministry as that of truth is not my purpose and would be beyond my power, because I lack an infinite amount of data. How does the English Ministry concern me, a German private citizen? They take no notice of the German private citizen — I reciprocate.



The case of England against its colonies is to me just like that of the people of Appenzel against the Abbot of St. Gall, or of the Manchus against China: a case which is of interest in the world's history and appeals to philosophic curiosity and the human sense of right and wrong.

When two citizens go to law over the title to a piece of land, no one is going to declare for the one or the other without having the facts. When, as here, two peoples are fighting for a world, then I should think a third party must be still more reserved in his judgment, still more averse to taking sides.

The true student of statecraft often is like the political spellbinder in this, that both know nothing; but in other respects they differ greatly. The former knows that he knows nothing, he investigates, reserves judgment, etc.

These sentences show clearly enough that Schlözer meant to be fair, and we have every reason to believe in his honesty. Several remarks in later issues which seem unfavorable to our ancestors reflect scepticism as to the success of democracy rather than any ill-will. We have reason to be glad that Schlözer was quite as much interested in geography and economics as in political and military history, since otherwise much in these letters might not have been preserved. His desire to disseminate such information among his countrymen led him to edit a *Geography of America*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Neue Erdbeschreibung von ganz Amerika*. (Göttingen and Leipzig, 1777.) This was a translation made by his students from Vol. II of the *Geography* of D. Fenning and I. Collyer, 4th edition, 1773.

Of the writers of these letters I know nothing beyond what they themselves disclose. They were educated men and some were keenly interested in what they saw. Lieutenant Hinrichs, indeed, implies that he joined the Hessian forces in order that he might learn about America. Naturally they accept the English view of the merits of the struggle and in this they were strengthened by contact with the Tories. Nevertheless, they are, as a rule, very independent in their judgments, even upon political questions. National prejudice is absent and their characterizations reflect purely personal reactions to what they observed.

The style is frequently marred by long sentences, and there are some repetitions, which are due partly to the fact that not all the letters are addressed to the same person, partly to the circumstances under which they were written. No attempt has been made to remedy such faults; the aim of the translator has been to present to the reader as faithful a rendering as possible.

Schlözer's notes are translated and signed "S" as in the original. Some of Stone's notes are very helpful; such as are reproduced here are duly credited and must be taken on his authority, since he did not always give his sources.

It is a pleasure to tender the thanks due to Mr. Asa D. Dickinson, Librarian of the University of Pennsylvania, for the courteous loan of those volumes of the *Briefwechsel* not in my possession; to Dr. Worthington C. Ford, Editor of the Massa-

chusetts Historical Society, for advice and kindly interest; to Professor H. C. G. von Jagemann, of Harvard, for help with several troublesome words and expressions; and to Professor C. H. Van Tyne, of the University of Michigan, for bibliographic suggestions.

THE EVENTS WITH WHICH THE LETTERS ARE  
RELATED

When the Revolution began, the British Government sought to crush it as speedily as possible. Obviously troops must be had promptly, yet to introduce conscription would be to arouse a storm of protest, while recruiting was slow and uncertain. As Elector of Hannover, George III was able to draw five battalions from that state. They were sent to Gibraltar and Minorca to relieve English units for other service. This, however, was by no means sufficient and recourse was had to several German princes who had previously let out troops for foreign service and seemed likely to consent to do so again. In fact the Count of Hessen-Hanau promptly offered a regiment and the Prince of Waldeck soon made a like offer. These were not immediately accepted, perhaps because the number of men was so small. The first bargain was concluded with the Duke of Brunswick, January 9, 1776. He contracted to furnish and equip 3964 infantry and 336 unmounted dragoons, to supply recruits annually to make up losses, etc. January 15th the Landgrave of Hessen-Cassel contracted

to furnish 12,000 men, and later made some small additions. Contracts were made subsequently with the rulers of Hessen-Hanau, Waldeck, Anspach-Baireuth, and Anhalt-Zerbst for smaller contingents.

All told, these princes sent nearly 30,000 men to America, of whom over 12,500 did not return. With their blood-money the princes were enabled to pay off old debts or support new mistresses, and they seem to have been quite satisfied. That the soldiers and their families were not so enthusiastic about these bargains did not matter in the least.

The Brunswick troops, commanded by General von Riedesel, embarked first (February and May, 1776). The Hanau regiment, under Colonel von Gall, joined the first contingent, and the Hanau artillery company, under Captain Pausch, of which frequent mention is made in the letters, sailed with the second Brunswick contingent. Canada was their destination. Upon their arrival they were sent to join General Carleton's forces operating against the Americans on Lake Champlain. After defeating the American fleet and coming within sight of Ticonderoga, Carleton decided to wait till spring. The German units were assigned winter quarters along the Richelieu and St. Lawrence. General von Riedesel had his headquarters at Three Rivers; our first two letters are from Batis-can, about twenty-five miles east of Three Rivers, and the next group from Ste. Anne, a few miles farther down the river.



In the spring of 1777 these troops constituted nearly a half of the army of General Burgoyne when he moved south through Lake Champlain to effect a junction at Albany with Clinton's forces from New York. Failure to fortify Mount Defiance forced the Americans to abandon Fort Ticonderoga with heavy loss of guns and stores. The British engaged the retreating rear-guard near Hubbardton. When the Germans came up in support, they first met the Americans in the open field. Our correspondent records his impressions in the letter from Castleton. The Americans continued to retreat — a wise policy, as it proved — and abandoned the various small forts in the region.

Although the portage from the southern end of Lake Champlain to Fort Edward on the Hudson is only about twenty-five miles long, the army moved at a snail's pace. The colonists felled trees on both sides of the road so that the tops interlocked, hung upon the flanks of the army, and otherwise impeded its progress. The soldiers not only had to clear the road and build over forty bridges; they also had to transport practically all their supplies on their backs because of lack of animals. The heat was terrific, and dysentery raged among these men who were worn with their labor and were improperly nourished. Meanwhile American forces were gathering in ever-increasing numbers.

At length General Burgoyne sent a small force

to Bennington to secure supplies and horses and to seize the American stores at that place. This expedition, under Colonel Baum, collected a considerable quantity of supplies, but was surrounded and forced to surrender.<sup>1</sup> This defeat was far more important than any one realized at the moment. It caused further delay, left the army dependent upon its salt pork and flour from Canada, and heartened the Americans, who thus far had won but a single victory (at Trenton) of equal importance. Burgoyne tardily decided to cut loose from Canada. Our writer says his next letter will be over other ocean lanes, and so it proved, for it was written in the internment camp at Winter Hill (Somerville), Massachusetts.

Crossing the Hudson at Schuylerville on September 13th, Burgoyne's army marched slowly southward in three divisions: Fraser on the right, Burgoyne himself in the center, and von Riedesel on the left near the river. On the 19th, Burgoyne was attacked near Freeman's Farm and received aid from Riedesel. The next day Burgoyne began to fortify his camp, meaning to await aid from the south. This aid did not come and at length rations had to be reduced. Hoping to turn the American left flank, Burgoyne undertook on October 7th a reconnaissance in force with some fifteen hundred men drawn from all units. This expedition was soon attacked hotly and routed, though the Germans in the center fought stubbornly. The Ameri-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the letter from Duar House.

cans followed the retreating expedition, vigorously attacked the fortifications, and inflicted heavy losses. Burgoyne hesitated, but on the evening of the 8th began a retreat, fording the Fishkill and camping on the heights in Saratoga on the 9th. Here he hesitated until all hope of escape vanished. On the 13th only enough food remained for five days, the position could not be defended, and Burgoyne sent General Gates a proposal to capitulate. Negotiations followed, and the agreement was signed on the 16th. On the 17th the army marched from its camp, stacked arms, and began its march to Boston. Our letter gives a very good account of this campaign and of the fortunes of the "Convention Troops."

The other German forces with which we are concerned — those from Hessen-Cassel, Waldeck, and Anspach — were sent to New York and saw service along the seaboard from Rhode Island to Florida.

The first Hessian contingent under General von Heister reached New York August 15, 1776, and landed first on Staten Island. The 22d they, along with British units, landed unopposed on Long Island and marched toward Flatbush. The next few days saw some sharp skirmishing, and on the 27th the Americans were attacked all along their line and defeated with heavy losses. The remainder withdrew to New York the 29th–30th, but, inasmuch as the British fleet commanded the harbor, the city could hardly be held. September 15th

royal forces landed on the island near East Thirty-Fourth Street,<sup>1</sup> and Washington's only hope lay in a retreat. Luck was with him and his main force escaped from the island. At this time the second Hessian contingent and the Waldeck regiment arrived and shared in the battle of Chatterton Hill on October 28th, the storm of Fort Washington on November 16th, and the New Jersey campaign.

In November, 1776, Sir William Howe sent an expedition of some seven thousand men to occupy Newport, Rhode Island. Some were withdrawn the next year, but a considerable force remained until October, 1779. Aside from occasional trips to the mainland for wood and food, these troops seem to have undertaken little, and their withdrawal from active service elsewhere was a serious blunder. Although they were kept in suspense much of the time, they were not seriously threatened until the summer of 1779 when d'Estaing appeared with his fleet and a considerable body of Americans landed on the island. There was delay in attacking, however, and Lord Howe came with a fleet to engage the French. A storm scattered both fleets; yet, when d'Estaing returned, General Sullivan still held the British in Newport. Then, to the great relief of these troops, the French fleet suddenly sailed away. Sullivan's forces dwindled and finally withdrew August 28-30, just before British reënforcements arrived on September 1st.

In the summer of 1777, Sir William Howe chose

<sup>1</sup> Cf. letter of Lieutenant Hinrichs.



Philadelphia rather than a junction with Burgoyne as his main objective. Landing at the Elk River, near the head of Chesapeake Bay, he marched overland, engaged Washington's forces at Brandywine September 11th, and entered Philadelphia the 26th. The letters contain no mention of the engagements in this vicinity, save the capture of Fort Mercer and Fort Mifflin, which blocked the passage of British supply ships up the Delaware River. Neither have we any record of Howe's retreat across New Jersey, which was impending when Hinrichs wrote his second letter from Philadelphia, or of subsequent operations around New York.

In the fall of 1778 the British decided to send forces to the Southern Colonies hoping to meet with less vigorous resistance. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell sailed with a force of some thirty-five hundred men, including two Hessian regiments, and we have an account of their voyage and of the capture of Savannah. During the subsequent campaigns in the South, the German units seem to have remained on garrison duty, while the British units engaged in their long, fruitless marches through these colonies.

At the same time a smaller force, including the Waldeck regiment, sailed for Pensacola, stopping at Kingston on the way. We have letters covering the first part of this voyage, and a brief one from Pensacola. Three companies of this Waldeck regiment were sent on to Baton Rouge. Spain was now

at war with England, Spanish forces captured Baton Rouge in the fall of 1779, and in March, 1780, they besieged Pensacola, which surrendered in May. Since the terms of surrender merely provided that these troops should not serve against Spain or her allies until exchanged, and as Spain had no treaty with the Colonies, these soldiers were at once sent back to New York for further service.

The letters in the *Briefwechsel* contribute but little to our knowledge of the military operations aside from the Burgoyne campaign, but they do add greatly to our information regarding other matters and we may well be glad that Professor Schlözer has preserved them for us.

R. W. P.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *April* 14, 1923

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

1776-1779





# LETTERS FROM AMERICA

## I

FROM A STAFF OFFICER AT BATISCAN,

CANADA NOVEMBER 2, 1776

IN all Canada there are but three cities, and all three lie on the St. Lawrence River: Quebec, Trois Rivières, and Montreal. All the other settlements of the Europeans consist in *paroisses* (parishes) or forts. And there are so many of these parishes in Canada that from the Island *Bec*, which lies not very far from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to above Montreal and down to Lake Champlain, one could surely raise over six thousand or seven thousand men fit for military service from them.

A parish is a sort of village, whose houses do not stand close together, but lie one hundred, two hundred, often even six hundred yards apart (sporadically) and are even interrupted by forests. A parish is therefore usually several leagues long; the road always runs through them, so all the houses lie on one side of the road or the other so that they can always be seen. If a brook or river chance to run into a parish from behind, habitations often run up along it at an angle to the road. Consequently all the houses lie beside, not behind one another. Each *habitant* has all his fields, meadows,

pasture, and gardens in front of or behind his house, according to the lay of the land and circumstances, and also has proper woodland near by, all as property allotted to him. Every field, every meadow, etc., is surrounded by a light fence which can be moved easily according to circumstances. Any one who has seen the fences and enclosed fields in the marsh districts of Bremen can form a clear conception of it.

In general, Canadian agriculture shows much similarity with that in Bremen territory. The fallow fields afford the finest pastures for the cattle and these in their turn afford the finest grain-fields. Till way into the winter all the cattle go into the pastures or in the woods and do not enter a stable even at night. One knows nothing about fertilizing with manure, so one reaps only short straw. The field that is to be sowed the next year is ploughed in the late autumn and lies over winter; in spring the grain is sowed and the field harrowed with three good harrows.

Very good wheat is grown in Canada and fair barley and oats. Rye, whether summer or winter crop, is not raised. Peas, vetch, and field beans are also raised, and in the gardens one finds white cabbage, turnips, potatoes, carrots, pumpkins, cucumbers, leeks, onions, parsley, and not infrequently asparagus and melons. Winter fruit is plentiful and good around Montreal; aristocratic and wealthy people have it in other parishes as well. The ordinary settlers pay hardly any attention to

raising fruit trees because they are so often killed in winter. I have eaten in Canada very good apples, excellent pears, and even peaches and apricots, though the latter are very rare. There are no hazelnuts, filberts, or walnuts in all Canada. Raspberries and wild strawberries are very plentiful in the woods.

Cattle-raising is very successful in Canada. Every *habitant* has his horses, oxen, cows, swine, and sheep; now and again, though rarely, goats. The oxen weigh from three hundred to six hundred pounds, are very fat, and have unusually well-tasting meat. Canada has already furnished many thousand head for the army this year, yet nowhere does one note any scarcity. You could not wish better milk and butter, but they make little cheese. Every *habitant* has hens, turkeys, and geese in abundance. You see no tame ducks because they desert to the rivers, nor are there any tame pigeons. Wild pigeons and ducks, on the other hand, are found in super-abundance.

No beer or brandy is made in all Canada. Rum is the only liquor they have here, and the hemlock beer, which they make from the shoots of the hemlock bushes, tastes repulsively sweet, then bitter and very resinous. Wine is not so dear. You can buy a perfectly good so-called red *vin de Bordeaux* (the only French wine you can get) at wholesale for six or eight pence or five or six groschen a bottle. Madeira, Port, and other Spanish wines you also get at very reasonable prices. White French

wine, Burgundy, Champagne, Rhinewine, and all French brandies are absolute contraband.

In the middle of each parish lies the church and the priest's house, and distances are reckoned in leagues from one church to the next. The houses of the *habitans* are all rectangular and all on the same pattern, save that some are larger than others. Where there is stone, the outside is built of that, but where there is none, houses are built of wood only despite all the cold; they do not even bother to haul stone an hour's trip. Not one twentieth of all the houses in Canada are of stone. I have seen no quarries as yet; where they build with stone, they use the loose stones which lie on the river-banks or roll down from the wooded mountains with the melting snow. Brick and tile are unknown.

The houses, whether of masonry or wood, are as like in interior arrangement as one egg to another. The foundation of a wooden house consists of four beams upon which the frame is erected. The corners of the house consist of square timbers tightly joined and mortised at the corners. The outer walls between the scantlings also consist of planks laid one above the other; the cracks are stuffed with moss, pebbles, clay, and lime; then the outside of the walls is covered with plaster or — and this is more common — boarded all around, so that such a house, except the windows, looks from the outside like a booth. Or the whole house may be covered with shingles, which is very distin-

guished. On the inside the four main walls are also covered with neatly planed pine boards and the ceilings likewise, without their being plastered as with us.

All the divisions of the house, kitchen, living-room, chambers, consist of plain board partitions. Hence there are three inconveniences in every house: if any one walks in the room, you hear a slight trembling; if any one is walking in the attic, you think he is walking right on your head; and if any one is talking, every word can be heard in the next room or in the kitchen. For the rest, all the rooms are rectangular and well proportioned as to height. To get into the house you must always go up two or three steps: the first step consists of a broad square timber, the second of two, the third of three timbers laid one upon the other. In any parish there are at most two houses of two stories, and in very many only one-story houses. Even the homes of the *seigneurs* and rich *habitans* usually have but one story and are simply somewhat larger than the ordinary.

The entrance hall is usually the kitchen too (as in all the villages of France). The hearth is a big fireplace with two iron dogs on which half trees are burning, and the iron pots stand around the fire. The kitchen is so clean that it also serves as living-room till the weather gets real cold. The kitchen utensils, plates, nappies, etc., which are rarely of pewter, usually of English earthenware or faience, stand in cupboards and closets. They know noth-



ing of big serving-tables and wash-tables; these things are done on small tables or on the floor.

Near the kitchen is the [good] room, frequently a bedroom. Houses with two living-rooms are rare, one with three is a very distinguished house. In the finer houses the walls and ceiling are covered with papers; I have seen no other hangings in the country. The windows go clear down to your knees and above nearly reach the ceiling. They consist of two sashes with twelve large rectangular panes in two rows which are puttied into the wooden frames from the outside. A bolt above and one below keep the windows shut; when opened, they always swing into the room. Each living-room has a fireplace; when winter sets in, these are bricked up and a big rectangular iron stove is set up almost in the center of the room with its smokepipe running into the fireplace. I have seen no stoves with ornamental top.

In every room stands at least one double bed, usually with a great four-cornered canopy attached to the ceiling above, on which there may be curtains which are sometimes drawn up. All the beds are four-cornered, without posts. The best consist of a tightly stuffed straw mattress almost a foot thick, and over that a well-filled feather bed. At the head comes a round, tightly stuffed pillow about a foot in diameter (in French inns the thing is called a *rouleau*), over that the under and upper sheet, and the *couverture* consists of two thick woolen blankets. Overbeds [that is, feather beds

as coverings] are unknown. In addition each person gets a pillow an ell long and three quarters wide. In these beds one lies quite straight, and I have already learned to dispense in the future with many superfluous pillows. As soon as you get up, the bed is made again and covered with a spread of chintz, cotton, or woolen goods, which hangs to the floor on the two outside edges of the bed. Even the meanest *habitant* has such a spread on his bed by day. Anyway, I have not seen cleaner beds in any country. In poor people's houses all the beds stand in the living-room.

The Canadians have no superfluous furniture: two pine tables with a cross frame, at most eight wooden or rush-seated chairs on which there may be cushions, some well-made pine closets, and at most a pine commode are all the furniture in the rooms. Nothing is known of sofas, couches, arm-chairs, writing-desks, etc. Almost every *habitant* has coffee and tea-sets of yellow English crockery as well as one or more good tablecloths. Not infrequently I have seen in the homes of ordinary people one or more dozen silver spoons, knives, and forks, and all manner of other silverware, even though it was not exactly up-to-date in style.

There isn't a lock on any door in the house, not even in the better ones; a long iron latch holds the door shut and it is fastened with a bolt. You never find a privy in the house and rarely in the yard. All the roofs are of boards or shingles, even on the churches. Just as the dwelling stands open on the

road without a hedge or fence around it, so the barns and stables stand free around the house. These are as simply built as possible, put up with round logs and covered with turf, straw, or birch-bark. It is a wonder the cattle stand a winter in them.

One governor, who lives in Quebec, is placed in charge of all Canada. This is at present the English General of Infantry, Carleton, who now leads the army in Canada in person and so conducts both the civil and the military government. Both the army and the Canadians are uncommonly fond of their General Carleton, and his great, excellent qualities merit the liking of all. Never could a people love its governor more than the Canadians without exception do theirs, and even all the Canadian savages, as well as the neighboring ones, are devoted to him body and soul. It is chiefly due to him that all the savages are on our side, some one thousand of whom are serving in our army. Beside the governor resides a lieutenant-governor, who, however, attends only to civil, police, and financial matters; the present incumbent is named Cramahe and is likewise liked by all as an honest, unselfish man. Under him work several government councillors or secretaries, and these are all the persons of official rank in this extensive land.

In Quebec is the most important tribunal for deciding all civil and criminal cases; it consists of native Canadians and has a chief justice or president, councillors, and junior judges. In Montreal

there is also a tribunal, which, however, is to some degree subordinate to that at Quebec. From these two courts judges are sent every spring to all the parishes throughout Canada, who decide all suits of slight importance and at the same time inquire into the observance of the laws; more extended or important cases are decided by the tribunal and the parties must employ the lawyers who are to be found in Quebec and Montreal. If the case involves over five hundred pounds, appeal may be taken to the Government or the Royal Privy Council in London. Otherwise they have no courts and no lawyers in all Canada. Every two or three parishes have one duly appointed notary who draws up contracts, agreements, wills, marriage-settlements, etc.

There is one other peculiar political institution which dates from the time when the French were masters in Canada; all the parishes, namely, are divided into three districts with a *colonel de milice* at the head. These colonels live at Quebec, Trois Rivières, and Montreal and transmit all imposts, orders, and demands of the Government to their subordinates. These are the lieutenant-colonels and majors of the militia, who in turn control various smaller districts and command the *capitaines de milice*.

Each parish has its *capitaine de milice*, and if it is large may have two. These *capitaines* are *habitans* and have no advantage over their fellows than what their office entails: they work like the rest,

dress the same, and receive their dignity by the election of the inhabitants and the confirmation of the colonels. In the parishes they play the same part that our *Schulzen* [mayor, and judge in one] or *Bauernmeister* do; their office is more burdensome than lucrative. Government orders for the parishes go to them; they see to it that the orders are executed, watch over obedience to police regulations, must answer for the conduct of the inhabitants, provide quarters for soldiers marching through, get the vehicles required by passing regiments, draft the inhabitants who may be requisitioned by the generals for labor or teaming, look out for the delivery of supplies requisitioned, see that letters of one general to another pass from parish to parish to the proper authorities, etc. Under them they have two *lieutenans de police*, who have to assist them in their tasks, and some sergeants by whom their commands are delivered to the inhabitants. The Government relies on these *capitaines de milice* in all things pertaining to the parishes and these men must hold themselves responsible for whatever may happen in their parishes. Those captains who might themselves be disobedient, cherish rebellious sentiments, or wantonly fail to use their authority, would certainly be punished very severely — probably with death — of which there are examples. On the other hand their authority is sustained in every way; disobedient *habitans* are punished by execution or by having to build forts in remote sections of Canada.



If there are many refractory people in a parish, their cattle are taken away, their fires quenched, and the roofs of their houses torn down — a very severe punishment for the *habitans*, who usually have large families which they love dearly; we have already seen examples of this. The houses of several rebels who are at present with the hostile army may be utterly demolished pretty soon. Among the *capitaines de milice* one finds very honest, intelligent, and determined men who merit all respect. The governors do not hesitate to ask these men to their table. Before the houses of the *capitaines* and *lieutenans de milice* tall peeled pine trees are set up with a little flag at the top; thus you can readily find the chief authority in a parish.

In almost every parish there lives also a *seigneur*. When the French settled in Canada, very large districts were given by the Crown to nobles and meritorious officers. Such a stretch of land extended three to four leagues in length and breadth; aristocratic owners divided out individual parcels to people who would settle on them and so the parishes arose with their *habitans*. Thus the property of the parish — that is, the lands of the *habitans* — really belongs to the *seigneur* and each *habitant* must pay the *seigneur* annually a few piasters and payments in kind — calves, sheep, fowl, etc. Moreover, the *seigneur* has the first right to purchase the surplus grain or cattle which the *habitans* may have for sale. His most important revenue comes from his mills to which all the

*habitans* must bring their grain, and which, therefore, yield a very tidy return. When a *habitant* sells his place to another, the *seigneur* gets one sixth of the principal. You must not imagine the so-called *châteaux* of the *seigneurs* to be like those in Europe. The *seigneur's* dwelling is a house such as I have already described, only with one more room, or in exceptional cases with two stories. Very often the *seigneurie* is so poor it is thrown in the shade by many houses in the parish. Now and then one finds very good, new structures, erected with taste in the latest architectural style; particularly the buildings of the English *seigneurs* are new and fine, for you must know when Canada was ceded to England various French *seigneurs* sold out their estates to Englishmen and returned to France. The *seigneurs* have no courts [that is, have no judicial functions] in their parishes, nor, so far as I know, any claims to service. The possessors of the *seigneuries* bear the names of celebrated old French families; yet they have lost much of their old splendor. All the *habitans* in the parishes are related to them and many of their children have themselves become *habitans*. The *seigneur* is not ashamed to take to wife the pretty daughter of one of his *habitans* and his brothers-in-law are honest farmers or artisans. Many a *habitant* has bought himself free and so pays no more rent. So you see a number of *seigneurs* who have gone to decay and are little different from their *habitans*. But you still meet others who live in very splendid circum-

stances and the Government gives them preference; thus there are several in General Carleton's suite and serving as his *aides-de-camp*. However, the poor *seigneurs* enjoy the same respect and no *habitant* ever dreams of failing to show them due deference. Some rich merchants in Quebec and Montreal are in possession of *seigneuries* of their own.

New dwellings are still going up yearly in every parish. All the *seigneurs* still have woodland enough which they can sell. The whole lot for a habitation runs four arpens<sup>1</sup> in length and thirty or forty in depth; thus the new *habitant* gets such a tremendously big tract that he can divide it up again among his children and children's children for new habitations. The new *habitant* then burns as many trees as must be rooted out for the tilled land he desires; and as the trees fall he also gets timber for building his house. He tunnels under the roots, fires them from below, and so burns them out; then his field is ready to work. At first he puts up with a wretched little house like a hut, in which there is only one room and the kitchen; however, when he has extended his tillage land year by year by burning out the roots, he probably enlarges his building, and in twenty years usually has a good house and very good lands. All the habitations have already turned so much forest to tillage land that they have excellent fields and the woods are already a quarter of a league from the

<sup>1</sup> Really a surface measure: 1 arpent = 1½ acres.

houses. Forest devastation is viewed with very little concern in Canada; the trees one means to fell are fired by laying a fire around the base and letting them burn through, or one helps along with a few strokes of the axe. The forests, therefore, looks scandalous, and often you can't help thinking it must have rained fire from heaven on the forests when you see in them half-burned, half-withered, and wholly withered trees. The spots in the woods which have been burned over yield such splendid hay and grass that cattle can have no better fodder. Almost all the Canadians marry young, build new habitations, and are provided with cattle and other necessities by their parents. BE FRUITFUL AND INCREASE is the motto then, and the new *habitant* begets new *habitans*, but for a few years must work hard and live sparingly till he has grain in the barns and more cattle on his farm and in his stables. As the older sons regularly have the assistance of their parents in clearing new habitations, the youngest generally inherit the father's place.

In all the settlements the inhabitants turn to all sorts of trades. You find there taverns, dealers in wine and liquors, small but very prosperous merchants, cobblers, tailors, wheelwrights, cabinet-makers, etc. In each parish there is a post-house, where the postmaster keeps five or six calashes (light carriages). You pay a shilling or seven groschen a league and are carried very swiftly. The ordinary post goes as regularly in Canada as at home. The *seigneurs*, the post-houses, and prob-

ably the houses of the captains are exempt from billeting and demands for army teaming.

The Canadians are truly very good people. Their ancestors are French, but they call themselves *Canadiens* and the English Government is glad to see this. They are earnest rather than unstable and gay, and have lost much of the volatility and cheerfulness of their ancestors. They are anything but prepossessing and engaging, and one cannot readily bring them to any degree of confidence and frankness. But if you have once gained their confidence, you have their whole heart in your power. By nature they have a rectitude of heart and a leaning to honest dealings; but for a scoundrel who knows how to persuade them and has won their confidence, it is not hard to seduce them to forbidden acts and to lead them to destruction. That is how so many have taken sides with the rebels without knowing why. The Frenchmen and *aventuriers* who have remained since the last war between England and France are chiefly responsible and have fooled the Canadians into thinking France would surely send an army to Canada. The mentality of the Canadians is very good, and most of them are really *hommes d'esprit*. Their expressions, their speech are ever appropriate to the thing of which they speak, and never will they speak with strangers or among themselves in other than polite fashion, yet without falling into ridiculous compliments. They are loquacious among themselves, but rarely do you see them



laugh, leap, dance, or jest animatedly among themselves. Hardships of life, work, and troubles have often laid their faces in serious wrinkles and so you think at first you see something wild, ferocious, and concealed in their faces, but this vanishes as soon as you know them better. Many have a bad conscience in these present times and cannot help showing it in their faces. I have already come through parishes where you could tell by the countenances of most of the inhabitants that they were good rebels at heart. In such cases a Canadian can be wicked and tricky. Thus *Capitaine de Milice* Boileau, in Chambly, a zealous royalist, was exposed by his own nephew, a rebel, to ambushades which aimed at nothing less than scalping him a bit. Brigadier-General Gordon was treacherously shot and killed in his calash in a wood near Chambly, not far from the camp.

No nation can endure with greater patience hardship, toil, and exertions without grumbling. Going hungry a few days without complaining is an easy thing for Canadians. Military service and service to their overlords tax them not a little just now. They have to ride one hundred or two hundred leagues in their carts to the army. *C'est pour le service du Roi*, and that suffices to make a Canadian go calmly to the task imposed upon him. They cannot, however, stand rough treatment, thrusts or blows. You can't believe how bitterly they and their people can complain. This pain of theirs comes from fine qualities of the spirit; they

tell how a *pauvre Canadien* thinks and make the one to whom they complain an arbiter of their just grief. Anyway, they wish to be treated politely, and what you ask of them you must ask with kind words, else they get sensitive and tricky. Under kind words no nation can be readier to serve. However, one must not be too polite and friendly, but must make proper demands both politely and with a certain firmness so that they may abandon at once any grounds of protest. The *capitaines de milice* themselves know how necessary it is to keep the *Canadiens* in a certain forced obedience and not to overlook the first signs of disobedience they display.

In their housekeeping they are extremely neat and exact; no nation can get along so economically. All summer the Canadian lives on bread, which is white as snow, milk, vegetables, and flour; his cattle, hens, etc., he saves for the long winter and then he is said to live very well. Their thrift is noticeable in their furniture and things, which in part date back to the century of Louis XIV and may have been handed down through many generations. They are right after the money, and need it, too, with their large families, for rarely do you find a house without eight to ten or more children. Even when they do not need it, they do not give away the least thing for nothing. You need not feel ashamed to offer a lady with whom you have associated on a rather finer footing a few *sous* in polite fashion for, let us say, the milk you took in your coffee: as a matter of course the money will

be politely accepted. On the other hand, they display such great, sensible hospitality among themselves that it is a joy to see. A Canadian can travel a hundred miles, put up with his horse *sans cérémonie* wherever he will, sleep, eat, and drink as if at home, and gossip a bit with his benefactor. Nevertheless, you see no parasites, and there are no beggars in all Canada. They all regard themselves as friends by blood, and one parish gladly takes over the burdens of another instead of doing like our villages and shoving their own burdens on others. The Canadians are not at all suspicious. Their barns are not locked, their cattle roam about the yard, and their things usually lie about without being locked up. As far as they are concerned you can leave anything you like lying around. You can boldly venture to give the first Canadian you meet a few guineas to get changed, he will surely come back. They are glad to lend their furniture for use, and where they can lend a hand, they are glad to without a suggestion of asking pay. But for money you can send them through half of Canada, and then they make clever and trusty messengers.

They are fond of cleanliness in things. They are uncommonly fond of tobacco and it is incomprehensible how they can smoke the hottest, uncured tobacco in their short pipes. The ladies — for here every one is *Madame* — are fond of snuff. No Canadian disdains a glass of rum, yet I have seen few hard toppers who made a business of soaking.

Luxury in dress is banned in Canada. What the Canadian wears on his person is mostly home-made. He makes his own *souliers des sauvages* and also a piece of specially dressed leather. These are without heels, straps or ties, and when new do not look bad. We shall try the fashion this winter, for every one says we should freeze our feet in our boots or shoes. They tie their thick knitted brown stockings firmly under the knee with a red woolen band. Their breeches are of coarse cloth or home-dressed buffalo leather, and their undershirt, which laps over and is tied without any folds, they usually make of a homespun speckled woolen goods, such as many of our peasants make too. Their dress is trimmed at the hips with home-made thick woolen scarves with long tassels; these scarves are in all colors to suit each one's fancy. On the back of the coat sits a Capuchin cape of the same goods, which they pull over their heads in stormy or wet weather. They rarely wear hats; the thick fulled caps, red outside and white inside, are the almost universal head-covering.

If the Canadian is fashionable, he wears a jacket of a kind of white baize with blue or red ribbons in front and some rosettes of the same ribbon. The selvedge of the cloth is left along the bottom of the coat. This garment or jacket is national and is very comfortable fitting and warm. Governor Carleton dresses thus when he has Government business to attend to in winter, especially when he has to deal with the Canadians in small matters.

In summer the *habitans* also wear jackets of chintz, cotton, or linen, and let the ribbons fly. You make a great mistake in Canada if you look only at a man's clothes; under the poorest coat is often found a distinguished and wealthy man. People in the cities, also well-to-do *habitans*, notaries, merchants, etc., like to dress in English or French style, but without gold or silver. The *habitant* fixes up a queue of white ribbon. The ladies dress like the French at home, and I've seen no corsets among them. Aristocratic and poor do their hair in a twist at the back and wear a sort of hood which they tie with colored ribbons. I haven't seen a woman with her hair curled. When they go out, the wealthy wear cloaks of cloth in winter and of light goods in summer, the former usually trimmed with fur; the capes attached can be pulled over the head.

Every *habitant* has his horse, his calash, and his sleigh. What they call a calash is shaped just like a dog-cart (gig), only the box is arranged for two people and the axle is longer. In front sits the driver on a narrow board and puts his feet on the two shafts. The whole calash is made of spruce and hasn't ten cents' worth of iron about it. The wheels have no tires, but have an iron box inside (bearing), the axle on which they run is of plain wood, the kingbolt is a wooden pin, the shafts are of very thin wood, the whole body is just of wood and rests on home-made leathern straps or cords. The roads are in part very dangerous, yet one rarely runs any risk of breaking the calash be-



cause the spruce here is of exceeding great toughness and hardness. The horses are very decently constituted. They are only moderately high, but strong and light. They will keep up a sharp trot, up hill and down, through thick and thin, for five or six leagues, and a couple of big round bells delight the traveler's ears. You can make twelve to fifteen leagues a day with a horse without his thinking of eating; when you unhitch, you drive it into a pasture where it fills up on the most luxuriant grass. Only in winter, and rarely in summer, do they feed horses oats. In summer they go bare; in winter they are shod for use with sleighs which are said almost to go of themselves, at least people drive two to two and a half German miles an hour.<sup>1</sup> There are no coaches, chaises, or any four-wheeled vehicles in Canada. People of distinction have a top on their calash and may use two horses. All the carts are two-wheeled and are lightly built. With these the *habitant* harvests his grain and hay. The driver guides his obedient horse only with his tongue, never with a whip; he talks to it all the way and it always has a name. *Va doux, Puresseux, prenez garde à vous, doucement*, etc. — so it goes the whole way.

The Canadians can row like good ones. Every *habitant* is a huntsman and fisherman. Hunting and fishing are free; there are no fishponds. An oxhorn is their powder-horn. Every *habitant* has at least one flintlock in the house. Wild duck, snipe,

<sup>1</sup> A German mile equals approximately four English miles.

and wild pigeons are plentiful everywhere; bear, rabbits, muskrats, and beaver are shot in winter, but I am not yet well informed on the subject of hunting and will let it pass.

The Canadians have no fine arts and sciences, but do not lack the ability to learn such. They have only their own circle, in which they are acquainted. In respect to religion, they are all very devout but ignorant. I have never found them intolerant; at least they have never looked askance at me as a heretic. Their *curés* are often very good and sociable people, who have good manners and sometimes a good store of information. Their churches are not much filled with pictures of saints, but perhaps the high cost may be to blame for that. There are no monasteries in the country. Few can write and the best spell about as a common man at home. I have seen letters from Militia Captain Tournencour, one of the richest men in Canada and one of the most respected bankers, which you could not read without a key. They write as they speak and run three or four words together.

All the Canadians still have a leaning toward French rule, disguise it as they may. But the English Government watches them and General Carleton is incredibly strong in his power of discovering each person's way of thinking without showing it.

Canada exports annually by water several thousand ton of wheat. It carries on a considerable

trade in horses with the other English colonies. And the many thousand oxen which the army has already consumed have made so little impression that we hope to try our teeth on many thousand head more.

## II

### FIRST CAMPAIGN OF THE BRUNSWICK TROOPS IN CANADA IN THE YEAR 1776<sup>1</sup>

SEPTEMBER 24th, I left the ship for Quebec. Here I had on the 25th opportunity to see a Free Mason of the English *Lo[d]ge* buried publicly. Two *Maçons* with mourning [draped?] flags opened the funeral procession; the whole lodge in pairs followed these, and indeed according to their rank and date of reception into the lodge, in full regalia, with fine white leathern aprons to their knees and a mason's trowel at their side. The *Frère terrible* bore his unsheathed sword to the grave. All the *Maçons* were clad in black: instead of mourning cloaks they had a fine white sash about two hands wide hanging from the right shoulder to the left, just as the Hannoverians formerly wore their sashes; and from the right side of their hats there hung down for an ell and a half a similar, plaited, white cloth instead of crape. Behind the lodge walked two English clergymen in similar mourning garb, and they were followed by a detachment of

<sup>1</sup> A complete Journal covering the march of these troops from September 24, to November 2, 1776, by the author of the *Familiar Letters from Canada*; with many other little, but characteristic reports interspersed, especially an exact topography of the whole strip of Canada between Quebec and Lake Champlain. This last must be all the more welcome, because, as the author himself reports somewhere else, good, accurate, and complete maps of Canada do not yet exist. S.

one officer, four non-commissioned officers, and three hundred men of the English militia company in Quebec with arms, as a funeral escort since the deceased had been a militia officer. On the coffin lay the sword and Masonic regalia of the deceased, and *Frères servants* carried the coffin. Behind the body followed the militia company of the deceased, in their ordinary clothing, without uniform. I have never seen a more sacred silence and a quieter funeral escort. — To-day Bärner's battalion disembarked near Quebec and immediately began its march to [join] the army.

The 26th, half of Specht's regiment disembarked and followed. We marched through the City of Quebec and out the gate. Here we saw in its sad ruins the suburb *St. John*, burned last year by the rebels on account of the defense of the city. We passed very fine country-houses of various rich inhabitants of Quebec, several of which, however, were laid in ashes by the rebels out of hate for the owners. We had a very good road, and rested our weary bones in the parish *St. Foix*, two and a half leagues from Quebec (a league is nearly one and a quarter hours' walk or five eighths of a German mile), for who would not get weary after a short march after thirteen weeks' imprisonment on ship-board? This parish lies on the north side of the St. Lawrence River and has very good houses, almost all of stone, and excellent fields, meadows, common, and gardens.

The 27th, Rhetz's regiment disembarked and



began a similar march. We marched on and as soon as we were out of the parish *St. Foix* [Foye] encountered such ugly defiles between rocky hills that each of us was reminded of the Harz. The roads ran up and down uncommonly steep between the cliffs, which, however, had only a very moderate height. We crossed on a ferry the river *Cap rouge* which empties into the St. Lawrence and has tides: again we had to pass over a high, rocky road through woods and bushes, till we again came close to the St. Lawrence River, which naturally lay on our left. On the right there rose like a wall a craggy range, covered with impenetrable forest, at the foot of which lay quantities of stones of simply enormous size, some of which had rolled far out into the river. There were stones six to eight ells long and broad among them: whether they have rolled down from the mountains or been washed loose by the water, I do not know. We arrived next in the parish *St. Augustin*, whose houses lay near and in the mountains, but whose beautiful meadows and fields extended along the river. This parish is large, but here we first saw the real wooden houses. We continued our march into parish *aux Tremblés*, in which we took quarters after a march of five leagues. This parish is over one and a half German miles long and in part has very good stone houses, which, however, lie three hundred to four hundred paces apart. To-day we received the glad news of the safe arrival of the ship *Friesland* at the *Isle le Bec* [Bic] in the

St. Lawrence with two and a half companies of Specht's regiment.

The 28th, we still marched along the bank of the St. Lawrence and passed through the parish *Laireaux* [Larreaux], whose church lies close by the river. Over the river *de Jaques Cartier* [s], which bears the name of the first settler of this place, we had to be ferried in large boats and therefore to unpack the baggage. On the other side we found other vehicles; we immediately had to climb a few steep, rocky heights, and took quarters in the beautiful parish *Cap Santé*, four leagues, the houses of which are, however, eight hundred paces apart. The church here is the newest and finest in all Canada and erected in incomparable architectural style: its three small doors are covered with white sheet metal; the house of the *curé* is as modern as it is large.

The 29th, we marched again, and on the march, at the end of parish *Cap Santé*, met two great English guardships on the St. Lawrence. With an ugly, cold rain, we nevertheless found quite good, level roads. After covering three leagues we took quarters in the parish *du Chambeaut* [Deschambault], which lies hard-by the St. Lawrence; opposite lies the parish *l'Aubiegnièrre* [Lotbinière].

The 30th, we had to spend a day of rest here because we had to buy flour and have bread baked.

October 1st we passed the little river *Maquière*, through which a vehicle could drive at ebb tide. The soldiers had to be ferried across. We marched

through the parish *les Grondines*, which lies rather far away from the St. Lawrence River and does little with agriculture, but all the better at cattle-raising. After covering five leagues we took quarters in the very fine, large parish *Ste. Anne*, where there is a very well-built, rich *seigneurie*. Hazelgrouse, wild ducks, partridges, and hare [rabbits] we saw here in great quantities. In this parish I found some German *habitans* who came here earlier with the French armies.

The 2d, we crossed the river *Ste. Anne* in boats near the church of *Ste. Anne*. This river here can surely contest the palm with the Weser. On the other side we got calashes and carts, for the parish *Ste. Anne* extends beyond the river. We had to go through lots of woods and brush and in the latter we saw flocks of a hundred black thrushes together. There we also found many cotton plants [cotton rush or cat-tail] which bore ripe fruit. The stalks always grow singly, yet the inhabitants here stuff their beds with the cotton from it, which is incomparable. — We passed through the parish *Batican* [Batiscan] in which I am now living. It is not the best, and although it extends five leagues laterally, has for the most part but poor houses. Opposite it, beyond the river, lies the parish *St. Ricom*. The St. Lawrence here is well over half a German mile in width and is about two hundred paces from my house: three-masted ships can sail up here perfectly well. Right through the parish runs the river *Bati[s]can*, which you have to cross on planks or,

if you will, in canoes. For the rest, it is almost wider than the *Ste. Anne*. This same day we passed through parish *Champlin* [ChAMPLAIN], in which *Mr. Blanc*, the *capitaine de milice* and a native of Geneva, became my good friend. We had marched four leagues, but the rivers had held us up a great deal. Near *Champlin* the largest English frigate of war, the *Bride*, lay at anchor; she carries thirty-six guns. Directly across the river lies the parish *Chantilly* [Gentilly].

The 3d, we marched through the parish *Ste. Madelone* [Magdeleine], opposite which lies the parish *Rosencourt* [Beçancour]. We had to cross many brooks, consequently many bridges. A Canadian bridge is a crazy thing: it consists simply of beams laid side by side, or most often of round logs which all lie loose, not nailed together, except those at the extreme ends. If one beam or log breaks, it does no harm, for the next one holds. At night they must be dangerous to cross, especially for horses; our horses did break their legs on them. We also passed through a great wood in which firs, pines, ashes, birches, alders, wild apple-trees, oaks, etc., grow in wild confusion with countless bushes and shrubs. Here we found several habitations of savages, who, however, were like hogs compared with the other savages, so bestially did they live. After covering five and a half leagues we came to the *Rivière St. François*, which from the three rivers that form it is also called *Trois Rivières* and is broader than the Saale. We

gentlemen again had to get into sloops and be set across. Then we still had a good league before we reached the city *Trois Rivières*, where we dried ourselves, since it had rained the whole day. *Trois Rivières* is the oldest colonized city of the French in Canada, but is a small, unfortified place, which has hardly three hundred houses, mostly of wood and only one story high. Many merchants live here. The local *colonel de milice*, *M. de Tonnencourt*, is one of the richest individuals in all Canada. He is a large contractor, merchant, grain- and cattle-dealer, and Jew [i.e., money-lender]; sells even a half-ounce of pepper, runs a saloon in his house, as wholesaler provides a large part of Canada with wine, lives at one and the same time on a very grand and very small scale; has many country-houses away from here, likes to make loans on houses and habitations and has the name *le Pape de Canada*, by which he is universally known. The convent *des Recollets* has been discontinued. Out of the former Government House they have made barracks for three hundred men. Our hospital has been established in the Ursuline convent here. The chief local *curé* bears the title *Grand Vicaire*. There are many pretty and lively girls in the place who also dress very nicely. Various *seigneurs* have their winter homes here. On the St. Lawrence, which runs close to the city, lay a frigate of twenty guns. There is also a considerable magazine right here. Now and then you find real substantial houses in the city which are very well furnished.



The 4th, we had to traverse very muddy, swampy, wet roads full of holes. We marched through the parish *Pointe au Lac* which is very poor. Here the St. Lawrence begins to form a great lake three leagues wide, called *Lac de St. Pierre*. We crossed the little river *Muschiche* [Machiche], and after making six leagues took quarters for the night in the parish *Machitiche* [Yamachiche]. Across the lake lies the parish *St. Anthonne* or *le Tevre* on the Bay *du Tevre*, between which and the lake lies a long tongue of land under the name *Longue Pointe*.

The 5th, we passed on our march the large parish *au Loup* and the river of like name. We crossed the river *Masquincage* [Maskinonge] in boats, made six leagues, and slept in the parish Maskinonge, which has my approval.

The 6th, a day of rest.

The 7th, we had fair roads through three leagues of sparse forest. We often went up to our knees in mud and water. We crossed the river *Chicot* on a raft, likewise the little river *Basti* [Basté]. We marched four and a half leagues and quartered for the night in the very good parish *Barties* [Berthier]. The *seigneur* here, an Englishman named Colbert, has an excellent castle in the best of taste. He has had a new parish started off to one side of *Bartier*, which is three leagues long and bears the name *York*. I came through there on my return journey and saw a new parish in the making. You can conceive of nothing more wretched and pitiful. Near

*Bartier*, *Lac St. Pierre* forms several islands: the uninhabited island nearest *Bartier* is called *Isle au Custus* [Castor] and is four leagues long and almost as broad; behind it lies the far larger, cultivated island *du Pas*.

October 8th, twenty-two *batteaux* were sent us from *Sorel* to transport Specht's regiment and its baggage across the St. Lawrence to *Sorel*. These were all royal *batteaux*, of which the army has over one thousand. Such a *batteau* or large boat carries a load of seven or eight thousand pounds, or twenty-eight to thirty people. Our soldiers were obliged to row, for they absolutely had to learn this in Canada. An English soldier handled the rudder, for they understand navigation very well. We had to go one and a half leagues before we arrived at *Sorel* which lies on the south bank of the St. Lawrence. Into this flows the large, respectable river *Sorel*, or, as it was really called, the river *Richelieu*. This river runs down on both sides [of the town] from Lake Champlain. We landed at *Sorel* where we found an English detachment of one hundred and thirty men and a very considerable magazine from which we provided ourselves with supplies. In the mouth of the Sorel River lay about forty two- and three-masted English transports, whose sailors were serving with the army on Lake Champlain. An English frigate also held guard here. Because the very rough weather and the passage of the river had delayed us greatly, and beyond *Sorel*, too, the roads were miserable and we had to

pass through many forests, we had to leave some companies in *Sorel* after eight o'clock in the evening. The remaining companies reached the parish *St. Thomas* that night, where again we found two English frigates on guard on the Sorel River. Many inhabitants of this parish are serving with the rebels: among them is a *habitant* named *Nugent*, who eight years ago was a hair-dresser in Montreal, but is now the high and mighty colonel of a regiment of Bostonians. It is three leagues from *Sorel* to *St. Thom[as]*.

The 9th, we had to pass a number of ravines across which were the rough bridges described above, hence the passage was dangerous. The bridges lay so deep that you first had to go down steep descents once or twice the height of a house and then up again. Almost every two hundred paces there was such a bridge to be crossed, so deep have the brooks washed away the earth on both sides. We did not go more than three leagues to-day and, to be sure, to the large fine parish *St. Denis*. Here lay a detachment of eighty-four men — Hessen-Hanau and Brunswick troops — to protect the line of communication. Opposite *St. Denis*, on the other side of the Sorel, was the parish *St. Antoine*. The inhabitants of *St. Denis* had a rebellious look in their faces.

The 10th, we marched through the parish *St. Charles*. Here we crossed to the other side of the Sorel on a ferry which was so clumsy we expected to be drowned. We took quarters in the parish

*bel Veulle* [Belœil] which is over three leagues long. Five leagues further, on the opposite side, lies the parish *St. Louis*. The battalion von Bärner camped to-day near *Ste. Thérèse*.

The 11th, on our march we saw the *Isle aux Cerfs* in the Sorel River. We marched into the parish *Chambly*, one and a half leagues; here, too, was stationed an English colonel with a detachment for the protection of an important magazine, a train with a large quantity of ammunition, etc. On the Sorel lay two English sloops of war with eight to ten guns. The interior of Fort *Chambly* was burned out by the rebels. The fort is rectangular and all of masonry; it is now being repaired again and barracks for two to three hundred men erected inside. No *batteaux* can well go beyond *Chambly* because from here there are rapids in the Sorel River extending three leagues. The river is broad here, but not deep, and on the bottom lie countless great stones over which the water breaks in foam. Therefore all *batteaux* and small ships are unloaded here, and all things needed by the army had to be transported three leagues on carts before they could again be loaded on *batteaux*. All the ships which the army operating on Lake Champlain required were transported overland three leagues from *Chambly* in parts and then put together again. Major-General von Riedesel was stationed with two regiments on *Isle aux Noix*, which is in the Sorel River, to be sure, but at the entrance to Lake Champlain. At *Chambly* the parishes stop. The

army had embarked and set out up Lake Champlain; the regiments were distributed partly on ships, partly in *batteaux*. Here I must describe the lake, although I have not seen it yet. Up the Sorel River from Chambly there is still Fort *St. Jean*. Here Bärner's battalion was encamped to-day, but the Jäger company has gone along with the expedition. Above *St. Jean* in the again navigable Sorel lies the uninhabited *Isle aux Noix* on which General Riedesel encamped. Then you come to the great Lake Champlain, across the middle of which runs the boundary between Canada and New York. Then on the right or western shore of the lake is a well-known point, called *Pointe aux terres*, where General Carl[e]ton camped with the *Corps d'Armée*. Then there lie in the lake the *Isle aux deux têtes*, *Pointe aux pommes*, *Isle la Motte*, *Isle la grande*, etc. By day the regiments had to row, and toward evening they went ashore, built fires in the woods, and cooked. Our naval force on the lake consisted of the ships *Carlton* of twelve [guns], *Lady Marie* of fourteen, *l'Inflexible* of thirty, and *Radian* [Radeau],<sup>1</sup> with six-pounders and eight to ten small guns up on deck. *Armide* [and] *Baleine* were of twenty-four guns, they had twelve-pounders forward, which, when they were placed together, performed the service of a battery.

<sup>1</sup> In connection with this craft and indeed the whole campaign on the lake, the reader is referred to Stone's translation of the *Journal of Captain Pausch* and to General Horatio Rogers' edition of *Hadden's Journal*.



The 12th, Specht's regiment had a day of rest and Regiment Rhetz caught up with us.

The 13th, both regiments occupied a camp near *Chambly* and had to hold themselves in readiness to march so as to move on to the army. But already on the 15th we learned how General *Carl[e]ton* had surprised, attacked, and beaten the fleet of the rebels between the *Isle au Chapon* and the mainland, and chased the remainder into *Cumberlands Bay*.

The 17th, we learned how the hostile fleet had been entirely ruined, burned, and in part sunk here, but most of the rebels had escaped to land in *batteaux*. We have sunk or burned: *Royal Sauvage* with eight six-pounders and four four-pound guns, on which was the notorious hostile General Arnaud [Arnold], formerly a horse-trader, who saved himself, however, and personally fired his ship; *Revenge* with two four-pound and six three-pound guns; *Enterprise* with ten four-pounders; *le Cutter* with one twelve-pound and four six-pound guns; *Tremble* with one eighteen, one twelve, and six six-pound guns; *Washington* with one eleven,<sup>1</sup> one twelve, two nine, and six six-pounders; *Congress* like the last; *Philadelphia* with one twelve and two nine-pounders; *New York idem*; *Jersey*, *Providence*, *Newhaven*, *Spotfire* [Spitfire!], and *Boston idem*. Two ships were sent to *Ticonderoga* and these are left. Thereupon General *Carl[e]ton* moved at once against *Crown Point*, which fort the rebels have

<sup>1</sup> Stone says one fourteen-pounder.

just abandoned and set on fire: nevertheless, the fire was quenched in season by our army. The rebels have retired to an entrenched camp near Fort *Carillon* [Ticonderoga], where the theater of war may open next spring. No part of our corps was in this naval battle.

The 20th and 21st, the army set out on the march to take up winter quarters. We hold the key to Canada, for we are masters of Lake Champlain. In *Crown Point* there will remain three thousand men under Brigadier Fraser: wild Canadians [Indians], English grenadiers, and the Jäger of the 11th regiment: Bärner's battalion remains at *Pointe aux fers* and *Isle aux Noix*. Our grenadiers go to parish *St. Antoine* and *St. Denis*; [Regiment] Hessen-Hanau to *Barties* [Berthier] and *Masquinonge*; [Regiment] Prince Friedrich will leave Quebec and come to *Marchishe* [Machiche] and *Pointe au loup*; the Hessian Brigadier-General Goll [Gall] commands both of these. The dragoons and Regiment von Riedesel go to *Trois Rivières*, *Pointe au Lac* and *Cap de Madelone*; [Regiment] Specht to *Chambly* and *Batiscamp*, [Regiment] Rhetz to *Ste. Anne* and *les Grondines*, both under Brigadier-General Specht. Two English regiments go to Quebec, whither General Carl[e]ton's headquarters go likewise. General Riedesel takes up his headquarters at *Trois Rivières*. I have not yet seen the disposition of the English regiments. Anyway, the winter quarters are to be fixed differently and the parishes across the St. Lawrence are to be occupied

also. We are now assigned six to twelve men in a house and this is too hard in Canada.

From *Chambly* we came back again to *Batiscamp* [Batiscan] by the same route.

Our army consists of twelve English regiments, which I cannot name, save those of General *Carl[e]ton* and *My lord Cavendish*. Further of one dragoon regiment, one grenadier battalion, and four regiments of Brunswick troops. Then of almost two thousand Canadians, who serve as volunteers, and eight hundred to one thousand savages commanded by General *Carl[e]ton's* nephew, Captain *Carl[e]ton*, who has painted his face, wears a ring in his nose, and dresses like a savage. His wife is a *My lady* and sister to General *Carl[e]ton's* wife. Both ladies arrived here from Europe a few days ago, but Lady von Riedesel is not here yet.

About four days ago we first got news of General *Howe's* successful battle on August 27th and indeed by way of Quebec; for through the country we learn nothing that happens in other colonies. But if we once have *Carillon*, communication with New York, New England, and Virginia will be opened for us by way of Albany. The battle occurred on Long Island: the English and Hessians stormed and scaled the hostile entrenchments. There were captured three generals, Lord Stirling among them, four colonels, eighteen captains, forty-two lieutenants, eleven *Fähndriche* [ensigns], one aide-major, thirty sergeants, and eighteen hundred privates. Between three and four thousand rebels

were killed and wounded. We lost in killed and wounded one colonel, three captains, twelve officers, and not much over five hundred men. The enemy left his camp and artillery behind; General Howe immediately occupied New York City and saved it, for the rebels meant to set fire to it, and would have done so, too, had they not had a hospital with several thousand sick men whom they could not remove so hastily. We are eagerly awaiting exact news. Lieutenant-General Burgoyne will presently go to England for the winter. Now my correspondence will be closed for at least four months; for the St. Lawrence River begins to freeze at the end of November so no letter can leave Quebec. Of our officers Lieutenant Kotte and Fähndrich Unverzagt have died: no one else. The men of our regiments are doing well: Specht's regiment has lost in all one drummer and eight men from Brunswick to date. I shall be surprised if the winter is as severe in Canada as they say.

BATISCAMP, 2 Nov., 1776

### III

#### LETTERS FROM STE. ANNE, CANADA

MARCH 9 TO APRIL 20, 1777

RECEIVED IN LOWER SAXONY, AUGUST 1, 1777

#### I

YOUR letter of September 3d I received with pleasure on December 18th. Only very few were lucky enough to get letters from the Old World at that time: many of the letters to which this lot refers must still be lying around somewhere else. We know for a fact that Lieutenant-Colonel Maclean, who is also Adjutant-General in the army, took along quite a batch of letters from England, but where he and his ship are is not known. Perhaps it was too late for him to venture into the St. Lawrence and he went instead to Halifax for the winter. If so, we shall soon be reading letters. For the European news I am much obliged. Such things are real tid-bits which one seeks in vain in the Quebec papers (which, however, are quite useful bearers of Canadian news).

You had the kindness to express sympathy with our supposed lack of various necessities. To comfort our friends back home I must admit the truth that to date such want has been by no means significant and that we have more than enough beef, pork, and mutton, since February 20th veal, also hens, capons, geese, duck, partridge, and hare.



Nor have we lacked white cabbage, turnips, beets, turnip-rooted cabbage, or good dried peas and beans; to be sure, we have to forego red cabbage, cauliflower, lentils, and certain other vegetables, venison and wild pig; but your lady will tell you that with the above-named substantial things considerable variety can be secured in a well-equipped kitchen. Add the fact that now and then we have had many a good fish, that from wheat flour and good butter many a pleasant pastry can be made, and that you can eat young bear, beaver-tails, caribou, and elk roast, and with such dishes at least give your table the appearance of luxuriousness; then you will be convinced that mouth and eyes can be satisfied in Canada. In praise of my dear Low Saxon countrymen be it said that their smoked and jellied meats, sausages, and various preserved meats will ever remain their own peculiar products, which the inhabitant of Swabia, Upper Saxony, the Rhineland — and the Canadian does not know. For good and natural reasons such things cannot be produced here.

Do not think that our privates are at any great disadvantage compared with the officers. Both must take their ration for which two and a half pence is deducted from their pay daily. In praise of our general-in-chief I must say that through his concern especially the German soldier gets for this deduction daily two and a half pounds of beef, and one and a half pounds of wheat flour, an allowance which even the healthiest stomach will hardly di-

gest each day. If a soldier gets but one pound of meat and one pound of bread or flour, he gets excellent English peas and very good Irish butter and rice. The King must add at least four or five pence a day, probably even more, to the sum deducted for this ration. This winter we have only had salt fish when a new supply of fresh fish could not be had promptly; all told, our men have hardly had to eat it three weeks. With the advantages enumerated above, it has been easy enough for the soldiers to make an arrangement with the people where they were quartered, whereby they got a share of the latter's fowl, vegetables, and other meats, to the advantage of both parties. In general our men have been very well situated in their quarters this winter. In no house were there more than two, at most three men; they lived in healthy rooms with good straw beds at any rate. If a company was scattered for six leagues or a good three German miles [twelve English miles], and therefore had long walks to church, payday, and weekly drill, yet this exercise, with an ever clear sky and dry air, has taken the place of the best physician; and they have also had no police or picket duty. I think two regiments are lucky enough if they lose only six to seven men each in a winter. I am glad to say we have had no dangerous diseases.

This year the winter has been such that all the inhabitants say they never had one like it. We ourselves have noticed no great difference between the cold of the winter here and at home, while we have

marveled at the steady weather. Since November 24th of last year [1776], when it began to snow and freeze, we have had neither rain nor a real thaw; since then the first snow and ice have stayed. It has often snowed hard, but rarely over twelve hours, and all the snow has been fine and dry. You can easily imagine that in such a long even winter the earth must be covered with a compact coating of snow and ice four to five feet deep. The snow's own weight and the sun — far warmer in Canada than in our country — gradually make the snow settle down into such a firm mass that one can walk over it, and if need be drive over it on cold days. Since Canada lies several degrees further south than Lower Saxony it is natural that the sun must have more strength than at home. Hence it results, too, that the shortest day in winter is one hour longer than with us and the longest day in summer is one hour shorter. We had our shortest day December 21st, and the true sunrise was 7.45 and sunset 4.14. June 22d is the longest day; sunrise is 4.5.28, sunset at 7.54.32. The Quebec calendar is really very good and is mathematically arranged.

The deep snow, the many and dense forests, the few cultivated sections and level fields, the many great rivers and lakes, and the really penetrating cold north and northwest winds make Canada colder than it should be for its position. When such a wind is in earnest everything freezes at once and unprotected parts of the body may freeze in

a few minutes without our knowing it. For folks without good chests and lungs these winds are dangerous, and it is true you can hardly heat the rooms. January 2d, 3d, and 4th and March 5th and 6th we had penetrating cold days. Violent tempests, lasting twelve hours at most, are usual precursors of very cold days, while northern lights in turn precede these. The really cold snaps usually do not last over seventy-two hours, and you find days in winter when the sun shows real warming, quickening power and which we might term spring days. The whole army wears a special uniform in winter. This consists of cloth overtrousers reaching from the feet to the navel, a great pair of mittens, and a cloth cape which covers the face, neck, and shoulders. The English regiments wear in addition Canadian *capots*<sup>1</sup> over their uniforms.

The St. Lawrence River, which as a rule freezes over entirely every year, did not form a single bridge of ice before February. From Trois Rivières to Quebec no such bridge formed before February 16th. Because such a bridge above Trois Rivières was broken by the tide and its floes jammed near our parish of Ste. Anne and near the parish les Grondines not far away, we got two bridges on the 17th which they drove over on the 19th. It is a strange sight for one who drives for the first time three quarters of a German mile across a river and in many places sees an open raging river not three

<sup>1</sup> For a description see *Journal of Captain Pausch*, transl. by W. L. Stone, p. 94.

paces to the left or right of the bridge, when you drive over fragments of other broken bridges which have luckily filled the gaps here; when the ice seems to buckle beneath you, cracks, and sends out cracks here and there to either side, or when you have to rush over open rifts as broad as your hand. At flood tide you do not like to cross a river this way, still less when a strong east wind is blowing. If the ice is even four full inches thick, the Canadian safely ventures to drive over it in his sleighs. We drove over the rivers which empty into the St. Lawrence by the end of last year, and roads run along both sides of the big river, as that is only stubborn about freezing in the middle. To be sure, it does tear up the shore ice, especially with strong tides, but as a penalty has to form gradually two or three ice bridges, one above the other.

It is incredible what tours you can make in a short time over ice in a *cariole*, i.e., in a low, iron-shod sled. I myself with another man and the driver rode from Ste. Anne to Trois Rivières, a good seven German miles [*ca.* twenty-eight English miles] with a single horse at a sharp trot in a scant four hours. Horses that go twelve leagues or a good six German miles in less than three hours are not rare, and yet these animals live to be twenty, twenty-four, or even thirty years old without any special care. With good relays one can cover fully thirty [German] miles in sixteen hours here in Canada.

The snow roads I will describe in another letter.



Continue my well-wisher and friend, and commend your most obedient servant as you can.

## II

This time, dear Mama, I shall chat with you just about Canadian housekeeping matters, though I fear you will not be able to apply them in Sch—— or in R——.

In the middle of December comes the slaughter festival of the Canadians compared to which all European slaughter festivals are insignificant. All the fat four-footed beasts and all the plump feathered creatures in all Canada have to give up their lives in a period of eight or ten days, and everywhere you see signs of the general slaughter. All the fat oxen, swine, sheep, hens, geese, ducks, and turkeys must offer their throats without mercy and provide for the human race during the entire winter. But what a departure from our method! They cut all the four-footed creatures into roasting and baking pieces of any desired size, pluck the feathers from the domestic fowl without using warm water, but leave them on the tail, wings, and head, tie the wings and legs close to the body with bark fibers, and turn all the meat and poultry over to the care of Mother Nature, letting it freeze thoroughly in the open air and then laying it in an especially built *hangard* (storehouse) through which the winds sweep from all directions. All winter they take out one piece after the other at pleasure, cook and eat it in peace and with good appetite. What ails this way of doing things?

If you say that the meat loses its strength, taste, and good looks, I can call to witness the eyes and tongues of some of our connoisseurs from Lower Saxony. If you would object that unopened fowl which hangs or lies for three months and more gets a disagreeable flavor, I answer that with an unnatural opening (even though stuffed with hay or tow) the liver and gizzard would be spoiled and the inner flesh would turn red or brown and get an unpleasant taste. On the other hand, all frozen meat remains white, tender, fine-tasting and juicy, and the fowl has its liver and gizzard tucked under its wing when it is set on the table. An old Canadian would have replied right off that he both saved and gained and therefore has a double advantage with his method. In fact this is quite true. All the animals slaughtered in Canada in December never eat any more to the end of April when they are eaten up, so the saving of fodder is great and certain. Secondly, it is true that even with us in hard winters a creature which was fat in late autumn loses weight during the winter unless it be tended with extra care and double expense; consequently the gain from early slaughtering in Canada is manifest. We have fed hens here this winter with great care, the winter has not been severe, and yet these were not as good as those killed in December. Judging by these hens what the loss would be in case of an ox, the advantage becomes very striking. The Canadians know nothing about preserving meat by salting, smok-

ing, or other methods, and their houses are not built or equipped therefor. They lack good cellars because in most parishes there is no stone, and the best smoke rooms in wooden houses would hardly withstand the usual cold of Canada. So we must properly allow the Canadians their habit of keeping the meat fresh by freezing; all the more as they freeze everything that can stand frost. Hare, hazel-grouse, and other feathered things hang in their skins and feathers in the *hangards* all winter long; also very delicate fish, with which the parish St. François especially provides almost half Canada, await in these sheds the time when they will be taken out and cooked; thus one knows nothing of the fact that elsewhere fish vanish from the bill of fare. They even pour cows' milk into great vessels and let it freeze in any sized blocks desired, from which they break off one piece after another and cook it; rarely is the milk unkind enough to curdle.

Water, beer, wine, and other spirits, on the other hand, must be carefully guarded against freezing, and so one is not ashamed to take them into one's room or the adjoining closet, the door of which remains open. In the houses of the ordinary *habitans*, therefore, wooden water pails with covers stand in a corner of the living-room, and a japanned tin dipper hangs above with which any one may dip water and drink. More distinguished folk have vases of faïence in their rooms to which water can be brought by pipes, and so even in summer one

finds a cool, refreshing drink in their rooms. The poorer people keep their strong drinks in little tuns, called *barils*, on a chair in their rooms right under their eyes and draw off glasses or bottles as wanted. Aristocratic and wealthy folk, on the other hand, have in their rooms great rectangular chests, made of beautiful wood and bound with brass, in which there are cut-glass decanters holding three or more quarts. If the host is economical, he sets such an Apostle near himself and with a silver funnel fills the small carafes on the table; after the meal he puts his big container back in his cellar-box, locks this, and is sure his butler will not be able to rob him.

All pregnant cattle are kept in the barn through the winter and are fairly well cared for. The so-called *güste* [not pregnant] cattle, whether beeves or sheep, run in the snow all day, straw and hay are shaken down for them in the snow which they eat little by little with enough snow to serve instead of water. . . . Wretched and long-haired as the cattle look in winter, in reality they are sound and sturdy, and a cure of fresh grass in spring will in four weeks put them in such condition that the most exacting German farmer would express his delight with them. Cattle plague is totally unknown in Canada.

I had intended to tell you about a special fishery, but as I have promised to go hunting with your son and he already has his snowshoes on, I must take my leave most obediently.

## III

Here I have your letter of one and one sixteenth quarto sheets before me. You are still a regular German Pliny, though I might wish that toward me, at least as long as I am in America, you would be a M. T. Cicero. Listen, brother, I am no Canadian packhorse. To be sure, I do carry my most valued possessions in my pocket, but my baggage goes by *calèches*, *charettes*, *carioles*, *truines*, *batteaux*, *canots*, or *barques*. Now, come, we will go hunting.

You do not shoot anything of consequence near the parishes. The *habitans* have killed off all the wild animals near the settlements. Hence a lover of the hunt finds little pleasure in Canada unless he is willing to hunt after the Indian fashion. What you find in the neighborhood of the parishes is hare [rabbits]. These are small, miserable, and white-haired. Their ears are smaller than those of our hare and their flesh has not the gamey taste. Their life is sad; they do not run in the fields, but lie under a tree or bush and keep in a very small range of a few hundred paces as if they were enchanted there. No one ever uses a charge of powder on them, but catches tremendous quantities in snares. You pay five or six pence a pair, and in case of need can lay a half-dozen of these poor devils roasted on a dish of sauerkraut.

The second kind of game you can shoot in the parishes is the so-called *perdrix*. This name is utterly false, for they have little resemblance to



our partridge [*perdix cinera*]. There are really three kinds, of which the first much resemble our hazel-grouse, the second is quite pheasant-like, and the third does almost resemble our partridge in size, but has a very long neck. Some twenty or thirty sit in a tree, and so still you pass underneath ten times without discovering them. If you have a dog along, he will stand under such a tree. All the *perdix* stretch their necks and look down at the dog. The hunter shoots down the top bird and all the rest sit quiet, meditating about the dog. Then you again shoot the highest bird, and so all of them in turn. The remaining birds will not be disturbed in their philosophical observations over the stupid dog and so find an unexpected death one after the other. But if you shoot into the bottom of the tree, the rattle of the shot and the powder-smoke disturbs them all, the whole troop flies away and settles in a near-by tree. These birds taste fairly good and have a very white, tender flesh. You pay six pence a pair and can get a superabundance.

Little red squirrels are abundant in the parishes. Since they are only half as large as at home, one lets the little fools live. White, red, and black foxes are met two or three leagues from the settlements, but they rarely venture out of the woods. They are not so rascally as at home. Land and water beaver — the latter fifty per cent better than the former — are found three or five leagues from the settlements. A real black winter beaverskin is now worth a half guinea at least: not less than twelve of these pelts

are needed for a good coat. The flesh is eaten, particularly the tail, but this is unnaturally fat. There are still plenty of otter and people often wear caps of their skins. Marten is found only deep in the wilderness; our European marten are as good, if not better, and also cheaper. Black marten is rare, and a lady's coat, if fine, may easily cost twelve guineas without the cloth cover. Muskrats abound in the rivers and their fur is in good demand. Wolves are found only in the forests toward Nova Scotia; they are not so good as at home, also smaller, and the fur is little regarded. Wildcats are plentiful in the great forests, and the Indians commonly use their skins for sheaths for their knives which they wear hanging over their breasts. Black and white bears are found chiefly on the north side toward the land of the Eskimo. There is not a well-to-do *habitant* who doesn't have a few bearskins to spread as a robe in his carriage or sleigh. The flesh of young bears is eaten at the tables of the wealthy. Polecats and weasels are frequent enough, but not in the settlements. Lots of sea wolves are killed at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the blubber is tried out, and the hides are used to cover trunks and to make winter shoes.

Above Montreal and off toward the Five Nations there are lots of Canadian wild oxen or buffaloes with long curly hair and a hump on their back. This is the chief hunt of the Indians. They know how to dress the skins admirably, and you will not find a Canadian without several. They are used as

carriage-ropes and you can sleep on them or use them as covers. A good skin now costs six or eight piaster or ten reichsthaler sixteen groschen. The second major hunt of the natives is for *orignal*. An *orignal* or *orinal* [Canadian elk] is a creature which is almost as large as a camel, has stag's legs, deer's feet, a camel-like neck and hump, tremendously long ears, antlers like a palm-stag, and a cow's body. If caught young, they can be domesticated. Their flesh is much eaten and the skin makes a fine leather. *Caribous* are another type of animal which has much of the deer and of the ox in its build. I have seen none as yet. There are said to be many in the vicinity. Deer and chamois are only found toward New York; a deer is a great rarity in Canada. What sort of a creature a *sauterol*, *vison*, or *minx* may be, I have not yet discovered. I wear a cap from the skins of these animals which cost me ready-made seven and a half piasters. In natural history the Canadians are regular blockheads; it is a shame that no one brought along a dictionary of natural history, for there is no suggestion of a library in Canada. *Carajous* live only on the north side of the river toward the Eskimos; they are a species of great wildcats with a very long tail with which they hold fast to the limbs of trees. They wait for animals passing below, drop on their necks and bite open the jugular vein. Thus they overcome large animals: stag, wild swine, and rabbits.

From all this I now draw an important corollary;

viz., that he who desires a real hunt must go to one or the other Indian tribe, live with them in their wild fashion, eat, sleep, march, swim, and roam four hundred to five hundred leagues in the wilderness. It is incredible what hunting trips the savages make through woods, over mountains, rivers, lakes and marshes, and what means they know of overcoming all difficulties. They go fifty to sixty German miles into the wilderness, erect huts, leave a few people there, and the rest go by twos and threes in every possible direction, hunt and shoot whatever comes in their way, and after four or five weeks return to the huts just as if regular roads led there. Anyway, the savage can take a straight course for many hundred leagues through wildernesses and all natural obstacles and end up in the place he intended. On the trees, leaves, rivers, and other natural objects they can find indications by which they can guide themselves just as accurately and correctly as we do by our compasses. They make natural deductions in places where they have never been and predict two days in advance: "at such and such a place comes a river from such and such a region, but it must turn so and so"; and their statement proves correct. This is a fine instinct which nature simply gave them and which is based but little on reflection or ripe experience. If they are able — as they certainly are — to tell from a man's footprints by what nation they were made, if they can follow these footprints in the dark and use their nose as their only guide, if they



can scent as well as our hunting-dogs and bird-dogs, then the best-trained man's reason fails and cannot comprehend the fine animal senses with which God has endowed people whom we term savages. Here I must call a halt, for I am getting into a chapter which I have not studied out, which puts the savage in the same class with the most reasonable animals and at the same time in that of the noblest men. To both they have a born right, and you abhor to-day a man whom you must admire to-morrow in view of his heart and true nobility of soul. Even by their dances they can get into such an enthusiasm that one looks upon them alternately as devils incarnate or as first-class men.

Among these people many Canadians and English go hunting, or, better said, they live with them several years in savage fashion. A desire to know the country, desire for the hunt, for the fur trade, for the Indian trade, pensions (which never fail if one becomes a favorite with one or another tribe and can be used in important affairs by the governor) [all these] recruit adventurers from year to year. Captain Carleton, of the 31st English Regiment, first *aide-de-camp* to his uncle, the general and governor, has lived several years in this way with and among the savages. His whole body has endured their savage tests of bravery and is adorned with wild figures which he permitted to be cut or burned in. He even had a savage to wife, and assures us even to-day that the period of his life among the savages was coupled with a natural



happiness on his part which he has often missed later. You cannot conceive a finer, gentler, more friendly, better-mannered, and yet unaffected man, whose constitution, however, seems to be weakly and delicate. He still commands the savages who are to form the advance guard of our army, and he is much loved among them. His present wife is a very pretty woman, a Mylady, the sister of General Carleton's wife.

## IV

How have we diverted ourselves this winter? Oh, at your service, very well! You see, we have some *seigneurs* and *curés* in our neighborhood, and with the help of our neighboring officers we have lived quite sociably, companionably, friendlily, happily, and at times also quite high. One *seigneur* in Ste. Anne, who is fairly rich, is *Grand Inspecteur des Forêts et des eaux royales* and holds a position as *aide-de-camp* to General Carleton, has often come from Quebec to visit us country folk, brought along company and city ladies, and given us many a little *fête* at his manorial estate here. The *curés*, too, are not to be despised. Nearly all are good royalists and holders of fat livings, by virtue of which they are in a position to give dinners of twenty covers and pass around very good — yes, often French wines. The *curé* in Batiscan, *Mr. le Fevre*, has several times given General von Riedesel very elaborate *fêtes*, without forgetting his neighbors at Ste. Anne. You meet very spiritual people among

them; they are almost more open-hearted than the laity. In part they descend to the class of rascals, and I have found one merry customer among them. They are greatly respected in their parishes and their consideration for us poor heretics is astonishing. The real French blood has warmed up considerably with their relatively better education.

However, I need not simply rely upon your imagination as to how, under such conditions, we have been able to divert ourselves, but will have the honor of taking you along to some great *fêtes*.

December 28th, Brigadier-General Specht left Ste. Anne with me to pay his court to General Carleton in Quebec and to attend a *fête* there to which we were most solemnly invited. We spent the night at Cap Santé with Lieutenant-Colonel von Ehrenkrok. The 29th, we drove clear to Quebec. The 30th, we paid our call on His Excellency in the morning and dined with him. In the evening we had supper with Lieutenant-Governor Cramane. The 31st was the great festival, as on that day was celebrated the liberation of the City of Quebec on the 31st of last year, when the rebels also lost their great leader, General Montgomery. At 9 A.M. a thanksgiving service was held in the cathedral church and *Monseigneur* [the bishop] conducted the service in person; eight unhappy Canadians, who had assisted the rebels, had to do public penance in church with ropes around their necks, and to beg forgiveness of God, the Church,

and the King. At 10 o'clock all the civil and military authorities and all foreign and native gentlemen, both Canadian and English, assembled at the Government House. All the gentlemen residing in Quebec wore, as *officiers de milice*, a green uniform with straw-colored facings, vest, and breeches, and silver epaulets. His Excellency came from his room at 10.30 and received the congratulations, etc. Escorted by Major-General von Riedesel, Brigadier-General Specht, and all officers and English gentlemen present, he went at 11 o'clock to the great square in front of the *Recollets* monastery, where the French militia, or Canadian citizenry of Quebec, marched past in review in eight companies and after the manner of the citizens of W—— made a triple salute and running fire and cried *Vive le Roi!* From here the procession went to the upper city where we attended service in the English church. At the Te Deum the cannon in the citadel were fired, while the enthusiastic citizens fired rifles and shotguns at will out the windows. At three o'clock sixty persons sat down to dinner at the General's; except for the two Ladies Carleton, no women were present.

At six in the evening the whole train betook itself to the great English *auberge*, where we found over ninety-four *dames* and two hundred *chapeaux* already assembled in a great hall. The ladies sat on several rows of benches rising one above the other. A concert began at once, at which there was sung an English ode composed for this celebration

in arias, ariettes, recitatives, and choruses. During this music tickets were distributed to those of both sexes who wished to dance. Each *chapeau* gets a ticket for his partner with whom he dances the whole evening. The ticket is numbered 1, 2, etc. In this some regard is paid to the rank both of the man and of the lady; strangers, however, were greatly preferred. Of all the couples there, each danced its own minuet, and each time the lady names the minuet which is to be played. At great balls this gets tiresome. English dances are danced in two sections into which the long hall is divided in the middle by rows of benches. In taking places rank, or the familiar precedence, is abandoned, and the governor himself, who did not dance, took every conceivable pains to maintain equality. Ladies who do not desire to dance put on very tiny *Bügelröcke*,<sup>1</sup> and the *chapeaux* who do not care to be asked to dance put on black cloth shoes with felt soles. All manner of refreshments were served, and although the place was rather crowded, one was not bothered by any spectators, since no one thinks of looking on. The streets in front of the house were as free from people as one can conceive. At midnight supper was served at several tables. Only cold dishes, to be sure, but a superabundance of delicacies and cakes. At 2 A.M. the dancing began again and lasted till broad daylight. All the English and French *officiers de milice* of Quebec gave

<sup>1</sup> A very short skirt, a mere ring over the hips, an antecedent of the crinoline.

this *fête* which easily cost several thousand reichsthaler.

January 1, 1777, the governor had a general reception for all persons of the church, the law, the sword, of commerce and navigation. The whole city teemed with sleighs as each one paid his New Year's calls on the others. We also had ourselves driven about, but also got rid of many a billet. At noon we dined at the home of Mr. de la Naudière, and in the evening there was a great assembly in the Government House, where there was play at some thirty tables. At ten o'clock every one went home to bed. The 2d, we dined with Colonel St. Leger, commander of the 34th Regiment and present commandant in Quebec, with whom we got well acquainted in camp near Chambly. Since there were only *chapeaux* at table a tremendous number of toasts were drunk. In the evening we took leave of the General, despite the fact that we were invited to several other *fêtes* and especially to a sleigh-party of one hundred sleighs to the country-place of Dr. ——. This man is Doctor of Medicine, Counsellor at Law, and uncommonly rich; he is the Lucullus of Quebec and like him has no wife of his own.

January 20, Major-General von Riedesel celebrated the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen in Trois Rivières. We covered the seven German miles thither by sleigh in four hours and dined at a table of forty covers, at which there were also several wearers of the Cross of St. Louis, who,



nevertheless, seemed to be poor. Many healths were drunk in champagne to the firing of a small cannon in front of the house. Afternoon and evening there was a ball with thirty-seven ladies present who were also at supper. Miss *Tonnencour* enhanced her charm greatly by her jewels, to be sure, but poor Miss R——e in her wretched cotton gown won the preference of many by her natural gentle charm and her fine voice. You must know, Sir, that the Canadian beauties sing Italian and French *chansons* at table, and that several *chansons* in honor of General von Riedesel have been written and set to music and are often sung in Trois Rivières.

I count the 5th of February as an unusual *fête* because seven couples were married in the church of Ste. Anne. The Brigadier escorted to the altar a niece of the *curé*, Major von Ehrenkrok a savagess who was marrying a *sauvage de la nation des fêtes de boule*, and I a relative of the *Capitaine de milice*. One can only hold this honorary office in case of a bride whose father is dead; i.e., one represents the father. At noon we dined at the *curé's* and in the evening diverted ourselves in the various bridal houses, where polite attention alternated with little practical jokes, just as is the case at our own peasant-weddings. Since our musicians were in Quebec and they have no village musicians, the dancing was to the tralalara of a Canadian minuet. You had to stand the full-throated singing of *chansons*. However, by this we have, in a way, gained

family rights in Ste. Anne, for all the women, from the aged dames of seventy to the little girls of sixteen, voluntarily offer us a kiss. This is the Canadian greeting among relatives and very good friends; men offer men, and women offer women only their hands. This custom is in vogue in the most distinguished families and is a right of friendship.

## V

About January 6th there begins a special fishing season for four weeks. The little codfish ascend the St. Lawrence at this season in incredible numbers, go up beyond Montreal and enter all the tributaries. Hence people cut holes in the ice, take a stick, tie to it ten or twelve bits of twine, and to each string a piece of raw meat — preferably lung; then they hang these without any hook at all in the water, pull it out after a second, shake off on the ice the fish which have taken the meat, and let them freeze stiff. It is unbelievable what mountains of fish are caught thus and how many thousand bushel are shoveled into sleighs and hauled home. The trick of preserving them consists in this: one throws them into a pile and leaves them to wind, air, and snow, yet one must fence them carefully against the swine. These fish are the chief food of the Canadians during Lent. In size they are quite comparable to our smelt, but have a very white, sweet, flaky flesh, and must be well salted; they taste very good when baked or boiled

and fixed with olive oil and vinegar. In April and May they march off again with bands playing to the Banks of Newfoundland, yet they have not become any the wiser in Canada, but allow themselves to be caught again there by thousands to assume the name of saltcod. I almost forgot the queerest thing, viz., they feed pregnant cows and ewes with these frozen fish, which they like, and I even know some horses which are very fond of them.

When the big river is completely frozen over, they catch sturgeon five and more ells long from under the ice. This year they have been scarce. Eels are also caught in special eel traps at ebb tide in great quantities. They are hung for a day in the smoke, then frozen. The carp are no good; they have a dry, fibrous meat. The bass (or perch) are as good as at home. The river pike are very excellent and very large. Trout and salmon trout are found in the rapids of the small rivers. There are no crabs below Montreal. *Poissons dorés* and *masquinonges* are a particular kind of six or eight pound fishes which taste very delicate and are caught in such quantities in the parishes St. François and Masquinonge that they are shipped frozen through all Canada. Thus far I have seen no crucian, gudgeon, or loach. Anyway, there are in Canada no fishponds, pounds, or preserves; consequently no fish baskets<sup>1</sup> and fish thieves; who-

<sup>1</sup> Wicker "cars" anchored in a stream where live fish are kept for table use.

ever knows how to catch fish from the rivers is lord and master of the fish. We might, perhaps, have just as fine, good oysters as in New England if only the St. Lawrence allowed them to be brought to our watering mouths. Herring and sardines are always to be had in Quebec, for there are costermongers there just as at home.

They make a special sugar in Canada, called Canadian sugar. There are two kinds of trees called *érable* which they tap annually with a specially made axe and catch the sap running out through a wooden spile in a trough below. This sap is boiled and yields a very healthful, sweet sugar, which is poured into milk pails in cakes and becomes dark brown and hard. It can be used perfectly well with food. The trees grow wild in the woods and a tree does not mind being tapped thirty or even forty years. My present host, Mr. *la Fleche*, is at this now; last year he made four hundred pounds of sugar. A pound at present is worth one Halifax shilling (or six groschen five and four fifths pfennig in our currency). In peace time you can buy a pound for two groschen six pfennig of our money. Plain, ordinary sugar costs now at wholesale two shillings a pound, therefore twelve groschen eleven and three fifths pfennig; as soon as the ships arrive again, you can get it for eight, or at most for ten pence, and so will be a very few pfennig dearer than in Brunswick. Coffee has not gone so high and you can get it, and good quality, for six or seven groschen. Good tea is no more expensive than at

home. Chocolate is cheaper and better than with us.

There are no papermills in Canada, but plenty of sawmills and gristmills. When I tell you that the *seigneurs* have mills that run day and night in the severest Canadian winter, you may not believe me. But come over and see. I will take you to mills built over warm springs in the little rivers, in which the mill wheels are inside the mill, with great vaults on one side or both, in which ripping fires are maintained to keep the water flowing! Without such mills we should not have had bread to eat this winter. The mill always belongs to the *seigneur*; his miller usually has the mill *on account*; the *habitant* gets back only thirteen out of every fourteen *minots* of grain and the waste belongs to the *seigneur*. Each inhabitant of a *seigneurie* must have his grain ground in the *seigneur's* mill under severe penalty. For the rest, there are just as rich millers here as at home. But there are no linen weavers here.

## VI

Your pen seems to have frozen up; so hear something of the Canadian snow. It is a d——d bad business in Canada that the winds often — at least every three days — blow violently for about twelve hours, so that they shift the snow from place to place and gradually fill all ditches, holes, and chasms so full that they appear level with the heights. Though this looks very nice, it is danger-



ous to travel then without knowledge and foresight. One can, e.g., plunge into a gulch where you break a few bones or are buried alive in the snow for weeks, horse, sleigh, and all. The driver's lack of caution need not be great, for one foot to the side can cause such an ugly thing. But just as a good gunsmith can find a remedy for anything, so for this, too, there is help. Each *habitant* is obliged to mark off the road between his habitation and that of his two neighbors with young fir-trees, so that it is broad enough for two sleighs, and the trees stand twenty feet apart on each side. In these artificial *allées* one rides safely. These roads are changed with incredible frequency according to the nature of the weather and circumstances, and are marked anew each time and the trees of the old road pulled up. On the rivers, too, the roads are marked, yes, even on the great St. Lawrence, and any one who notices a dangerous spot on it is obliged to mark it. Thus traveling in Canada is a curious matter, inasmuch as a road runs on the heights to-day and over a river to-morrow.

One must be fair to the Canadians and say that they spare no pains to render the roads safe by means of the fences. Because of the tide it is really no joke to use the roads over the rivers at times when it does not freeze hard; one must know whether to keep well out on the river or along the bank. With the rising tide it does not do to keep to the bank. It does not much matter if a horse repeatedly breaks through the ice with one leg.

People on foot can skip over all the snow like rabbits, just following their nose, if they wear snowshoes. These things are much like the *raquettes* with which we play shuttlecock, only twice as big, so you have to shuffle along with legs far apart and bandy-legged. The English regiments have had to do a lot of practicing with them this winter, but our regiments did not get any because they haven't been able to turn out enough. Every *habitant* has such machines, which are also absolutely indispensable for him, even to take a walk in his own neighborhood.

Captain Fay, of the Royal Artillery, who is also Adjutant-General and inspecting officer in the army, and who previously made a whole campaign in Germany in the body guard under your old acquaintance, Major-General von Rhetz, is well acquainted with North America, and has traversed the English Colonies this way and that, and indeed with the keen eyes of a trained engineer. He was once governor of New Hampshire and has estates in New England, which he, like his government, must for the time being turn his back on. Captain Philipps is really Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, but by express royal commission has in this war the position, rank, and pay of a regular Major-General, and is therefore so styled. General Carleton also has in this war the pay, rank, and honors of a General of Infantry, though in England he is only Major-General.

## VI

For four months now we have been sitting here as if in prison, completely cut off from communication with neighboring states. We are painfully awaiting news from Europe as to what happened last fall in New York, Jersey, and Pennsylvania, or even in the neighboring regions — isn't that sad? The winter has been too mild for the rivers over to Nova Scotia to freeze, so no one could use this route, which even in the best of seasons can be undertaken by only a few people with hundredfold risk of life. The St. Lawrence, which only seems to freeze in order to break the ice again and play its game with the thick cakes which it piles up like mountains and then tumbles apart like a house of cards, will not stand it to be disturbed in its risky game by ships, so this passage also is barred. The rebels, who are still in possession of *Carillon* (which fort the savages correctly call Ticonderoga, or, translated into French, *Cul de Sac*, because it lies in the *cul de sac* of *Lac Champlain*), check the news which we might get via Albany and the Hudson River from our friends in the English North American states. So there is only one way left by which we have been able to get news: this is through the wildernesses behind the English Colonies and ends about fifty miles or more above Niagara, for every human being who takes this road has not only the right, but also the necessity, of making his own path, which perhaps will never again be trodden by human feet.

By this road we have really gotten some news, which upon closer scrutiny, however, belongs only to the category of rumor. A very intimate friend of mine, Captain W——, of the 8th English or the King's Regiment, which has lain for five years in small forts at Niagara and some hundred leagues around, but who is himself more or less attached to our German Corps and has always lodged in the same house with me on marches and in quarters, has provided me from time to time with news he got from his comrades at Niagara, and he has even enriched the unfruitful papers of Quebec therewith. Yet no matter how many special items this news has contained, we are still waiting vainly for confirmation. General Carleton has not as yet the slightest certain and detailed news of General Howe's army. So much meanwhile is certain: last fall important engagements occurred on Long Island and later at Kingsbridge in which the rebels suffered significant defeats. It is also thought sure that a part of Howe's army has really entered Pennsylvania and that the Quakers in particular have left the Congress. Hancock and Franklin, two important members of the Congress, have vanished and are believed to have gone to Europe. General Lee, one of the leading hostile generals, has been captured in his quarters by a detachment of English Light Horse.

Our nearest foe is stationed one thousand strong at Carillon and must contend there with want and misery. The next expedition we shall probably

march to Albany and have a chance to look around in New York where we have many adherents, friends, and even a number of fellow countrymen. Mr. Johannes Mackenna, an Irishman by birth, but raised in the Netherlands and half a German, who had to leave a Catholic parish in New York because of disturbances and fled here where he preaches the Gospel to our Catholic soldiers in the wilds of Canada and travels from company to company, has given me a very good description of New York and assured me that the majority of the fair-minded and respected inhabitants are good royalists, but that they have to remain passive at present.

The destruction of the hostile fleet on Lake Champlain has given the rebels a considerable jolt, and we have one important obstacle the less to overcome. Our operations will be conducted largely by water, to which end each regiment is getting twenty-five *batteaux* in which it must row its way. As soon as ever the river is open, we shall begin training the men so that they may learn to sail in line by divisions or companies. The artillery will also be on *batteaux*, which can be put together quickly to form batteries.

Here we have a special way of waging war which departs utterly from our system. Our infantry can only operate two deep, and a man must have eighteen inches space either side to be able to march in line through woods and brush. We cannot use cavalry at all, so our dragoons have to rely on their



own legs. Our standards bother us a lot, and no English regiment brought any along. Each English regiment has a special company of grenadiers and light infantry, which form combination battalions of great value. The corps of Canadian volunteers under Canadian officers is not to be despised.

Because of natural bestiality the savages are not to be trusted. They are extremely brave, but also extremely unbridled and so must be interlarded with English and Canadian officers. They would like very much just now to fight independently as faithful allies and friends of the King rather than under the command of English generals and officers; an *Iroke*, named Joseph, who has even spent some time in England and quite naturally judges correctly the interest of the English and of the Indians, seeks to establish his everlasting fame as chief of an army of savages. We shall, however, be forced to decline out and out; otherwise God be merciful to the colonists who are their neighbors. The savages are very crazy fellows who go from one extreme to the other. I was in Loretto, an old seat of that part of the Hurons who became converted to Christianity over eighty years ago and accustomed themselves to regular cultivation of the fields and to cattle-raising, yet one notes with surprise how hard and fast they stick to the old customs of their forefathers. Their church is strange, without any chairs or benches; on the other hand, it is filled with home-made wooden

saints, who — be they Hebrews, Romans, Greeks, or modern Europeans — now appear as savages in savage costume and painted in all sorts of pretty fashions. I shall not so readily forget good St. Peter with his keys and his painted face. I might tell you some real droll tales about Prince Athanas, who is venerated among the savages for many hundreds of miles; he resides here (regimental surgeon Br—— cured an old injury to his leg and has been hailed as an Æsculapius), and of his princes and their Lord High Steward, also of his three princess daughters, but the hourglass has run out. My regards to ——, and believe that you will find a note for yourself in each of my letters.

## VII

To-day, the 13th of April, we are still lying in winter quarters despite the fact that for three weeks we have been ready to march. Here in Canada everything depends on the weather and for four weeks it has been incredibly changeable. March 5th and 6th, we had penetrating cold, the 7th, a most delightful spring day, from the 7th to the 16th, continuous thaw and such warm days that all the ice bridges over the big river went out and General Carleton had trouble getting from Montreal back to Quebec. From the 16th to the 20th, the weather was disagreeable, but not cold. The 20th and 21st, between two and three feet of snow fell, March 23d, it began to snow again so hard that even the great river once more began to form

bridges. Holy Week and the three Easter Days the cold continued so intense that it could hardly be worse at Christmas with us at home. Great, respectable northern lights adorned the sky every evening. The 3d and 4th of April, there was another big fall of snow and terrible cold. On the evening of the 6th, it began to rain hard. The 7th, we got heavy thunder-showers and it thawed fast. The 8th and 9th, it thawed moderately; the 10th, the sun shone so hot that we had to open the doors and windows all day; that night we had a formidable thunder-shower. The 11th was cold and damp. The 12th, we had strong wind, and to-day, the 13th, there has been a most violent northwest wind raging all day; we cannot heat the rooms, and the ground is again hard as rock from frost. How can an army which has to traverse a multitude of rivers, rough tracts and execrable roads set out on the march under such conditions?

The crackling of the St. Lawrence is tremendous to-day; the violent wind has put the stream in a perfect fury and it breaks loose the most horrible blocks of ice, which go cavorting over one another, seem to dance on the river, form mountains, and collapse again. Nevertheless, dearest brother, there are people who venture, and must venture, to cross the river in canoes. It has been very troublesome in handling the brigade that two companies of Specht's regiment and one of von Rhetz's have had their quarters on the south side of the St. Lawrence in five parishes and have had to get orders

and provisions from the north side. In our region no one has met with serious accident. To the time of this writing God has also preserved us from sickness, and in two regiments only one man has died in three weeks. Desertion is simply impossible in Canada, and no Canadian dreams of helping a deserter through.

I have seen our friend — various times in Trois Rivières, spoken to him here in Ste. Anne, and at other times corresponded with him. We both take great pains to make discoveries and to study Canada thoroughly. Yet this is extremely hard and it is incredible how stupid the Canadians are in the knowledge of their own land. In a way we already know far more, and G—— will yet get to the point of being able to write a good TOPOGRAPHY OF CANADA. The grenadier battalion lies over thirty leagues from us, so I have seen only two of its officers.

P.S. To-day, April 20th, comes news that the English ship *London* has orders to sail for Europe as soon as possible. Letters, therefore, must be brought to a close to be sent to Quebec in time. I shall begin a new one at once destined for the second ship to leave. I hope you may get many letters from me this summer. Since it is now beginning to thaw in earnest, we shall probably set out in about ten days. Some days ago Fähnrich v. B—— was drowned in a stream no broader than the Ocker, and I do not know how it really happened. Brave Captain Makay has just arrived on his way to

Quebec. With twenty-five savages he has been down through the woods behind Crown Point and Carillon to Lac Sacrement and spent over seven weeks reconnoitering. He captured a detachment of sixteen officers and twenty-three men, and some of these stated that a Hessian regiment had been surprised and part captured, part killed. On the other hand, all is going as well as one could wish in Pennsylvania, and it is true that the rebels got an ugly beating in New York and Jersey last year. The Hessians are reported to have slaughtered terribly on some occasions and been unwilling to grant quarter because they met with difficulty in getting their prisoners exchanged.

Once again, farewell.



## IV

### CASTLE-TOWN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

JULY 20, 1777

WE are now in a land called New Hampshire which stretches up here for one hundred or one hundred and fifty English miles back of old New England and is thirty or forty or more English miles wide. This land consists of so-called concessions [grants], which despite their newness are probably over eighty years old. This stretch of land is divided into squares which are six or eight English miles long and broad. These subdivisions you may call counties, or districts, or little provinces; enough to say, such a thing or such a square is divided off again into very regular subdivisions for individual habitations, so regular that there is no chance for boundary disputes among the inhabitants. Each square has its own name and forms a little community by itself, and either has one rich man as *seigneur* or else free inhabitants who would like to adorn the center with a village or town. Hence it comes that some of these squares have the name of Town without having a city as yet; and so it is with Castle-Town, which has about seventeen wretched inhabitants. Clarendon, Grootland, Pultney, etc., are our neighboring counties. Whoever wishes to get a clear notion of this may order from England a map: The Province of New York and New Jersey,

with part of Pennsylvania and the Province of Quebec, drawn by Major Holland — 1777.

These grants are by no means as well populated as they might be. They are the extreme outlying parts of the new English states. The difference between the counties is great: in many there are forty to sixty habitations; in others only twenty; in still others only seven or eight. Many are just starting and only have their milk teeth. Furthermore, half, or two thirds, or even five sixths of these concessions consist only of summer dwellings; i.e., the owners of these have merely put up log or block huts (without division into rooms, glass windows, stoves, etc.) in which they stay from spring till fall. If a father has many sons or daughters, he buys such a place for a habitation and goes there himself in the spring or sends some one of his family, and year by year has more trees killed and more tillage and grass land cleared. So the habitation grows better from year to year until a young man or miss can marry, who then receives the proper amount of land for a place, has a comfortable, regular house built, and makes of the summer habitation a permanent homestead. For fifty or more English miles along here thoughtful fathers are preparing valuable establishments for their children. You also find here really good houses with very decent furniture.

Very good grain [wheat?] grows here, also good rye. The meadows and pastures are not to be improved on; the Canadian cattle eat themselves

sick because the pasture is too rich. Canadian horses are fifty per cent better than those here; on the other hand, the horned cattle here is eighty per cent better than the Canadian. No ox here need be ashamed to take a promenade in the pasture with a Frisian. The oxen have to plough here and to pull heavy carts and wagons on which wood and iron are not spared; they pull by a wooden yoke that is laid on their necks; they do not have traces and boards across the forehead. The gardens are better and more sensibly cultivated than in Canada. Any one who wants to get his fill of real trout must go to Castle-Town.

In the forests here there are many rattlesnakes. We have killed some. Their bite is one of the most poisonous; death results unfailingly in twelve hours unless one uses proper means on the spot or immediately cuts out the piece of flesh bitten. As soon as a snake was killed, the inhabitants present promptly cut off its head and tail and buried them; they believed, you must know, a small river of excellent water flowing near by might be poisoned if the pieces cut off should get into it. They requested the rest of the snake to make a splendid supper.<sup>1</sup> In all seriousness, even the native Englishmen consider the rattlesnake a delicacy, and prefer it to the best eel; soup made of it is said to taste especially good. These delicacies are very welcome in General Burgoyne's kitchen; I decline with thanks, but

<sup>1</sup> The text has "supper," but in view of what follows we ought perhaps to read "soup."

perhaps only from prejudice. Recently at Brigadier-General Fraser's I eat a green soup; what it was made of I did not know, otherwise perhaps I should not have eaten it; it was turtle soup, and now I know that a *bouillon* can hardly be more nourishing.

In respect to the New Hampshire Grants there is a terrible suit on between the states of New England and New York to decide to which this stretch of land really is to be reckoned. I do not care to get mixed up in it, and so cannot have the honor of telling you whether my foot now wanders in New England or New York.

In our controversy with the rebels as the English say, or with rebellers as our folk say, another important day will soon be appointed, when a decision will be rendered at Fort Edward. Mr. Putnam is there with a corps. Fort St. George on Lake St. George (formerly *Lac Sacrement*) is also occupied by the rebels. American nuts! [i.e., something to crack]. As for the politics of the colonists here: so many districts, so many minds. Pultney is all rebel, all the houses empty; Castle-Town, one third royalist, two thirds rebel; Clarendon, neutral, etc., etc. On the average one can reckon that at most one sixth are royalist, one sixth neutral, and four sixths rebel; I hardly do the Americans injustice in this calculation. Very few consent to take the oath of allegiance, a number agree to neutrality, perhaps because of our proximity and their property. We really deal pleasantly and

kindlily enough with these unhappy people; the rebels themselves, on the other hand, are hard and cruel toward those of their brethren who express any adherence to us and affix to their houses our army's placards for the protection of their property. Most houses stand empty and the owners have gone deep into the country with their possessions. Any cattle they may have left behind are good, fair prey for us. Heaven be praised that our men need no longer eat pork and lard every day, for these salt provisions would have had still more evil consequences for their health with the present heat.

The colonists are, moreover, big, handsome, sinewy, strong, healthy men, and the girls are shrewd, well-built, fleshy, and promise a numerous and healthy posterity.

You know there are many sects in America, some of which are differentiated by clothing and beards. It is actually true that some of the inhabitants have asked, of what religion our grenadiers were, and would not believe that they were of the same sect with us because they wear imperials.

In the open field the rebels do not count for much, but in the woods they are formidable. Thus far, however, we still live, walk, dwell and march in the woods. There they lie like bacon hunters<sup>1</sup> behind the trees and slip from one tree to the other. In the matter of accuracy they are equal to our Solingen peasants, and their riflemen are

<sup>1</sup> That is, men who make a business of hunting for market.



bad enough. They wear a short white shirt over their clothes, the sleeves are edged with several rows of white linen fringe. Generally speaking, the rebel seeks safety in his gun and this is very long. They put in three palasters or small bullets and three somewhat larger ones; bad enough for him whom they hit. Probably the most of those wounded at Hubert Town [Hubbardton] were hit in three or four places all at the same shot. But to our comfort such a shot carries only about eighty yards, and they would be badly off if only our men knew how to hit the mark as well as they do. Our Jäger have won their respect with their rifles. The rebel officers will not count for much in the military world — some experienced men excepted, [they are] Captain Blacksmith, Lieutenant Baker, Cornet Tailor, etc. Even in the command the subordinate reproaches his superior with his station, and the baker wonders how the blacksmith learned tactics at his forge.

The savages whom we brought from Canada, and who either live in Canada as Christian Indians or else close by, have turned out to be regular hedgehogs.<sup>2</sup> They helped plunder very honestly, and then most of them stayed behind at Ticonderoga and Skeenesborough. Here they right martially filled up with rum; since then only a few have remained true to their leaders, but the rest drink their way home again after a gloriously ended campaign and hand down their exploits to

<sup>2</sup> We should say skunks.

posterity. Colonel *St. Leger*, on the other hand, has more honest fellows with him; we don't know where he is, apparently we shall hear something of him soon. Besides him, a *Mr. St. Luc* has also brought along five hundred savages from the remote northern regions, among whom are also the *Ouatoais* [Ottawas]. These have always been bitter enemies of the English and done them serious damage in previous wars. This is the first time that they have taken up arms for the English. These Indians are heathen, tall, warlike, and enterprising, but wicked as Satan. Our frigate saluted them with fifteen guns. They are savages in their wild nature. They are considered cannibals, but I do not believe it, although I know they are capable of rending their foes with their teeth when enraged; that they maintain butcher shops with human flesh is probably not so; beef surely tastes better to them. Their manners betray good qualities, and their savage ornaments are not unbecoming. They have a strikingly martial bearing. *Mr. St. Luc*, a Canadian, made several campaigns with them against the English in the previous wars and to some degree was a terror to the English Colonies. He is said to possess a rare treasure of very many English scalps. He is a man of sixty, but still very active and just out of rebel captivity this year. He is rich; *Mr. de la Naudière* is his son-in-law and has accepted a command under him, which surprises me.

I have just been agreeably surprised by receiving

your letters of February 24th and March 2d. Now I have gotten six letters in all this year. The happy news has also come that the ship *Isabella Dorothea* with eighty-four recruits on board, which was already considered lost, has reached Quebec safely.

We have taken leave of our dear *batteaux* which have brought us safely with all our dunnage from Canada over the St. Lawrence and Sorel Rivers and over Lake Champlain to this point. Our men have learned to row right well and at the last each *batteau* had a good helmsman. Now I suppose we go by land. Of necessity the baggage is greatly limited, and for many an officer is reduced to a knapsack. Horses, naturally, are scarce and dear here, and the shipment of horses coming along gradually from Canada will be needed to move the cannon, stores, and tents. However, I already have two horses and fortune will probably provide the third. Most of the officers have also been able to secure one horse.

July 22. The rebels have been kind enough to abandon Fort George. Hence we can now be masters of *Lac Sacrement*. This is very advantageous for us in the matter of bringing up supplies. They seem inclined to risk a dance with us for Fort Edward. The music thereto is already being prepared on our part.

July 24th, we marched to Leading Place and the 25th, to Skeenesborough. The English corps has advanced to Fort Anne; we follow to-morrow. The

enemy has abandoned Fort Edward. We shall move on Albany and to-morrow officers will be dispatched to Canada to fetch the recruits and all the things we left behind there.

## V

### FROM THE CAMP AT DUAR HOUSE

AUGUST 31, 1777

FORT EDWARD, *August 7, 1777.*

THE heat in this region is uncommonly great and exceeds very noticeably that of the hottest summer days in our fatherland. Almost every day come thunder-showers which, though violent, are soon over, not lasting as they often do with us. On the other hand, it does not cool off after them, and at night, especially toward morning, there falls such a heavy dew or fog that it penetrates through the tents into the blankets, which get wet through and through.

August 9th, Brigadier Fraser with his corps and the savages marched to Fort Miller. Colonel Baum followed him with a separate corps consisting of the dragoon regiment and detachments of savages, Canadians, and Provincials, also various other detachments from the brigades of Fraser and Specht and from the corps of Colonel Breymann; he also took along two six-pound cannon under command of the Hanau Lieutenant Bach. The purpose of this march of Colonel Baum was to invade with 521 men the more settled parts of the New Hampshire territory and other older English provinces, or their so-called townships, in order thus to lighten the task of getting up our provi-



sions, to try to get a stock of fresh provisions by collecting cattle at the deserted rebel houses, and by purchasing them in those settlements favorable to us, and at the same time to procure horses and draft animals so as to get the army off in lively motion the sooner, since progress had so often had to be interrupted through the laborious efforts of our men to fetch up supplies. To make this really intelligible, I should have to write pages. But if you consider that in these regions the army eats bread for which the flour is made in England, and meat that was salted in England, and that both things have to be brought to our kettles and mouths across oceans, great rivers, inland seas, waterfalls, etc., by human labor, since we lack horses and carts; then any one will readily understand that such an object — to provide an army with its necessities in easier fashion — must be one of the most important considerations of a commanding general; especially against a foe who must be driven quickly in any possible way from his advantages, so he may not have time to devastate his own states to our disadvantage. Of General von Riedesel's suite two English officers went with Colonel Baum, and, in behalf of the commanding general, Governor Skeenes went along to assume supervision of the necessities to be secured, lest any American be able to cry about acts of violence.

August 11th, Musketeer Fasselabend from Kölln was shot in the presence of all the pickets of the army before General Riedesel's front. He had

deserted, gone over to the enemy, taken service with them, and been captured again by us.

August 12th, Brigadier Fraser was in advance on the Hudson River opposite Saratoga. The hostile General Arnold is at Stillwater.

August 13th, Colonel Breymann set out for Fort Miller with his grenadier battalion and the Jäger battalion. Colonel Baum had started on his march toward Bennington.

August 14. The army marched seven miles down along the Hudson to-day and camped near Fort Miller. Von Rhetz's regiment marched from *Jones-House* to Fort Edward, and the regiment Hessen-Hanau from Fort Anne to *Jones-House*. Brigadier Fraser had crossed the Hudson and stood near Saratoga. Colonel Breymann, on the other hand, was this side of the river opposite Saratoga. The heat to-day was cruel and many soldiers were in danger of suffocating on the march. Fort Miller really lies on the other side of the Hudson, but it is quite dilapidated; it never consisted of more than a blockhouse and magazine surrounded by palisades. The army camped near *Duars-House*. Mr. Duar [Duer] is a member of the Congress and commissariat officer in the rebel army. His country-house here is only wooden, indeed, but large and built with good taste; it is the first regular country-house which I have seen since leaving Portsmouth.

August 15. Colonel Breymann had to march in support of Colonel Baum who was twenty-four

miles away. He took along two English six-pounders under command of Lieutenant Spangenberg, of the Hanau Artillery. As the dragoon regiment had left behind its tents, baggage, and standards, so Colonel Breymann let his camp stand.

The 16th. A bridge has been built over the Hudson and the army was ordered to proceed the next morning.

The 17th. In the night, or rather toward day-break, Captain *de la Naudière*, who had accompanied Baum's corps, came with the depressing news that Baum's corps had had to surrender unconditionally near *San Cuik mill* after very strenuous resistance and after exhausting its ammunition. Yesterday noon, before Colonel Breymann could come to its support, the enemy, estimated at four thousand strong, had attacked this corps on all sides. Baum entrenched himself as well as time and circumstances permitted on a hill with his regular troops, or with the dragoon regiment — which cannot have been over one hundred and fifty strong — and with the infantry detachments assigned him. He was quite sure that Colonel Breymann was marching to his support and resolved to hold his position in order that he might not lose any of the cattle, horses, and flour he had succeeded in collecting. The country-folk of this region had not only accepted the general's placards, but came in crowds to Governor Skeenes, and took the oath of fidelity to the King. But precisely these faithless

people, who had just given the oath of loyalty, shortly after attacked Baum's corps as bitter enemies. A strong detachment of regulars from Stillwater had induced the inhabitants for twenty-four English miles or more to take up arms without exception and to attack from the woods on all sides. The savages, Canadians, and Provincials were scattered, and Colonel Baum was attacked furiously on all sides. Eye-witnesses assure us that this time the rebels fought desperately; that they advanced within eight paces of the cannon loaded with grape-shot in order that they might shoot down the artillerymen the more surely. Colonel Baum's defense was equal to such an attack. More than three times the enemy had to yield to his fire; finally the cartridges were exhausted, the two cannon ceased firing because all the powder was gone, and again the foe rushed furiously on our men. Baum with his dragoons defended himself sword in hand, the infantry detachments with the bayonet, and tried to cut a path to a wood road. But — here the story stops, and we know no more of the fate of our brave brothers. Many are probably dead, still more are wounded, and the rest in the enemy's hands. The commanders of the above-named light troops with Baum's corps have all saved themselves except a Lieutenant Sallans, of the 9th English Regiment, a Swede by birth, who is dead. Of the infantry of the German regiments one hundred and twenty-seven men are still missing, their fate is still unknown. We hope to get

more exact news soon. Many are surely alive still. There are still over eighty men of the dragoon regiment here, those on special duty, sick, and recruits.

Through this same bearer of ill-tidings, *Mr. de la Naudière*, we learned, too, that Colonel Breymann, right after the first unlucky affair, had gotten into a very hot engagement, but he did not know the outcome. Consequently the whole army broke camp and marched to the support of Colonel Breymann. But since one sure report after the other reached us that Breymann was retreating safely, the army remained lying on the River Battenkill. Only General Burgoyne with the 47th Regiment waded through the river and marched to meet Breymann. Toward four o'clock Breymann's corps arrived among us, quite exhausted by the fighting, the heat of the day, and the forced marches. Breymann had reached *San Cuik mill* yesterday afternoon at four o'clock and saw the enemy stationed on a hill. He did not know that it was all up with Baum's corps, but had learned from a mounted dragoon that it was in greatest danger. So he marched quickly on the enemy with his two battalions, attacked with fury, and drove him back some three miles from three hills lying one behind the other. But the superior number of the enemy and constant reënforcement by settlers, and finally lack of powder and lead forced the victorious corps at last to think of retreat. The cannon had to be left, since all the horses were killed. Since this action also took place in woods and



bushes, we do not know the real loss. Many wounded had to be left. One captain, one lieutenant, and fourteen men are dead; this we know. Wounded and lying in our hospital are one major, two captains, one lieutenant of Jäger, one lieutenant of artillery, and sixty-three men. The wounded are doing fairly well and most of them will be able to serve again. The fate of five officers and one hundred and thirty-five men missing is not known. Colonel Breymann, whose coat received five shots, has a glancing wound in the left leg, but stayed with his corps. This evening he camped on his former site and the army also entered its old camp. Fraser's corps, however, camped at the Battenkill.

August 18. Major-General von Riedesel with the 47th English Regiment, those of Rhetz and Hessen-Hanau, also an artillery train, marched to *Jones-House* in order through this position to cover Fort George, whence we now have to have our provisions and other necessities for the whole army brought with toil and trouble. This has occupied us till now and we have remained quietly in camp. Many people from Albany have come to us and we shall soon have a full regiment of Provincials. Our five hundred horses have come from Canada. Colonel St. Leger has taken Fort *Standix* [Stanwix] on the *Mohoc* River and will soon act with us against the enemy. Lord Cornwallis is on the march this way with one corps of Howe's army and we and he shall soon work for a junction. We shall

soon be in a position to move on toward Albany. The soldiers desire it. The unhappy occurrence at *San Cuik mill* has not dispirited us. We regret nothing but the loss of brave friends and men. The enemy surely paid dear for his little success and has come to know his foe. He did not dare to follow Colonel Breymann over a quarter of an hour. Von Rhetz's and Specht's grenadier companies must have been in the thick of things on the retreat, hence the officers and most of the men are missing. It is serious business fighting in wild woods and bushes, and one company may easily have better or worse luck than another.

August 27th, a deserter from the 9th English Regiment was shot before our front. It is true, deserters are treated sternly, but it is also true that probably never did an army have less deserters than ours has had. In this connection you must remember that the rebels try to seduce our men to this by their emissaries, who are partly English, partly German.

But, dear friends! when will you hear from me again? When can I expect a letter from you? Mother Canada has fitted out her children and from Mother Canada we can expect nothing more. We must seek our bread by our arms and make another way to get it either in the vicinity of friends and foes, or from Europe over other ocean lanes and other rivers and lakes. This is also true of our correspondence. Do not be surprised, then, if a long time passes before you get letters again. The

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breezes may soon bear you glad tidings over other waters, and these new paths may bring me the pleasant news of your continued welfare and remembrance of me.

## VI

### LETTERS FROM CAMBRIDGE IN NEW ENGLAND<sup>1</sup>

NOVEMBER 15, 1777, TO OCTOBER 10, 1778

*November 15, 1777.*

AT last we have reached Cambridge, where we are unhappy middle things between free and unfree. The question whether we belong in the Litany or not, we leave to the consideration of our friends, so that on the next Day of Repentance (*Busstag*) they may be more or less mindful of us at a certain passage in the Litany. In either case they will not do us wrong. If any one should write that things are going real well with him here, it would be an ugly lie. If, however, one should try to rouse pity to the point of tears by his complaint, I, at least, should be sorry for the eyes and handkerchiefs. The Americans, whom for politeness' sake we no longer call Rebels or *Jenkeys*, often do not know themselves to what category of people we really belong in their state. To be sure, we are rather restrained, and they have definitely designated a

<sup>1</sup> Professor Schlözer's editorial note runs thus: "Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga is the most important thing, at least it entails the most far-reaching consequences [of anything] that has thus far occurred in the whole North American war. Without it France would not have declared openly for the rebels; consequently the French would still be in the East Indies, etc. This great event, which concerns us Germans nearly for another reason, is narrated in these letters to the minutest circumstances, and indeed by an eye-witness, who, moreover, has the rare gift of telling his story so that his readers think they are eye-witnesses themselves."

circle which we are not to pass, and they have also said something about guardships and shooting to death, if we did not comply. But in our stockades we do not forego much of the freedom that clings to us in regard to our persons, and now and then play the master among our conquerors.

You may well be curious enough to want to know how we really got to the University at Cambridge, where the students live in the well-built *Collegio Herwardino*, go to lectures in queer house-jackets, and are summoned by the bell thrice daily — to breakfast, dinner, and supper. But paper and ink are too expensive here for me to be able to indulge in such precise narration from September 1st to the present. Between ourselves, I do not myself know how misfortune led us here; for it is a matter about which much has already been thought, said, and written, and about which much more might be thought, said, and written. However, if you will believe my word, you can be sure that neither the army nor its conduct is to blame, and that it can still look other more lucky armies in the face frankly and boldly. No more can the army complain of its general, but believes that he will justify his conduct before the King, his country, and the world. But perhaps the course we took this time over lakes, rivers, and mountains, through forests and wildernesses, will make our successors more cautious so as not to choose it again, or else with very different preparation, and for that we can supply a practical little book of advice.



My last letter to you ended with the unhappy affair at Bennington; since then it has been impossible to send a line to Europe. Despite the fact that we now have the open ocean right before our faces and as proof are eating from it splendid, fine, fat oysters (sold by the sack), codfish, shellfish, and other perfectly good fish, and though right up to the present day this ocean offers perfectly good communication, yet I do not yet know how I shall get this letter over to my friends on the Ocker. Had I had anything to say about making terms of capitulation, this should have been the fourteenth article, and so the play on thirteen articles and thirteen United Provinces would have been lost. Since April of this year my eyes have seen no letter from you. The wine you so kindly secured came from Lower Saxony to Carillon all right, but it could not cover the measly thirty-six English miles to Fort George where we should have been glad to help it disembark despite the extremely hot weather.

In the affair near Bennington there were really killed and left on the field: Colonel Baum, Captain of Cavalry Reineking, Captain von Schieck, Lieutenant Muhlenfeldt, and Fähnrich Hagemann; Lieutenant d'Annieres, Jr., died a few days after in captivity, of dysentery. Lieutenants Brevé and Gebhard were severely wounded and captured; Cornet Stutzer, Fähnrich Specht, and Pastor Melsheimer were slightly wounded and captured. Major von Bärner and Lieutenant Hannemann

escaped, to be sure, but had to be sent to Canada because of their serious wounds. Colonel Brey-mann and Captains von Geisau and von Gleissen-berg were wounded, the last severely. At that time there were captured uninjured: Major von Meibom, Captain of Cavalry von Schlagenteuffel, Jr., Captains von Bärtling, Sr., Dommes, and O'Connell, Lieutenants von Reckrodt, von Bothmar, Meyer, and Burghoff, and Cornets and Fähnriche Gräf, Schönewald, and Andrä. These officers are still in the neighborhood of Westminster and are distributed in the settlements there.

In its consequences this affair caused us much harm. We had to call a halt in our successful advances; the hostile stores at Bennington escaped our outstretched hands, and we had to have recourse again to the flour and salt meat barrels at Fort George. Our army stopped near *Duar-House* and Major-General von Riedesel had to take up his position at *Jones-House*. All the regiments now had heavy, uninterrupted work bringing everything required for the rest of the campaign, along with the boats, around the many rapids between Fort George and Saratoga, which was a d——d hard task because of the dearth of horses and carts. My dear Sirs! it was August, in the hottest part of the year, and one could hardly breathe when sitting still in the tents; dysentery raged among us, but we had to work to maintain life. I almost think a monument will be erected between Ticonderoga and Albany in memory of us unfortunates, with the inscription: *Vestigia me terrent*.

Through this successful *coup* the enemy had gained time to bring up three brigades. General Gates, the darling of the New Englanders, took over the command. The farmers left their ploughs, the smith his anvil, cobbler and tailor followed, etc., and the militia regiments came marching in from all provinces of New England. In fourteen days the hostile army grew to fourteen thousand men. General Arnold was sent against Colonel St. Leger, who was about to besiege Fort Stanwix on the *Mohoc* River. Rumor spread the false report before Arnold that our whole army had been defeated at Bennington. St. Leger, who was not in the best circumstances, anyway, withdrew to Oswego.

General Burgoyne resolved to collect his army in order to meet the enemy who had already advanced from Stillwater; and the army was satisfied and pleased with his decision. Everything that could be dispensed with at all was sent back to Diamond Island in Lake George. That is why I have to wear a much-torn coat and pitiful shirts to-day, and am miserably equipped all around. But so it is with all of us.

September 11 our whole army moved against the enemy again.

The 13th, 14th, 15th we gradually passed the Hudson over a bridge of boats and the rebels retired to Stillwater. Now the work began again with our beloved salt meat and meal. Dear Friends! do not despise these kingly dishes, which there on the

spot truly cost a kingly price since the transportation from England probably cost not a little. Pork at noon, pork at night, pork cold, pork hot. Friends! even though you with your green peas and crabs' tails would have looked upon our pork with disgust, yet pork was to us a splendid food without which we should have starved to death, and had we had pork enough later, the weather might not have brought us to Boston. Our hospital had to follow us, else it would have been captured by the enemy. We now took leave of all communication with Lake George, *ergo* with Carillon, *ergo* with Canada.

September 15th, we occupied a position near *Dovogot-House*,<sup>1</sup> regaled ourselves for once with fresh vegetables, and all slept on straw — for there were great stacks in the fields, and it did not hurt us that it hadn't been threshed. It was the first time we enjoyed this luxury in America.

The 16th, several regiments reconnoitered the enemy; we had broken bridges and roads repaired, and on the 17th, proceeded two and a half English miles to *Soarts-House* [Sword's House].

The 18th, the enemy's hair began to bristle as we wished to repair more bridges. Finally we had to do him the honor of sending whole regiments to protect the workers.

The 19th of September the two armies met on the march. The region, consisting wholly of

<sup>1</sup> Various spelled by others — generally Dovegat. The place is now known as Coveville.

wooded hills, ravines, swamps, *cloitures*, etc., occasioned strange mistakes. Because of such obstacles our army in its various columns occupied a front of two and a half English miles. The left wing, consisting of the German regiments, all the heavy artillery, and the 47th English Regiment under Major-General von Riedesel, did not become engaged at once, for it was marching in a plain by the Hudson. Our grenadiers and light infantry battalion, on the other hand, were on the right wing with Fraser's corps and had a share in the fighting. Particularly Lieutenant-Colonel Breymann had the luck of taking the enemy — who just then had the 24th English Regiment in a tight place — in the flank so vigorously that they hastily withdrew from this jest with the grenadiers. Lieutenant-Colonel Breymann, who at that moment assured communication between Fraser's corps and the main army, won special public praise by this action. His battalion lost only few killed and wounded. At 3 P.M. a very lively action developed in the center between the 9th, 20th, 21st, and 62d English Regiments under Brigadier-General Hamilton and the enemy. Captain of Artillery Johnson supported the English brigade with a brigade of artillery, and with great effort and much cursing old, dependable Major Williams also brought up a few thunderers across the mountains from the heavy artillery park. The enemy, on the other hand, sent in one fresh brigade after the other. Hamilton's brigade behaved very bravely,



and though it had to recoil a few times it came back and victoriously occupied its post again. Finally General Burgoyne asked General von Riedesel to hasten to support him and Hamilton's brigade with all the troops he could spare on the left wing. General von Riedesel gave the command of the left wing to Brigadier Specht to oppose the enemy who had already marched up and deployed. Riedesel took the two left flank companies of Rhetz's regiment under command of Captain Fredersdorff and his own regiment, also two six-pounders under the Hessen-Hanau Captain Pausch, pushed his arrival, and found Hamilton's brigade in its last gasps and retreating, but he attacked the enemy in the flank successfully and Captain Pausch turned a murderous fire of grape-shot on them. The English regiments now revived, took positions, gave a glad Hurrah, and rushed at the foe anew; the enemy fled and left us the battle-field and so all the rights of a victor. Right afterward the sun went down so the battle ceased and night covered the fugitives from us.

To-day's action has rendered a poor farmer's house famous, for it has assumed the name of the Battle at Freeman's House. Our German corps had no officers killed or wounded and lost only eighteen men killed and wounded all told. The 62d English Regiment lost very heavily; of three hundred men — it was approximately that strong — three officers, one non-commissioned officer, and forty-nine privates were killed, and eight officers,

nine non-commissioned officers, and ninety-two men were wounded. Anyway, ten English officers were killed in action, among them brave Captain Johnson of the Artillery, and Captain Monnin, of the Canadian Volunteers, whose eleven-year-old son fought at his side. Our poor wounded were brought into the valley near the stream. There were no houses to receive them, nor hands enough to bandage them all. So they had to lie in the open all that night, during which it was already bitterly cold and freezing, till one could put up tents for them next day. This is one of the real American evils for which there is no help.

September 20th, we occupied a position as close as possible to the enemy's entrenched camp in which he had reëstablished himself. Woods and ravines separated us.

September 21st, he would not allow us to cut openings in the woods to and beyond our pickets; that started trouble, but not important. From this time on we moved out every morning an hour before dawn and enjoyed the fresh morning air consisting of heavy hoar frost and then mist which you could actually grasp with your hands and which rarely vanished before nine o'clock. By day there was heat enough to melt you. We entrenched the camp, all the outposts and pickets, made a line around the camp and fitted it with redoubts and batteries. Even behind the camp we laid out two great redoubts for the defense of the magazine, train, and hospital. In a word, the camp became

a copy of that at Croffdorff, 1759. Then we had many thousand trees felled so as to be able to use the guns more effectively and give them freer play. Now a dearth of many things began, for we could get nothing from *Carillon*; there is nothing in this desert, and the enemy would not let anything come from Albany: a bottle of poor red wine cost two reichsthaler eight silver groschen in our money, and a pound (only twenty-eight *Lot*=fourteen ounces, German weight) of coffee came to one reichsthaler twenty-two groschen, sugar likewise. You could not think of getting clothes, yet ours we were tearing to pieces daily in these wildernesses. Never can the Jews have had epochs when they awaited their Messiah more longingly than we did the arrival of General Clinton, whom General Howe was to detach to us to relieve our front and harass the enemy's rear. One cursory tidings after the other of his arrival did come, to be sure, but they were all mere rumors, which nevertheless kept up our hopes. Meanwhile the enemy had made an expedition under General Lincoln against *Carillon*, had surprised and captured four companies of the 53d Regiment at the sawmill there, but had been repulsed with heavy loss from *Carillon* itself, so that they were defeated *in optima forma*. Our provisions decreased and the soldier had to have a half-pound of bread and a half-pound of meat taken daily from his rations, which he patiently tolerated. The enemy, despite the fact that he could oppose four times more soldiers, showed no desire to at-

tack us. To retreat seemed to General Burgoyne too hard; we surely had friends in Albany who already had arms waiting to receive us, so the general resolved to attack the enemy. We could get at him only in the flank; and partly in order to cut roads thither for the columns and artillery and to reconnoiter.

On October 7th an expedition was undertaken with fifteen hundred men commandeered from the army, joined by several heavy cannon. General Burgoyne, Generals Phillips and Riedesel, also Brigadier Fraser, went along; every regiment in the army contributed its quota. The brigadiers who remained behind moved with the rest of the troops to the ramparts of the camp in order to defend them most vigorously in case the enemy should attack. At 3 P.M. the enemy was driven from various outposts and the corps formed at *Weifser's House*. The enemy remained quiet and was covered by forests. General Burgoyne wished to continue the reconnoissance when at four o'clock the enemy suddenly rushed at the English grenadiers who held the left wing, attacked them *en fronte*, and *en flanke*, and after vigorous resistance forced them to yield. On the right wing, where the men drawn from the English regiments stood, the same thing happened, and now there was an attack on the center where Colonel von Specht was in command, whose flanks, however, were no longer protected. He held his ground a long while, but since the foe appeared on all sides with (full) regi-

ments, it was useless to think of anything but a general retreat. Captain Pausch, of the Hessen-Hanau Artillery, told me later how madly the enemy rushed upon the cannon which were hurling grape-shot among them. Although he himself lost two six-pounders, he is too well known for bravery in desperate actions for any one to suspect him of any empty excuse.<sup>1</sup> Old Major Williams, who in his whole being resembles a venerable twelve-pounder and loves nothing in this world more than twelve-pounders, and surely knows how to use them, had the same fate as Captain Pausch, the only difference being that he was captured along with his twelve-pounders. The old wolf is said to have wept bitterly then! The end of to-day's unhappy affair was that the whole detachment took to flight and most all the cannon were lost. The defeated corps threw itself into the great entrenchments of Fraser's corps, and although the enemy made every effort to force his way in, too, and storm them, his attempt was frustrated by the animated defense.

Unhappily another misfortune impended. Bel-lona was mightily infatuated with the *Jenkeys* to-day and Mars may have been in bad humor and forgotten us or have relied too much on old Williams and his twelve-pounders. Fraser's corps and Colonel Breymann's were separated by a gully or ravine and the two corps stood on two distinct

<sup>1</sup> The account of this expedition in Captain Pausch's *Journal* is very interesting.



heights. The gully, in which *Freeman's House* lay, was held by Canadians and Provincials. Colonel Breymann's corps protected the whole right flank of the army and so stood *en potence*. This corps, as well as the Canadians, had supplied its quota to the expedition, and since after the Battle of Bennington the grenadier and Jäger battalions were very weak, anyway, the whole corps, after furnishing its quota to the expedition was hardly two hundred strong. Instead of part of the beaten corps entering Breymann's trenches, every one ran to Fraser's. Colonel Breymann was attacked in front, but defended himself valiantly; however, the enemy overpowered the post in the valley and now fell upon Breymann's trenches from the side and rear. Breymann fell dead near two cannon, his corps was scattered, yet the greater part retired into a forest through which they later came to Fraser's corps. The enemy captured some cannon, set fire to the tents, and plundered the camp. Night fell, and Bellona quickly retired with a young rebel. Besides Colonel Breymann the German corps lost in officers: honest Captain Fredersdorff, my dear old friend, who died somewhat later of his wounds. Lieutenant and Adjutant Bode had the same fate. Captain von Dahlstjerna received a dangerous shot through the leg and had both bones shattered; he is at Albany, and his character is such that every one wishes his recovery.<sup>1</sup> Captain von Gleissenberg was again seriously wounded in the body, and

<sup>1</sup> He died at Albany, December 23d.

Lieutenants von Meyer of Nürnberg and Cruse of the Jäger were slightly wounded. A Fähnrich von Geyling, of the Regiment Hessen-Hanau, was killed in action. Colonel von Specht, Captain von Geisau, Fähnriche Häberlin and Denicke, and Count von Rantzau were captured. The army also suffered a very real loss in brave Brigadier-General Fraser who died next day of his wounds. Sir Francis Clarke, Captain and first aide-de-camp to General Burgoyne, who studied at Göttingen a few years ago, was killed in action. Major Ackland, commander of the English grenadier battalion, was wounded again and captured. His wife, a lady born, who has shared the whole campaign in his tent, was his faithful companion. Both of them, though their parents were all alive, enjoy already an annual income of twenty thousand pounds. Aide Major Blomfield of the Artillery, and Captain Green, serving with General Phillips as Brigadier-Major, are wounded. Several other officers were killed, wounded, or captured. The night was spent striking tents and sending back the baggage.

October 8th, we merely made a minuet-retreat, showed the enemy our teeth and claws, and inflicted injury with our cannon. In the night we withdrew with English step [in earnest?] and reached the vicinity of *Saratogha* in the evening. Bad roads and wretched weather put some cannon and baggage in the enemy's hands.

The afternoon of the 10th, General Gates ap-

peared with the hostile army and established himself on the heights by *Saratoga* Church. The *Fishkill* alone separated him from us, and one can easily wade through that stream.

On the 11th, he passed the *Fishkill* with several brigades, but Mylord Balcarris drove him back with losses by a cannonade. Nevertheless, he had taken our *batteaux*, some provisions and other things, and captured one English officer with forty men. The next three days the cannonading on both sides and the fire of outposts never stopped. By his superior numbers the enemy had hemmed us in so that it was hard to get our breath and.

The 14th there was no chance for further retreat. Our provisions decreased so that we faced starvation. Not only was the enemy's position strong, but he was also four times superior in numbers. If contrary to all likelihood we should defeat him, our position regarding food was not improved. We could not expect to drive him clear to Albany in one breath. The enemy would not do us the honor to attack us, for he hoped to conquer everything without loss of blood in a few days by hunger. The only chance for us to get to *Carillon* through terrible wildernesses was to abandon the artillery and baggage and to force a passage with the bayonet, but it was evident and quite too certain that most of us would have perished miserably on this trip without any resources whatever. We sought an honorable capitulation, therefore. To this the enemy agreed.

The 14th, 15th, and 16th passed in negotiations; on the evening of the 16th both generals shook hands. There were thirteen articles, the content briefly as follows:

1. The army shall march out of its entrenchments to-morrow with bands playing and stack arms near the Hudson at the command of its own officers. The artillery and tents shall remain in the camp.
2. The army shall be free to depart for England and shall be embarked at Boston Harbor on ships to be sent by General Howe. On the other hand, the army shall not serve again against North America during these disputes.
3. Should General Howe be able to redeem the army or a part of it by exchange, this shall be permitted.
4. The army marches by the nearest road to Boston and shall be quartered near Boston till the arrival of the ships.
5. The same rations as the Americans receive shall be furnished the troops on the march.
6. The officers retain all horses, wagons, and equipment, and the soldiers their knapsacks.
7. As long as the army stays near Boston, the officers shall receive quarters suitable to their rank and never be hindered in calling the roll of their men.
8. All sailors, women, and volunteer companies enjoy the same treatment.
9. All Canadians have permission to return to

Canada on condition that they do not serve again.

10. Three officers receive passports to go with dispatches to England, Canada, and General Howe.
11. Officers are to go free on parole and to keep their side-arms.
12. The army can, if necessary, send for its equipment left behind in Canada.
13. To-morrow afternoon the army marches out.

October 17th, the army was drawn up near the Hudson, stacked arms without an enemy officer or commissioner present, and began its march. The Canadians and most of the Provincials who had fought for us went in boats to Fort George. Since then the latter have been looked upon as exiles, yet their unhappy families — without their possessions, however — are to be sent after them. We passed the hostile camp, in which all the regiments along with the artillery were drawn up under arms. Not one of them was properly uniformed, but each man had on the clothes in which he goes to the field, to church, or to the tavern. But they stood like soldiers, erect, with a military bearing which was subject to little criticism. All their guns were provided with bayonets and the riflemen had rifles. The people stood so still that we were greatly amazed. Not one fellow made a motion as if to speak to his neighbor; furthermore, nature had formed all the fellows who stood in rank and file



so slender, so handsome, so sinewy, that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we were all surprised at the sight of such a finely built people. And their size! My dear brother, fellows on the average of 6-7 inches according to Prussian measurement! [i.e., 5 feet, 6 inches] and I am not lying when I say that one saw far more fellows measuring 8-10 than 5 inches. There were men of still greater stature in every company. Captain — may confirm this; he is grieved that he cannot enroll any recruits from this people. Quite seriously, English America excels most of Europe in respect to the stature and beauty of its men. And in respect to the feminine sex? — Of that another time when I get to *Kenderhook*; but before that a chapter on American wigs.

The officers of the regiments in General Gates' camp wore very few uniforms and those they did wear were of their own invention. All colors of cloth are usable; e.g., brown coats with sea-green facings, white lining, and silver sword-knots; also gray coats with straw facings and yellow buttons were frequently seen. Get a sample card from —'s shop and imagine a number and you will save me the trouble. The brigadiers and generals have special uniforms and ribbons which they wear like the bands of orders over their vests, by which you can recognize their rank; most colonels and other officers, on the other hand, were in their ordinary clothes. They had their musket with bayonet affixed in hand, and their cartridge-box or powder-horn slung on their backs; they had their left hands

on their hips and the right foot advanced slightly. There were men with snow-white wigs with mighty long bushy hair at the sides and thick lambs'-tails behind! There were glistening black abbot's wigs, which especially set off red and copper-colored faces! There were also white or gray English Pastor's wigs, whose horse or goat hair was done up in a dangerously huge roll standing up in the air. You think such a man has a whole sheep under his hat and hanging down the back of his neck. They have great respect for these wigs, not only because they are venerable and most learned, but because they are worn by almost all the gentlemen of the Committee and so have assumed the degree of exceeding wise. I call them most eccentric, for I once had dealings with such a wig and henceforth shall beware of them. The respected wearers of these various wigs are in part between their fiftieth and sixtieth year, and have perhaps at this age followed the calfskin [drum] for the first time; that they sometimes cut a droll figure under arms can readily be imagined. But you recognize at first glance the earnestness which has led them to seize their guns and powder-horns, and that — especially in engagements in the forest — it is no joke to oppose them, and that they can cold-bloodedly draw a bead on any one. Quite seriously, the whole nation has much natural talent for war and military life. There were also regular regiments in the hostile army, who, however, could not yet be properly uniformed because of lack of cloth and

time. These had standards with all manner of emblems and mottoes, some of which seemed to us very caustic.

I must still say in praise of the enemy regiments that there was not a man among them who showed the slightest sign of mockery, malicious delight, hate, or other insult; it seemed rather as if they wished to do us honor. As we marched past the great tent of General Gates, he insisted that the commanders of brigades and regiments come in and all sorts of refreshments were offered. Gates is a man between fifty and sixty years old, wears his thin, gray hair cut round, is still very lively and friendly, and almost always wears spectacles because of his weak eyes. At headquarters we met many officers of all descriptions, who showed us all possible courtesy. Officers from Philadelphia and fellow countrymen wished to make our fate more bearable among their people in Pennsylvania; French officers said a thousand pretty trifles in one breath; and various former Prussian officers were so delighted at sight of Blue-Coats that they recalled the battles of Sorr, Prag, Kunersdorff, etc. One Brigadier Weissenfels, born in Königsberg, showed very substantial favors to our officers who were captured on the 7th. We marched as far as Freeman's Farm to-day, four English miles.

*December 15, 1777.*

Friends, you must now make a march of two hundred and fifteen English (about forty-five Ger-

man) miles with me, to get to the wretched position in which we still find ourselves on *Winter Hill*.

October 18th we marched to Stillwater, three and a half English miles. The old, wholly dilapidated fort and a region of three miles has its name from the river which here flows very gently and resembles a great lake. The English corps crossed the Hudson to proceed to Boston by a special route. We received provisions from the American stores, and regaled our palates with fresh meat after they had tasted almost nothing but salt pork the whole campaign.

The 19th, we crossed the Hudson in a few boats, and as evening was approaching, could not get further than *Shetekok* [Schaghticoke], a village inhabited by Dutchmen, rich but very avaricious people. We had to bivouac in meadows assigned us. From here on we found a great quantity of apples from which in New York and all the New England States they make an incredible amount of cider, which keeps three to four years. Here they first stole our horses, a trick which did not cease on the whole march. To comfort us they said that we had either stolen them ourselves, or must have bought them from royalists who had stolen them, and that we must be familiar with the Roman law, which says: *ubi rem meam invenio, ibi vindico*. We could not understand, however, how they pretended to reclaim horses born and bred in Canada, and even German horses.

October 20th we passed many Dutch and Ger-

man habitations and the farmers had incredible stores of all sorts of grain. Great heaps of it lay in bays covered with temporary roofs. We went as far as *New City*, the site of a new town on the Hudson that is about eight years old. It owes its real origin to two rich individuals named French, who have had fine buildings and stores erected here, but as Tories both have to view their property with their backs [flee]. Bakers, smiths, and other artisans had established themselves here, too, but most of the houses stood empty. We found here a well-equipped hospital and in it wounded of our army. They told us that they got their tea, sugar, chocolate, and wine, dear as these things are. The corps had to bivouac and endure snow and rain that night. The march to-day was ten miles.

The 21st, it snowed and rained all night. The houses lay a quarter of a mile or more apart, the roads were hilly and poor. After covering fourteen miles we reached *Grünebusch* [Greenbush], and camped in a wood near the house of a rich farmer named *Woolesworth*. That night it froze hard.

The 22d, our march was almost wholly through forests in which the poor dwellings were very scattered. Finally, after plodding fifteen miles, we came to a plain lying between several mountains, in which is the town of *Kenderhook* [Kinderhook], consisting of some seventy scattered houses. The house of one *van Schaaken*, built of stone and three stories high, stood out especially; this man showed us much courtesy and was a good friend. The other



inhabitants, too, were kind people, Dutch by birth; only they were avaricious and as keen after money as the Jews; whatever they sold us was unbelievably expensive. Most of the houses were well built and the interior fitted with very good furniture. The inhabitants lived extremely well; their breakfast consists of tea with milk, which roast meat, baked apples, and all sorts of rich pastry must accompany. If we had only had plenty of tea, we could have done anything here. Those with some means had mirrors with gilded frames and very good pendulum clocks. This is true clear to Boston. Since the inhabitants had every barn stuffed with hay, the corps had to bivouac in a near-by wood.

*December 18, 1777.*

Friends, I am at *Kenderhook* where I am due to treat the subject of PRETTY GIRLS. Go over my description carefully first, though, to see whether you can read it to a lady without my having to fear quarrels with my dear countrywomen at some future date. If that is so, one of you do me the favor to pour a bottle of ink over the whole page at once.

The womenfolk in this whole extensive region way to Boston and New York are slender and straight, fleshy without being stout. They have pretty little feet, very solid hands and arms, a very white skin, and a healthy complexion, without having to paint. I have hardly seen one with

pockmarks, but smallpox inoculation has long been in general use here. Their teeth are very white, their lips pretty, and their eyes very animated and laughing. At the same time they have natural good manners, a very unconstrained manner, a frank, gay face, and natural boldness. They think a great deal of cleanliness and of good footwear. They dress very decently, but then any material must become them; the usual clothes are wrapper and *contouche* [a loose-fitting cloak]. They curl their hair every day, do it up in a knot behind and in a moderately high tuft in front. Generally they go bareheaded and at most put a tiny heart-shaped cap or other such trifle on their heads; now and then a rustic nymph lets her hair fall free and ties it with a ribbon. If they go out, they put on a silk wrap and pull on gloves, no matter how miserable the hut in which they live. They know how to drape themselves very neatly in their wraps so that one little white elbow peeks out. Then they put on their heads a Corsican or other well-made sun-hat, from beneath which they can peep out very roguishly with their mischievous eyes. In the English Colonies the beauties have fallen in love with red silk and woolen wraps. Dressed in this manner a girl runs, springs, and dances along and offers a friendly "Good day" or, mayhap, according to the nature of the question, gives a pert little answer. Thus dozens stood by the road everywhere and let us pass in review, laughed at us mockingly, or now and then roguishly extended

an apple with a curtsy. We thought at first they were city girls, or at least those of class II, but lo! they were daughters of poor peasants, whom [the fathers] one recognized as such by their garb. But with all the fair things I have just said about the fair sex here, I must confess, in honor of my dear countrywomen, that the gentle, languishing, delicate manner, which gives the latter such an amiable charm, is only rarely to be found among the beauties here, and that consequently the delights which result therefrom may well be very rare here. One sees here nymphs of perfect beauty, but rarely one of the true Graces, and if one looks for estimable qualities which should be united with natural beauty, then — But where am I getting! It is high time that I stop talking about girls who on

October 23d cost us some good men, who would not have deserted their comrades but for the alluring voices of some pretty sirens. I will fill out this day of rest with two things, with which, dear friends, I wish to acquaint you. The first thing is one of the necessary evils of this world, which we menfolk know how to accept admirably: it is the domination of the women over their husbands. This petticoat-rule is spread throughout America, but in quite different type than in Canada where it aims at the welfare of the man, while here it seeks his ruin. The wives and daughters make a display beyond the income of most of the men. The last penny from his pocket must be yielded for the purpose — there is no help for it. The women

do not get it by stamping their feet, do not bite or scratch their husbands, do not fall in a faint or feign illness — Heaven alone may know how they go about it that their husbands submit so patiently to this harsh taxation. The daughters simply must put on style, for that is the mother's will. If a mother dies, she orders her daughters, even on her deathbed, to maintain the mastery in the house in this point and to hold the father's purse-strings. Because at present all things needed for the ladies' finery are not only excessively dear, but also equally scarce, most of them are already wearing their former Sunday-best for every day. Once this is worn out, the men will apparently have to make peace with the Crown so as to be able to replace it. The second article concerns the negroes. From here to Springfield one finds few habitations without a negro family dwelling in a separate cabin. The negroes here, like the other cattle, are very prolific. The children are well fed, especially while they are still calves [young]. Their slavery, moreover, is very bearable. The negro is to be regarded much like the peasant's hired man; the negress does all the coarse housework, and the black youngsters wait on the white youngsters. The negro can take the field in his master's place; hence you never see a regiment in which there are not a lot of negroes, and there are well-built, strong, husky fellows among them. Here there are also many free negro families who dwell in good houses, have means, and live quite in the manner of the other

inhabitants. It looks funny enough when the lady negress forces her woolly hair into a tuft, puts on a sun-hat, wraps herself in her wrap, and in this finery shuffles along the street with a slave negress waddling behind.

October 24th, we marched through *Cleverac* [Claverack], a village inhabited by Franconians. The local pastor stood by the roadside with some of his lambs to give us his apostolic blessing for our journey. We learned later that from a stocking weaver he had become a servant of the Church. This happens in America, I am sorry to say, almost only in the Evangelical Church. Just the first of this year the *pastor primarius* of the Evangelical Church in Albany, a former Prussian sergeant, caused a great stir. Two of his church members gave him some friendly, sensible admonitions one day at the tavern about the harshness with which he treated his young wife, and he answered them with his cudgel in such wise that one died of a broken skull and the other had to have both arms put in splints. Since then he has wandered about America as a fugitive and is now mate on a ship. I got this secret information from the commissioner in charge of our march, Mr. Tielemann. He was born in Mannheim, is member of the Committee in Albany, major in a militia regiment, runs an inn in Albany, and is by trade a skilled cobbler. The English churches here have regular priests, and Holland provides the Dutch churches with preachers — but they often go vacant for years at a time.



We marched seventeen miles to a miserable village, *Nobletown*, near which we had to sleep in the open air for want of houses; we got so covered with frost during the night that we looked like great sugar dolls.

The 25th, we had ugly, wooded and stony roads, and after marching thirteen miles got quarters in *Great Barrington*. I never saw ruder, more spiteful people, and never have I been more on my guard against blows. Through rude treatment they put our patience to the severest test. Most of the officers were not allowed to stick their noses inside the door, but had to lie in stables which had not been cleaned out, and in barns. For the rest, this place has a very fine, new church.

The 26th, our march went through *Tyringham*, through woods and real wildernesses. We were wrong in cursing the abominable roads, for we found them worse later. At first we wandered in the edge of a great, wild, hilly district called *Greenwood*, to which you may send naughty children if you want to frighten them. After coming seventeen miles, we slept in this American Caucasus, and to help matters it rained all night.

The 27th, we were wet down still better and the roads got so bad we had no desire to curse them. After eleven miles we got wretched *cantonment* quarters in some twenty houses of the village of *Blandford*, scattered along over three strong English miles; here seven regiments and our escort, consisting of six hundred men, had to help them-

selves as best they could. I was so out of sorts and uncommunicative to myself to-day that I soon lay down in an open attic, hoping to sleep; but because of the cold, wind, and the beating of hail I could not get to sleep. Thoughts of to-morrow's march pestered me worse than the fleas, which seemed to be holding their General Congress here.

The 28th, in a terrific cold storm, hail, rain, and snow succeeded one another strangely. The wind penetrated the whole body, no matter how much stuff you had wrapped about you. The wet clothes froze like armor on the body; one grenadier froze to death on the march; many pack-animals bade their masters a last "Good night," and since then I am convinced that a man can stand more than a horse. The oldest soldiers admitted they had never experienced such a march. Toward evening, after going ten miles, we came to *Westfield*, a real nice town. The nature of the weather to-day softened the hearts of the inhabitants and they took us in. From this place on it is the general custom to protect the churches and all fine buildings and houses by lightning-rods from being struck by lightning. You see this device invented by the learned Franklin attached all along from here to Boston, both in cities and in the country. I never saw larger hogs and cattle. The author — I do not recall which just now — was not lying, who writes: on the Connecticut you find oxen of eighteen hundred pounds and swine of five hundred (English weight).

The 29th, the rain continued, but without snow and ice. The roads were bad, to be sure, but no longer abominable. After seven miles we reached *West Springfield*, a village or town with scattered houses and a church of its own; the Connecticut separates it from *Oost* [East] *Springfield*. They took us into their houses. The inhabitants were passable, but damned curious. From the village and all the neighborhood whole families with wives and daughters came marching in and went from house to house, in order, as they said, to have a look at the prisoners. Every one from the General down had to stand for this. The greater the rank, the longer and more attentively was one looked at. I was glad they were soon done with me, but my brigade commander had to endure more, no matter how sour a face he made. I offered the pretty girls chairs which they accepted, thus I gained time to get revenge by looking at them attentively in my turn. Finally we got heartily sick of the jest, for one party after another walked boldly into the room without even knocking. I almost believe our host charged admission.

The 30th, we had a day of rest, but no rest in the matter of being looked at. I got a shave early in the morning and powdered my hair. In this section it is the custom for women and girls to ride alone with side-saddles or on a cushion on the horse's crupper behind their husband or *galant*. Frequently you see a young belle lead up such a caravan at a gallop. The fellows look as if they were stealing

the girls because of their poor clothes and the girls' finery.

October 31st, we crossed the Connecticut, taking till night. The Committee in East Springfield, despite all entreaties and representations, relegated the regiments to a wood three and a half miles further on. East Springfield is an exceptionally prosperous little city with really very fine houses. These lie fifty or one hundred yards apart, but the space between, which contains a yard or garden, is closed on the street with a lattice fence and mayhap with statues. This place is now an important munitions center of the Americans. It contains a small but very well-built arsenal. We found here several parks of artillery with paraphernalia, among other things twelve brand-new four-pound French cannon. The storehouses were crammed full. In all the houses workmen of every sort were staying, who were busy making ammunition-wagons, gun-carriages, muskets, etc. I saw wagons as good as can be made in England, on which the R. P. was painted as neatly as any G. R. Order reigned in everything; and an old man with a boxwood wig and a great gray overcoat with wide sleeves, attracted my attention by his noisy conduct and scolding. I learned that he was Master of Ordnance, and at that instant I wished that my friend — might have seen his colleague in his clothes and his zeal.

November 1st, we went twelve miles to *Palmer*, a wretched village. Of necessity we bivouacked.

From here to Boston stands a stone milepost every mile.

The 2d, our march was through *West-town*, a village with good houses and rich inhabitants, to *Brookfield*, fifteen miles. The inhabitants would not receive us into their houses; they maintained that neither the Congress, nor General Gates, nor Colonel Ried, who commanded our escort, could ask that of them.

The 3d, we marched through *Spencer* to *Luster* or *Leicester*. The people — as to feelings — were like those of *Brookfield*.

The 4th, we had only a short march to *Worcester*, a thriving little city. After much discussion they received us into their houses and barns; von Bärner's battalion was put in a large meeting-house. I and my brigade commander lodged with a distinguished lady who has two sons in Howe's army and whose husband is staying in England. She is now living in her own house as tenant and has to pay the Committee annual rental on her furniture. To give her a quiet life, the Committee has her fields tilled and takes charge of the whole place. Lest anything be stolen, great padlocks have been put on her storehouses. This lady, whose condition touched our hearts, received us with genuine friendship and care. She has a very good education and her two very pretty daughters have patterned after her. We hesitated to accept all the little courtesies which the good lady tried to shower upon us, and had our own cooking done.



The elder daughter introduced her fiancé, a stalwart man, and through him we got acquainted with other sturdy people of the town, who in part formerly had positions commanding obedience, but now must bend the knee to the gentlemen of the Committee. All official positions [royal, of course] are now done away with, and all lawsuits are taking a long after-dinner nap. On the other hand, there have been instituted by the Congress in every city, village, and county Committees which conduct an interim government, and must have a watchful eye to the promptest compliance with all orders of the Congress. Boundless zeal for so-called Freedom and the commands of the Congress are the requisite qualifications to become a member of the Committee and give orders to their fellow citizens. These gentlemen are mostly *ex plebe*, and Heaven be merciful to any one whom they suspect of being a Tory. Many families, therefore, live in a state of suppression. When they proclaim a levy, the preacher must step down from the pulpit and his male hearers seize musket and powder-horn.

Here for the first time we got fifteen dollars, paper money, for one guinea, and so ninety shillings in paper, whereas according to decrees of the Congress guineas are exchangeable only at the rate of twenty-eight shillings. Since that time we have been paying the Americans in their own coin, otherwise they would have skun us alive, as six shillings paper were supposed to equal five shillings

in silver. All foodstuffs and necessities are five or six times higher than formerly, and this because of the paper money, since the people have no great confidence in this money which is turned out in simply enormous amounts, partly by Congress, partly by all the provinces. Every one has, therefore, so increased the price of his goods that he has no fear of loss in consequence of this. They blame the Tories that we have been able till now to exchange our hard cash so advantageously: this is true and not true. It is true, inasmuch as many Tories seek to get rid of their paper money and goods so that they may flee the more readily with cash if the party spirit should turn into a spirit of persecution. It is not true that the Tories would do it out of hatred for the other party and out of adherence to us. All the descendants of Adam in America are far too selfish for that. Even the most zealous Republicans try to get rid of the paper money and prefer a guinea to a paper fifteen-dollar note that should be worth fifteen piasters. Furthermore, the merchants, who get their wares from the French and Dutch, can only pay in real coin, because, I hear, American paper is not accepted in Europe. So they, too, have to pay a premium for our money, and then they raise their prices so high that they always make a vast profit. At times you got eighteen dollars and more for one guinea. Whole barrels full of paper money come in from distant places to take advantage of the chance to exchange. Congress and the committees are

vigilant, to be sure, and seek to catch the illicit traders while great fines and terms of imprisonment threaten those who engage in the trade, but so many other [counter] measures are thought up in turn that all the decrees of the Congress are undermined. The French and Dutch now accept pay for their wares in paper and then get cash from us. In this connection I will now try to give you some conception of the high cost of clothing. A moderately good hat — which I simply had to buy — cost me twenty-five Reichsthaler or one hundred and twenty-five shillings: had I had to pay in cash, it would have cost me forty-three Reichsthaler eighteen Groschen in gold, but paid for in paper it cost only ten Reichsthaler five Groschen. In proportion or still higher are all other wares. An ell of cloth that costs two and a half Reichsthaler at home cannot be had here under two and a half guineas. Four shirts — and without cuffs at that — which I had to have made, came to stand me four guineas; with you an ell of linen can be bought for five Groschen. Wine is poor and dear and you cannot get a bottle under twenty Groschen in our money. This paper on which I write (seven sheets) costs eighteen shillings paper money, hence far more than one Reichsthaler of ours. There will hardly be any more such remittances of money, to — as were sent from Canada.

November 5th, we marched through *Shrewsbury* and *Northborough* to *Marlborough*, sixteen miles.

The 6th, our march was through *Sudbury*, a village where there were an artillery train, a magazine, and other necessities of war. We had our cantonment in *West-town*, thirteen miles. Finally,

November 7th, we passed *Water-town*, marched through *Cambridge*, and then crept into the barracks on Winter Hill, in which we are now living gloomily.

Hill means Hügel, and the whole region between Cambridge and Boston is filled with such naked, bald hills, most of them covered with barracks. Winter Hill and the adjacent Prospect Hill have so many barracks that the former can shelter the German corps, the latter the English corps. The barracks are put up without foundations, of plain boards, through which from above and below and from all sides air, rain, and snow come in. They have no windows, only openings. Our people have to stand a lot in them and can hardly protect themselves from cold. Four to five officers lie together in a hole where they can hardly turn over. Wood is distributed so sparingly that it does not suffice to keep up the necessary fires in the fireplaces. For five English miles around you see neither wood nor bush, hence wood is as scarce as it is dear.

Generals Burgoyne and Phillips did not get any quarters at first, but had to take rooms in an inn at Cambridge. Major-General von Riedesel and the brigadiers received quarters in the houses right around the Hills, but these were wretched. Afterward all the generals had very good houses assigned

them in Cambridge, but the brigadiers have had to get along in their miserable houses. I stay in the same house with my brigade commander, but have an attic room through whose board walls you can look out on all sides. Never have I been colder in any winter. I haven't been able to move a step from the fire and the ink has frozen on my pen over a hundred times. In a snowstorm with high wind I had a foot of snow in my room. The poor fellows in the barracks have to stand even greater discomfort, for they have neither straw nor necessary blankets.

Below *Winter Hill* lies the little town of *Mystic*, separated only by a small river from the town of *Milford* [Medford]. Both towns have good houses and different sorts of artisans. Boston, a far larger city than Brunswick, lies only four English miles from us, and we have an excellent view of it with its harbor and ships. No one from the highest to the lowest is allowed to enter it under penalty of being sent to a guard-ship. General von Riedesel's wife has several times had permission from the governor to drive over there to visit some ladies. Between *Prospect Hill* and Boston lies *Bunker's Hill* on which General Gage's fortifications can still be seen; it is filled with barracks. Below the hill lies the city of *Charlestown* burned by the aforementioned general at his retreat; several fine houses have been built there again.

Cambridge is a small place which is rendered worth notice by hardly anything save the *Collegium*



*Herwardinum* with its great buildings. These buildings are both large and fine. The college church has an antique Roman appearance. The houses about Cambridge are in part quite magnificent and make the place look grand and important; many are the country-houses of rich people in Boston. There is also a regiment of Provincials with an artillery train in barracks for purposes of defense, also a considerable magazine.

On a hill near *Prospect Hill* lies an American regiment and this sends detachments to our hills which have surrounded them with a chain of sentries which no non-commissioned officer or private may pass without risk of being shot unless he has a printed pass sent by General Heath, Governor of Boston. Two English soldiers have already been killed by the sentinels, and over forty who were arrested without passes by the patrols have been sent to the guard-ships. Such unpleasant things have not befallen our corps. Anyway, there is tremendous animosity between the Americans and the English soldiers, and there have been many vexatious occurrences which render our stay here even more unbearable through the restrictions imposed. In the beginning no officer was allowed to walk or ride more than a mile in any direction; now they have extended this to three miles of their own accord. This limit is posted with sentinels and any officer who passed it would run great risk: each officer has had to sign a parole on this point. They have now assigned quarters to the staff officers, but

some have not accepted, but rather tried to make their barracks tighter.

General Burgoyne, as well as Major-General von Riedesel, has given a ball and invited ladies from Boston and the vicinity. However, the Committees have forbidden any one to dare to go. Hence those invited did not come; only the two daughters of General *Scheyler* [Schuyler], one of whom is married to a Master *Carter*, have ventured to disobey both times. General *Scheyler* himself gave General von Riedesel letters to his daughters, so the Boston Committee says nothing about it. So we live here with no intercourse save what we have with each other. No great *fêtes* are given and Generals Burgoyne and Phillips live very retired. Since we all live far apart — e.g., General von Riedesel is one and a half miles from us — and the roads are bad in winter, we generally live in a sad loneliness. Our officers and the American officers do not associate either. The regiments here are militia and nearly all their officers are artisans. It cost a lot of pains to get the idea into the heads of the inhabitants here that our officers have no [civil] occupation; it was thought that they simply refused to ply their trade from caprice.

December 30, 1777. President Hancock has been in Boston for some weeks where he was received with ringing of bells and firing of all the cannon. This man, whom the zealous Republicans call the American King — I suppose to vex us —

has all the breeding which is highly proper for a man of his rank, the FIRST in America. On the other hand, he can associate in such whole-hearted condescending manner with the humblest, that you would think he were speaking with a brother or kinsman. He goes to the smallest coffee-houses in Boston, where the poorest settler who brings his wood, meat, or vegetables to town goes likewise. Anyway, whoever wants to get along well here must thoroughly understand the art of being popular. In no country do wealth and birth count less than here, and yet any one can assert the rank and dignity which fate has assigned him without having to be familiar with the lowest.

Our officers who were really captured are part at Westminster, part at Rutland [Massachusetts]: the captured non-commissioned officers and privates are scattered far and wide throughout the country. The captured officers have in a certain respect more freedom than we, as they may travel whither they will with permission of the commissioner who has charge of the department of prisoners. Some have even been allowed to go to Canada; many have visited us here and stayed four weeks and more. In money matters, however, they are to be pitied. In the first place they have thus far had to pay hard cash for everything, since they have no chance to buy paper money in remote districts and no one will give even six dollars for a guinea. And then with them everything smacking of luxury is two or three times as dear because you can get such things

in Boston at first hand. It is incredible what a profit the merchants take on their wares: double is the very least. So if I buy something fourth hand I can count upon paying almost sixteen times as much as it cost first hand. The prices on many things would be still higher if there were not so many French ships coming here. You can get a pound of St. Omar [tea] from them for one and a half piasters in silver — i.e., two Thaler in our money — which local merchants will not sell less than two and a half piasters. The French come to the Hills daily and sell their things. They even supply our reading-matter, selling us single copies of comedies and tragedies which they brought for their amusement and read on the voyage.

The privates who were captured had to stay for a long time on the prison-ships. Later they were allowed to go to the cities or the country to work for their keep. The majority accepted from necessity and inhabitants came eighty, yes, one hundred English miles and picked out such men. Those with trades come out real well and even earn some money. Those who have no trade must thresh, cut wood, and do other menial services. All the sergeants, even some Estandarten Junker (= ensigns) have to wait on the farmers. They get good food and the cider-barrel is not locked from them. Each inhabitant who has such a prisoner must answer for him, but the two may separate with foreknowledge of the authorities. Whether the young ladies, the daughters in houses where

these young unmarried fellows are working, will not keep many from returning time alone will tell.

January 1, 1778. I wish my dear friends a very happy New Year and to myself, therefore, the pleasure of hearing only good news from you.

January 5, 1778. To-day the grievous news came that good, honest Captain von Dahlstjerna had to give up the ghost December 23d at Albany. Lieutenant Pflüger, brother-in-law of Colonel Baum, died here in the barracks of a wasting illness. On the other hand, Major Lutterloh, formerly in the service of Brunswick, but now functioning as Quartermaster-General in Washington's army, has sent us his regards. Also Major von Mengen had a visit from his mother's sister's son, a doctor of medicine named Schmidt: he is in very good circumstances and married a near relative of President Hancock.

January 13th. Our ennui increases and is almost unbearable. The weather frequently does not let us think of going for a walk or a ride. The Canadian winter is golden compared with this here; we did not have such continuous, penetrating, cold winds there. Up to now the whole winter has almost been one storm. The winds are so violent and accompanied by such mighty blasts that the wooden houses fairly shake and tremble. At the



same time the weather is ever changing: one day it thaws, the next there is a cold that surely equals that in Canada. We have already had an astonishing amount of snow, but for all that hardly four days of real good sleighing. Sleighing here is not to be compared with Canada, anyway; neither the roads nor the horses are half so good.

The chief topic of conversation among us at present is the suit going on between General Burgoyne and an American colonel named *Hanley*. The former accused the latter personally of intentional murder which he sought to perpetrate on some English soldiers on Winter Hill. The case is being tried by an American court-martial of two colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, and four captains, and Brigadier-General *Clover* [Glover] is president. These courts are different from ours. The court-house is an oval building with great church windows all around reaching to the roof. Within there is nothing but a great hall; the middle is divided by two steps and a railing, thus one half is one and a half feet higher than the rest. At the end opposite the large door, the president sits on a chair like a professor's which comes way up to his breast when he stands. Both sides of this elevated seat sit the assessors [junior judges], ranged according to rank, but all have a wooden thing like a desk in front of them. In front of the president's chair stands a large rectangular table at which sits the *advocatus causæ*, who has the plaintiff at his left and the accused at his right: beside these sit

their assistants. General Burgoyne's are Generals Phillips and von Riedesel. Each party has four or five officers who sit at the other side of the table and can take notes just as well as the *advocatus* [judge-advocate]. The *advocatus* examines the witnesses, but both the president and the assessors, yes, even the accuser and accused, may put questions to them, and these are all reported together with their answers. On these occasions long speeches are often made by one or another on the application of the laws to various cases. General Burgoyne has several times shown himself a great orator and drawn tears from the whole court. This case gets more rambling every day, as the act of Colonel Hanley, who is director of all the army stores, had its origin in previous disputes with the English at the issue of their provisions and he tries to gloss it over as zealous devotion to duty. Probably the proceedings in the case will be printed. Every male person can attend such a court and every one is permitted to take notes. The courthouse is packed, and not even the humblest is refused admittance.

January 30th. No one may go to Boston yet. Because we may now go as far as Charlestown, which only a small bay separates from Boston, I have seen the city quite close, which has merely renewed my untimely desire to see the city from within. The bells of the city are excellent and there is also a famous set of chimes there.

February 5, 1778. I put this day down among the happiest I have had here thus far. Commissioner *Messero*, who has the general department charged with all actual prisoners, brought us a great knapsack of letters from Boston. To be sure, they have all been opened and read, but that does no harm. The letters were sent from *Rhode Island* to Boston and there are said to be several more lying at the former place. Of the letters I received — eight in all — the oldest was dated March 4th, the latest September 3d. I cannot sufficiently describe to my friends the delight I felt at receiving so many letters, and indeed at first hand. Commissioner *Messero*, a Dutchman by birth, is truly well disposed toward us. But when will this letter of mine be so fortunate as to be read by my friends!

Our situation gets worse from day to day. Mistakes, disputes, misunderstandings, and quarrels do not cease, and at times both parties contribute to their increase. The Americans even begin to say openly they will not abide by the terms of the capitulation and pretend — but wrongfully — that we had not kept them. Unfortunately, so much is certain, that General Gates says he has relinquished his command and left the matter to Congress. For many reasons — both as regards ourselves and especially the privates, it would be sad if we should have to stay here long. If we were distributed through the interior, we should be terribly scattered and should also have to pay four times as much for

all necessities. But should the regiments have to stand another winter on Winter Hill, I would not be responsible for the best and most honorable fellow. There is no sadder life than an inactive one, and when one adds that our inactive life is coupled with restraint, we simply live as in a sleep. To have to sleep by day when awake is cruel. We have absolutely no real active occupation; we have no books at all to fill out our empty hours by reading.

February 15th. The suit against Colonel *Hanley* continues and the hearings are proceeding daily. We cannot get trustworthy news from the neighborhood, and I have firmly resolved not to believe or write anything of what I hear. It is incredible how many oral and printed untruths are circulated here in the interest of each [party]. Neither do I know how matters really stand in Canada. The Americans talk about a great expedition with three corps, which is supposed to have been sent there, but divers reasons forbid my believing them. General Howe has his headquarters in Philadelphia and the Congress now has its seat in *York-town*. Many recruits are being scared up for the American army and are drilled daily.

March 1st. The suit against Colonel *Hanley* is ended and, as one could easily expect, turned out favorably for him. The colonel was fully exonerated and all his acts were ascribed to his zeal for

the service. We have had such penetrating cold that we could scarcely keep warm with the hottest sort of a fire in the fireplaces.

March 18th. To-day an officer sent by General Burgoyne to Congress has returned and brought the General permission to go to England for a time because of the state of his health. Unfortunately, however, it has pretty nearly developed that we, or rather the whole army, are not to get away from here and that the Congress claims not to be bound by the capitulation. What, then, is to become of us? That I can perhaps get this letter off to my dear friends is slight consolation. Nor is it sufficient consolation that we may now send for the baggage we left in Canada and the things which have come there from Lower Saxony. You can hardly conceive, however, how we need these things to clothe ourselves once more. The soldier has worn his uniform over three years, and this on shipboard, in forests, and then winters in barracks. The officers took only their most essential and poorest things from Canada and are sighing for new clothing. We cannot expect the things before the beginning of July and who knows what may happen meanwhile. I shall probably send open letters to my dear friends on a chance [of their getting through] henceforth, but you will find little in them save that I am alive and well. Even to Canada we may send only open letters to our friends this time.



March 27, 1778. This letter is still lying on the table and who knows when it will get off. General Burgoyne's departure may be long delayed, and then it is still a question whether the letter can go along sealed. If not, it stays here.

April 2d. Quite unexpectedly I get word that General Burgoyne departs to-morrow. I close, therefore, and can only add that I beg my beloved friends, etc.

June 12th. Till to-day this letter has lain sealed on a shelf over my fireplace, for it could not be taken along sealed. Captain O'Connell is going to Europe: whether he will have to return it to me, I do not know, nor does he; I should hope not.

## VII

### EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF A GERMAN OFFICER DATED IN THE BARRACKS NEAR BOSTON

FEBRUARY 5, 1778

[Original in French]

AN American frigate named *Boston* leaves next week for France, whither it is to transport thirty-one French officers who have served in the Provincial army. I have made the acquaintance of several of these gentlemen, who on departing have offered their services to communicate with relatives and friends in Europe. So I seize this good opportunity of giving you news by way of France, with all the more pleasure because it is difficult to get letters to you any other way.

I am well despite the late discontent and my devouring desire to return to Europe. But not daring to write anything that might give you the reasons for my longing to leave America, I refer for all that to a letter I confided to our M. who set out for home via Canada. It was written in December, '77, and perhaps has long been in your hands.

Our fate still appears very uncertain, and the Lord knows whether we shall quit America this year or not. I almost doubt it, because they want to put us in the country among the inhabitants, according to what is said. The way things are going, you may pity your captive compatriots.

We are living in barracks on a hill two leagues from Boston. They are made of boards and the windows of paper so that we have had no lack of fresh air this winter. Each one is occupied by four officers or twenty privates. Provided our furnishings were better, or at least that our uniforms were not frayed and worn to the point where we have almost nothing left to put on [we might get along].

The cost of living is enormous in this part of the world and exceeds one's imagination. You pay fifty-two florins for a hat, thirty-two florins for a pound of tea, three guineas for an ordinary shirt, ten florins for a pair of woolen socks, and as for woolen cloth, you cannot even get it. Judge from all that of the position of a subaltern who has only his pay to live on.

A fortnight ago a packet of letters came for the German troops at Boston. Filled with joy, I expected a few lines from my relatives or friends in Europe. But judge of my surprise when they informed us that the packet had been opened in the city, that they had sent only eight letters to our chief, and that the rest of the five hundred were in the hands of the people where they were passed about from one to the other.

[This is clearly not by the same officer as the rest of the series, but accords fully with his feelings.]

## VIII

### FROM A BRUNSWICK OFFICER IN CAMBRIDGE

OCTOBER 10, 1778

HEAVEN be praised that we have a chance to send letters. We are still sitting in our cage in anxious expectation of the hour of our deliverance. In American official language we still bear the title Conventionists; often, however, they already call us prisoners. Still we pin our hopes on Sir Henry Clinton who is to negotiate for our exchange. Nature has spared nothing to give this region every charm and many advantages, but in our circumstances we wish heartily to be able to wander free again in the wildernesses through which we came. Even the pretty girls, who are here in great numbers and in respect to the war are entirely neutral, sticking solely to the *jus naturæ*, do not limit this general desire.

Safe correspondence gets more and more ticklish. Therefore do not expect any more from me: right before us lie the guard-ships with which they threaten those who get impatient.

About seven weeks ago the French fleet came to Boston. As there are supposed to be nine thousand more men here since then, everything is desperately dear. We have not gotten our baggage yet. For an officer's clothing you need sixty to seventy guineas according to present prices. You can imagine,

then, how we dress. Meanwhile we have our hair dressed most elegantly, for we have time to spend on it, and the issue-flour — or, as we call it, *poudre royale* — is not spared. The French officers are polite enough to visit us at times, only we are not allowed to return the honor. My fingers itch to write you something about contrasts, if I only dared! The French and Americans do not like each other at all; the French officers often express themselves to us on this point. Of Canada we know nothing. The English regiments have been transferred to barracks in Rutland, which our first prisoners called Siberia.

A few days ago I received letters which, to be sure, were a year old and had teeth: however, they delighted me immensely.

[FROM THE SAME PLACE, NOVEMBER 13, 1778]

I send you herewith an accurately drawn prospect of Boston and of various Canadian districts, drawings of Indians, etc. If the Americans had not captured my secretary (who is now serving with them as captain) before the capitulation with all my sketches and drawings of the campaign of 1777, I could send you more.

The 25th of last month our General von Riedesel received orders from General Heath, the commandant at Boston, to get the German troops in condition to march. The English regiments, which for some months lay fifty-three English miles from us in *Ruttland*, have started in three divisions for Vir-



ginia. Our first division consisted of some dragoons left after the Bennington affair, von Menge's Grenadier Battalion, and von Rhetz's Regiment, and left the 9th of this month. On the 10th the second followed, consisting of von Riedesel's and Specht's regiments. The remnant of Bärner's Battalion, the Regiment Hessen-Hanau, and the Hanau artillery company will make up the third.

We are going to *Albemarle* in Virginia, 583 English [120 German] miles from here. That region is said to have great advantages over this here. If I have a chance, count on detailed letters and sketches. It is discouraging for us, especially for the privates, that our baggage, which had already reached Newport, is to be taken to Philadelphia by water and will not reach us till we are in Virginia. Hence we shall have to make this wearisome march in our rags and find our uniforms in a climate where on account of the heat we may make little use of them.

## IX

### STAUNTON IN VIRGINIA

JUNE 1, 1779

[Received in Brunswick, November 10th]

THE departure of Captain *Edmonstone*,<sup>1</sup> former aide-de-camp to our General von Riedesel, for England again gives me a desired opportunity of sending you proof that I am still alive. But have you also received my letters which I wrote you in February of this year from *Charlottetown* and from here in April,<sup>2</sup> in the former of which I described our sad wandering in winter from Boston to *County Albemarle* in Virginia, which lasted from the 10th of November of last year till the 16th of January of this year? At least, I commended them to all the patron saints of Great Britain in order to secure them beneath their cloaks from Neptune and his mighty vassals, from "most Christian" [i.e., French] flags and pirates and American privateers. Would to heaven that I might read the confirmation of my hopes for your welfare and that of our friends and beloved relatives. The letters of September, 1777, are still the last that we received from our native land,<sup>3</sup> and this uncertainty increases our longing.

<sup>1</sup> A young Englishman who shortly before the outbreak of the American war studied at the *Collegio Carolino* in Brunswick. S.

<sup>2</sup> Did not arrive. S.

<sup>3</sup> Since then very many letters have been sent from Brunswick to the corps, and so have not arrived. S.

We still find ourselves in our most disagreeable situation, and occasional hopes have disappointed us so often that we should hardly venture any longer to hope for an end to our inactivity, confinement, vain wishes, and vexations, if we could stop doing so. Since my last letter our baggage, which we had so long and longingly awaited from Canada, has arrived, to be sure, but even this pleasure proved vain for not a few among us. In my trunk I found only things in the last stages of decomposition, regarding which it was hardly possible to guess what they had formerly been; one chest is said to have been burned in the King's service; of the contents of this I especially regret the furs I had purchased in Canada. I have kept nothing save what I took along from *Saratoga*. If only the uniforms, and especially the linen things ordered from Brunswick in the spring of 1777, might have come through, the rest of the loss might be endured. As it is, however, due to the incredibly high prices, we have to pay for such things, as well as for all absolute necessities, fifteen times more than we were formerly accustomed. Remittances of money come sparingly, and even though we occasionally negotiate some paper money, we have to suffer a loss of at least forty per cent. We were fortunate near Boston, and far more fortunate in Canada.

Here we live in such a remote corner of Virginia — indeed, almost cut off from the rest of the world — that we neither see, hear, nor have a chance to read anything new. We learn nothing about what

happens in our vicinity, let alone anything from distant regions. A few days ago an English corps undertook a landing at *Hampton*, threatened *Williamsburg*, and brought the whole province — ourselves included — into a state of unrest. They are said to have reëmbarked.

The heat here is extraordinarily severe: yet the sultry air is cooled off almost daily by thunder-showers, as terrific as you can imagine. Peach and cherry trees bloomed here as early as the end of February, but in the middle and at the end of April all the fruit froze, and even the rye and winter wheat suffered greatly. We do not have good neighbors here, for there is hardly a *gentleman* living within forty miles of Staunton, though there are very rich and lively ones nearer the coast, who have well-furnished houses of fourteen and more rooms, practice hospitality in the noblest fashion, and delight to keep a stranger at their houses for three weeks.

Since my letter from *Charlottesville* we have moved forty English miles further inland to *Staunton*, the capital of *County Augusta*, for which reason I have had to cross the infamous Blue Ridge Mountains, and so have come near to the Ohio and Mississippi. *Staunton* has about thirty houses, of which twenty-four are built just like the common houses in Zellerfeld. The barracks are about thirty English miles distant from here, and that gives me opportunity to take real healthy exercise and frequently to doff my hat most respectfully in forests and

mountains to right big, fat snakes, which, however, are quite polite as long as my horse does not chance to tread on them.

The barracks, of which I made a sketch in my last, which must have aroused pity in your compassionate heart,<sup>1</sup> now resemble the City of Nineveh as it may have been in its glory. The English soldiers have built covered walks in front of their barracks and all their streets look like the Jungfernstieg at Brunswick. The Germans, on the other hand, as lovers of vegetables have laid out countless gardens, and in order to raise poultry have fixed up henyards which are surrounded by palisades. These German gardens attract visitors from sixty miles around, and a rooster which otherwise could be had for one shilling brings half a guinea if he shows fighting spirit. Many officers who formerly lived far away in houses have had barracks built near the soldiers which deserve the name of good houses. The 21st English Regiment has built itself a large church; churchyards [graveyards], wells, and whatsoever could be made, are in good condition. Two enterprising Americans have erected taverns in which there are already two billiard-tables. A group of English soldiers has put up a Comedy House, where plays are given twice a

<sup>1</sup>Other letters arriving along with this picture these barracks in their original state as light huts of boards in which the soldiers ran the risk either of freezing, or burning up at their fires, or stifling with smoke. They describe the march thither as frightful, since usually quarters for the night had to be secured by force, or else they had to lie at night in the woods on snow four to five feet deep. S.



week, and in which there are already three sets of scenery. On the curtain is painted a harlequin who points with his wooden sword to the words: "Who would have expected this here?" [Seats in the] *parquet* cost four, [in the] *parterre* two dollars paper money. The officers lend the actors the necessary articles of clothing; drummers are transformed into queens and beauties. Very good pieces are performed, which, because of their satirical additions, do not always please the Americans, wherefore they are forbidden by their superiors to attend these comedies.

You can believe all this literally. The soldier wanted to show that he can rise above everything and find within himself aids in making his life tolerable and comfortable. Many things have been built by the soldiers out of spite, because their barracks — as they received them — were so incredibly bad. Moreover, the soldiers are unusually confined, and there is still a threat to surround the barracks with a stockade. Provisions have been alternately good and very bad, and anything out of the ordinary was either not to be had at all or else only at incredibly high prices. Heartily, yes, most longingly, do we wish to be free again at last.

The officers of our corps who were really captured in action, who were to be exchanged and had already arrived at *Rhode Island*, have had to return to *Massachusetts Bay* and the exchange did not occur. Thus we live as scattered in North America as the Jews are in the whole world. Few of this

nation are to be seen here — as in America generally, often not one family in one hundred miles.

Finally, I would I might enclose in this letter a pipeful of real genuine Virginia tobacco, which they smoke without special preparation and which is extraordinarily strong. Remain my own and my ——'s friend, and have the kindness to have the enclosed letters delivered.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Schlözer continues: "Thus those captured at Saratogha are now playing the same rôle in Virginia that those [Swedes] captured at Pultowa played sixty years ago in Russia and Siberia." He then appends a first-hand account of those unfortunates.

## X

FROM A HESSIAN CHAPLAIN AT BROOKLAND,  
NEAR NEW YORK, TO HIS EXCELLENCY  
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL VON —

SEPTEMBER 7, 1776

THEN I drove stakes in the ground, laid a board on top, and made me a desk on which I will now write you, my dear brother, and say that I manage to crawl around on the other side of the globe, well, happy, and thanking God. Here, too, a serene Heaven arches over me, here, too, God's breezes whisper, here, too, sacrificial clouds rise with every early morning from the valleys to Heaven.

Great, solemn, and majestic scenes as the ocean has to offer, I was unspeakably glad when I landed on *State Island*. I could hardly refrain from kissing God's earth; after all, she is our common mother!

Our dear Hessians learned to accommodate themselves to everything, and I always tried in my sermons and prayers to strengthen in them true Christian heroism. The hesitation of the English general made them impatient, but still more the proud, insulting look which the English are wont to cast at the Germans. This last not infrequently caused a bloody scene. A subaltern of the Jäger, to whom an Englishman in his cups said, "God damn you, Frenchy, you take our pay!" replied coldly and boldly, "I am a German and you are a

s——.” Both drew on the spot and the Englishman received such slashes that he died of his wounds. Not only was the brave German pardoned by the English general, but strict orders were published that the English should treat the Germans as brothers. This happens, too, now that our Germans, teachable as they are, have learned to stammer a little English.

Our first advance was an attack on the rebels [Long Island], who defended themselves far worse than one would have expected of such enthusiasts for Freedom. The slaughter was terrible, but more on the part of the English, into whose lines our men drove the rebels like sheep. O friend, that was a terrible sight when I went next day among the dead who covered the battle-field, most of them in tatters and shot to pieces. Many among them were Germans, and that cut me doubly to the heart. We captured many of them, most of whom would have taken service with us had they not been prevented by the English.

The savages, who come in here frequently, are not like those described by Rousseau and Iselin; but they are all very accommodating, friendly, hardened to the severest labors, swift as deer in the forest, and not without some conception of God. When I point to the sky with my right hand, they fold their hands over their hearts and bow low to the ground.

## XI

### CONCERNING THE SAVAGES ON LONG ISLAND NEAR NEW YORK IN AMERICA

FROM THE LETTER OF A WALDECK CHAPLAIN TO A SCHOLAR  
IN AROlsen, JUNE, 1777

THE savages who live on Long Island differ very much from the others, having become better mannered and more humane through acquaintance and intercourse with the inhabitants there.

Their custom of deciding quarrels before their courts and of preserving such records as they consider important is quite peculiar. The eldest of the family pronounces judgment, which, however, must always be based upon laws previously given, and from him no appeal can be taken to any one higher; even when it is a death sentence, it is executed without contradiction. All laws and records are transmitted orally from family to family. They write nothing down, but when new laws are given, certain ones are chosen, who, however, have absolutely nothing further to say in court. Each one is told what sort of a sentence [saying] he is to hold and fix in his memory; this he must not forget under pain of death. If after long years he is asked about the law according to which the particular case is to be judged, and he has forgotten it, he has forfeited his life without any consideration.

No vice is more frequent and deeper rooted



among them than *drink*. Their appetite for strong drinks, especially rum, is quite irresistible, and in their intoxication they return to the savagery of their still wild nation and become capable of practicing any cruelties for which opportunity offers. This weakness of their nation they know too well not to have employed every means and the best laws so as not to pass immediately from the vice of drink to cruelty. Certainly, for a savage people a very cleverly conceived law [is that] of which some inhabitants of Long Island itself have told me. Whole families come together and have a good time; but this can nowise happen save by all getting sociably drunk on rum. Only one of each family must remain sober and to him is committed the oversight over the rest. This is said to be a very vexatious office among them; hence it goes around in turn and lasts only from one banquet to the next, so that he who has to-day had the — to them — priceless pleasure of getting drunk, must look on to-morrow languishing and give heed to his drunken brothers lest they become unruly. They obey most strictly the guardian whose turn it is: as long as his office and their intoxication last he rules them absolutely. What he forbids is obeyed most exactly even though the brain be befogged. For during his term of office he has the right to kill any one who so much as refused to obey his admonitions; however, he is apt to make his admonitions plain and comprehensible by a blow of his axe. But, on the other hand, he, the chief supervisor

of the feasting company, must possess the gift of strictest abstinence. He must not get drunk with the rest on pain of death. And if excesses, which always end with murder and other atrocities, occur under his surveillance, he must atone for these, too, with his life, while the rest go free.

The menfolk pay no attention to household affairs. Only on Long Island do they plough and till the fields; elsewhere they are chiefly concerned with the hunt, and from these the neighboring colonies get the finest skins and pelts in trade. You are supposed to find the very best marksmen among them; what they have wounded rarely escapes them, because they can run incredibly fast. They go from their huts way into the densest deserts and yet never get lost, as others have, who never turned up again; for if they can just see the stars, they know how to find their way home again. On their journeys they do not heed the ordinary roads, but go over hill and dale, over stick and stone, straight to their destination. And if they do lose their way, which seldom happens, and cannot see the stars on a dark night, then they feel the bark on the trees and by that find the direction of their native place.<sup>1</sup> Nor does any river hold them up, for they are unusually clever swimmers.

Where we Germans wrap our children up warm and protect them carefully from every little breeze, they tie theirs naked and bare — right after the first twenty-four hours after birth — stretched out

<sup>1</sup> Cf. p. 54.

on a board and let them be hardened by frost and heat, by rain and wind. And so they let them lie throughout the first year and sometimes longer. Their chief aim in this is to raise strong, tough children, who in their adult years can defy all hardships. And really there are said to be practically only strong, healthy people among them. But since in summer the children are badly plagued by mosquitoes, of which there is an incredible multitude here, they smear them with oil. By this greasing they attain another, secondary object: by this their children acquire a dark brown color, which they consider the greatest beauty.

## XII

### FROM A HESSIAN IN RHODE ISLAND TO HIS BROTHER

JUNE 24, 1777

MY last letter of April 5th from Portsmouth you probably received. In it I told you that Fähnrich — and I were on the transport *Providence* and should stay on it for the trip to America, which we really expected to do when we arrived at Portsmouth. But since Lieutenant — was on this ship, who because of his braggard ways was the most intolerable chap in the world, and since we could not get along together in the long run, we changed our plan the day before our departure, i.e., April 6th, and went with our baggage on board the transport *Lively* on which were Fähnriche — and —. Here, besides quiet and harmony, we had far finer and roomier cabins; and although there was on board the commander of the whole fleet, who had his separate sleeping quarters, each one of us had a separate, locked cabin, whereas the *Providence* had only one.

April 7th, after we had waited vainly for our Jäger, we raised anchor at 4 P.M. because the wind was favorable, under convoy of the warship *Somerset* of seventy-four guns, on which was the English General —, who, according to what we

heard, was to make overtures of peace, and in company with ten other transports on which 1260 Anspach troops were distributed. But what terror spread among us when the very first day our lives were manifestly endangered three times! As the wind was very violent, almost stormy, and as we who were not yet used to sailing found the motion almost unbearable, we had to admit that we had not supposed sea travel was so bad. Yes, I must confess that the discomforts of the voyage are so great that I am not competent to describe them adequately. This much is certain, however, each of us who has survived this trip won't repeat it for many thousands, nor will any one who half knows the discomforts dream of taking a trip to America. For one is not merely in constant danger of one's life, but is always ill because of the poor food on board. This latter consists daily of old hard bread or Zwieback, stale water stinking like a barnyard puddle, pork preserved with saltpeter, musty peas, and a bit of smelly butter. Even one who has laid in a good stock of provisions is not exempt, because he has to use the water and ship's biscuit. Then there is the sea air and the constant motion. But I will get back to our trip.

Almost before an hour had passed, we had the ill luck that a merchant ship under full sail bore down on us and just missed us by a yard and a half. The sailors on both ships raised such a cry that we thought sure we were done for. Consequently, every time we heard a loud shout or an energetic



command through the speaking-trumpet we felt uncomfortable.

Two hours later, as this danger had passed, another threatened. We had suddenly come so near our warship, which had sailed ahead and now lay at anchor, that few thought we could clear it. Already cabin boys were howling, a sure sign of unavoidable danger! With the help of the recruits, however, the sailors succeeded in turning the sails quickly, so we only bumped the warship amidships and our ship got a tremendous jolt, whereby two ropes which helped hold the mainmast broke.

To get over this double fright, we went to bed, but half an hour later the seamen waked us again by a terrific shouting. We jumped from our berths and tried to see what was up. Before we were out of our cabins we heard the ship creaking and then got such a severe shock that we all fell down. Now we thought it was all up with us. We got on deck and learned that our ship had suffered no damage, but that an Anspach ship had struck our anchor, which luckily stuck out quite a bit, and had broken part of its upperdeck, etc. We felt like a poor sinner who is pardoned at the place of execution.

The 8th we had favorable but very strong almost stormy winds, which was very unpleasant for us because it was at the start, before we got used to the motion.

The 9th the wind grew more violent and

The 10th extremely stormy. From both sides the waves dashed over the ship, clear to the crow's-

nest. This storm, to our great discomfort, continued till

The 12th, about 1 P.M., i.e., two days. Delighted that it had stopped, not having shut an eye for the two days, we went to bed as soon as it grew dark. But alas! at 2.30 A.M. there began once more a great shouting which we knew boded no good. We heard splinters and thought we were lost. To know our fate as quickly as possible, we ran on deck. There we saw that the upper part of the deck, the after sails, and the four mast-ropes, which were at least as thick as your arm, were missing. But as it was night and even the captain didn't know whether we had received more damage, but was just going to inspect it, we could learn no more and had to remain in terrible suspense till daybreak. Then we heard that the Anspach ship which through the carelessness of its sailors had damaged ours had spent its force on our sails and ropes; its bowsprit, thick as two men at least, had been broken into more than ten pieces, but our ship had suffered no further harm. The commodore, as the sailors call him, said that if the Anspach ship had hit us one and a half feet lower, our side would have been crushed in.

From the 13th to the 25th, we sailed without any special happening. The 16th, we had absolute calm for the first time. On the morning of the 20th, we first saw a great drove of porpoises which had a head like a pig, but behind looked like fish and were twice as long as a man. Variable winds.

The 25th of April we had a S.E. wind, the first really favorable one. At the same time we had the pleasure of seeing a common chimney swallow. It may have lost its way, and came into our cabin through a broken window; it left that night.

From the 26th of April to May 7th, we had almost steady N.N.W. winds, i.e., head winds. At a given signal and by command of the warship all our vessels had to sail due south, where on the afternoon of May 2d we saw terribly heavy clouds. Our commodore said these were land, and he was right. An hour later the spot looked like a cliff whose peak reached the clouds; it was Mount Pico.

May 17th, 2 P.M., one of our recruits died and was immediately thrown overboard in the usual way, i.e., laced in a linen hammock with a sandbag at his feet.

May 18th, a sailor who had been on a mast fell off an Anspach boat into the water and drowned. The same day an Anspach officer's attendant, who had stolen a shirt from his master, jumped overboard for fear of punishment. He was pulled out, to be sure, but like the sailor was already dead.

The morning of the 20th, we sighted a strange ship. It flew a French flag, but our warship visited it because they took it for a privateer.

On the 26th, the wife of one of our Jäger gave birth to a child.

The 27th, in the afternoon, another violent storm began. Once more we thought the waves would swallow us up. The ship seemed to rise to the sky,

then down into the abyss; whoever appeared on deck was drenched.

The 29th, at 1 o'clock at night, another of our recruits died.

June 2d, to our great delight we finally saw land. There was a general shout of joy.

June 3d, at 4 P.M., we entered New York Harbor and cast anchor near the city. I must admit that in my whole life I never saw so beautiful a land, to judge by appearances, as we saw on both sides on entering the harbor — on the left New Jersey and on the right York Island.

On the 4th, Fähnrich — and I went into the city and reported to General Heister. Now I camped for the first night in camp, and indeed with the auditor —.

The 5th, everything was brought from the ships and the recruits put in an old church. Because we had no lodgings and no place for our equipment, we also had to spend the night there on the tombstones, a beginning which gave us a real conception of the American war.

The 6th, our recruits were assigned to the regiments by lot and we got an empty, so-called rebel house, which was really empty, for our quarters. From this, dear brother, you can get some notion how we are fixed here, and that things are not as they were in the last war where one said: "Peasant, find something or you'll get a beating." In general living here is bad. Not everything we need is always to be had, and if it is to be had, is immensely

dear: indeed, never in my life have I heard of such high prices: a loaf of bread — N.B. of wheat flour, for corn [perhaps rye?] is not raised here — costs, for instance, five albus,<sup>1</sup> one albus at home; a pound of butter, where the pound weighs only twenty-eight lot [= fourteen ounces], eighteen albus; a pound of meat, whether beef, veal, or mutton, ten albus; a bottle of poor wine, one reichsthaler eight groschen; a pair of boots, twenty gulden; an ell of poor linen, sixteen albus; an ell of the poorest woolen cloth, one reichsthaler sixteen albus; etc.

Now to give you an idea of America, or rather of the tiny part of America which we still hold. I cannot help saying it is a very beautiful, pleasant, and level land, and New York, though the part toward the sea has been burned, is one of the prettiest, pleasantest harbor towns I have ever seen. For the houses are not only built fine and regular in English style, most of them like palaces, but they are all papered and most expensively furnished. For that reason it is too bad that this land, which is also very fertile, is inhabited by such people, who from luxury and sensuous pleasure didn't know what to do and so owe their fall to naught but their pride. Every one at home who takes their part and thinks they had good cause for rebellion ought in punishment to spend some time among them and learn how things are here (for the mean-

<sup>1</sup> Albus, a small silver piece = nine pfennig, or two and a quarter cents; groschen = ten pfennig, or two and a half cents; gulden = fifty cents; reichsthaler = seventy-five cents.



est man here can, if he will only do something, live like the richest among us): he would soon sing a different tune and agree with me that not necessity but wickedness and pleasure was the cause of the rebellion. For though the majority are descended from runaway vagabonds expelled from other places, yet they are so stuck up and make such display, especially in New York, as perhaps nowhere else on earth. For example: the womenfolk, who are almost all good-looking, whether wives of cobblers, tailors, or day-laborers (who, by the way, are few because almost every one has some negroes as slaves to wait on him), go about every day in chintz, muslin, and silk trains. This display increases daily as they get money from the troops, since they need not give a grain of salt without pay. The worst thing about it is that at the King's express command the troops must treat these folk most handsomely — though at heart they are all rebels — and cannot demand even a grain of salt, as I said, without paying for it. So the poor soldiers would have to die of hunger if they did not get for three pence a day ship's rations consisting of one pound of hard bread, almost inedible salt pork, a few musty peas, a little oatmeal, and some rum, which has to keep them going, although very many get sick on this diet.

June 14th, we recruits were embarked on a ship going to Rhode Island where four German and one English regiment are stationed.

June 15th, in the afternoon we sailed and the

same day passed the most dangerous place of all, called *Hellickwet*.

June 18th, we anchored near Newport. The 19th, I went to the city of Newport, capital of Rhode Island, and quickly visited my sick brother, then on the 21st, went to our camp four hours from the city on the point of this island directly opposite the rebels. This island is only four hours<sup>1</sup> long and two broad and is surrounded on all sides by rebels from whom it is separated only by a stream about three times as wide as the Wecke, for which reason they constantly alarm us because they can shoot almost into camp. As little or nothing is grown, but the people formerly lived largely by cattle-raising, it looks worse for us in regard to provisions; all the more so since there are so many folk here and the rebels have driven off most of the cattle. A pound of meat costs twelve albus and barely enough peas to satisfy one cost seven groschen.

June 23d, I finally got quarters — there was no tent for me and I could not sleep in camp — in a farmhouse, less from favor of the owner than from his fear of having a British officer quartered there. The house was a quarter of a mile from camp, and close to the water and always under fire. The owner, Thomas Volkner, is a Baptist by religion (there are so many sects here you can scarce count them), and they do not have their children baptized. Most of those still here are Quakers who

<sup>1</sup> Since a German mile is about an hour's walk the terms *mile* and *hour* are often used interchangeably.

have no baptism and no clergy: they go to church and wait to see if the Holy Ghost comes and inspires some one to say something; if, as often happens, it does not come, they go home silently, for they never sing.

June 24th, two English officers came and wanted a room, but they had to depart again because there was an older occupant and neither persuasion nor threats availed with me, and I finally showed them the door with my drawn sword.

As for products here: they are almost the same as with us at home for the climate is almost the same, only much warmer. Garden vegetables, too, are quite like ours, only there are less kinds. The trees, however, are somewhat different, for there are kinds here like sassafras, shell-almond, etc., which I have not seen at home.

Of animals and especially cattle-breeding, concerning which I know most, I find no other difference than that the horses are smaller and lighter, but on the other hand far fleeter. The oxen and cows are almost half as heavy again and proportionately larger. The birds, except the swallows, are, however, quite different from ours and twice as pretty. There are no sparrows or moles here at all.

P.S. If any one asks why I haven't written about the progress of the war, you can answer, it is because I know little more about it than when I left Germany, and aside from some minor attacks, which don't signify, nothing of note has happened

— at least as far as known here, save that the frigate *Unicorn* brought in two rebel ships to-day.

Newport, September 8, 1778. We are now in a sad and extremely precarious position: our only pleasure consists in hearing news from Germany. Since July 29th, on which day the French fleet first appeared here before the harbor and twenty-five thousand rebels moved against the Island, we have believed nothing more certain than that we should be captured. And even though, thank Heaven, we have been saved from this situation, it is so sorry-looking around us, as far as fresh vegetables and meat are concerned, that we shall hardly have anything here in a fortnight, since we are now having to live on nothing but salt meat, dried peas, and rice. We wish heartily, then, to be released from this Island and to see Germany again. In the last engagement here we Hessians lost one hundred and five men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

### XIII

#### FROM A FIELD CHAPLAIN IN NEW YORK

DECEMBER 7, 1777

THE capture of the two forts Mud Island <sup>1</sup> and Redbank <sup>2</sup> has probably been announced, as well as the friendly reception of Burgoyne's army.<sup>3</sup> Howe's and Washington's armies are facing each other near Philadelphia; the latter has received considerable reënforcements. Here a few hundred people recently conspired to set fire to the town on a fixed day and to roast us all in it. A rather sizable corps of rebels was invited to cross North River, watch the fun, and carve the roasts. The dear Lord of the English and Germans would not have it so, however; he let it leak out, and the Governor as his viceroy will have some fine hangings. If the rebels keep their word, we must expect a visit or two in this vicinity. Both the Anspach regiments are in or near Philadelphia. As I gather from yesterday's report, they were along on a foraging expedition for cattle under command of Lord Cornwallis.

<sup>1</sup> Fort Mifflin, captured November 15th.

<sup>2</sup> Fort Mercer, captured November 20, 1777. These two forts controlled the Delaware and had to be taken to allow free transportation of supplies to the British forces in Philadelphia.

<sup>3</sup> Ironical, though there is no indication that the chaplain so intended. It would hardly seem that he could be ignorant of Burgoyne's surrender on October 17th, and his statement could only apply ironically to their reception on Winter Hill, November 7th.



## FIELD CHAPLAIN IN NEW YORK 171

Four thousand men brought eight hundred head to Philadelphia. No doubt our chaplain looked after his share of the sheep in this affair. I remain, as in Europe, etc.

## XIV

### FROM NEW YORK ISLAND, IN THE DISTRICT OF HARLEM

FIVE ENGLISH MILES FROM THE CITY OF NEW YORK AND ONE  
HUNDRED YARDS FROM HORNHUCK, ON THE  
EAST RIVER. SEPTEMBER 18, 1776

FROM LIEUTENANT (LATER CAPTAIN) HINRICHS TO  
PROFESSOR SCHLÖZER

OF course it was easy for me, when I last had the honor of speaking with you in Göttingen, to promise you a letter from America, but up to now it has been difficult for me to keep my promise. And I should not be able to fulfill it yet, if I were not spending a few weeks by myself as convalescent here in a most attractive region, back from the noise of the war, and as a convalescent doing those things for which, as you know, I became a soldier. Therefore just a few fragments of what I have *seen* and the sheet will be full, and hardly any room left for what I have *heard* and what I have *felt*.

Last Sunday (September 15th), amid the thundering roar of five warships, we came in flatboats from *Long Island* and landed on *New York Island*, about four miles from *New Yorks City*. As Jäger we usually formed the advance-guard, etc. In short, that afternoon this part of the island was ours. But just as we started to move into quarters, the rebels made another fuss and we had to turn out. I had the right wing of the outposts; we

marched toward *Kingsbridge*, consequently I came close to East River, which is lined with the finest houses. I had the pleasure of taking possession of all these houses, along with a hostile battery where I found five cannon; the rebels all fled. All the houses were filled with furniture, rustic luxuries and valuables; all the people had fled and had left their slaves behind. But the next day one family head after the other returned, and tears of joy rolled down the cheeks of these formerly happy people when they found their houses, crops, cattle, and all their furniture again, and I told them I had merely taken possession in their interest and turned it over to them. The next day the rebels, four thousand strong, attacked our outposts sharply and we had to face heavy fire till about noon, when they were driven off, as I heard later — for I had to go to the rear at eleven o'clock, since I was pierced by a musket ball through the left breast, four finger-breadths from the heart. To whom could I go more safely, and who received me more kindly than just those people who yesterday called me their benefactor, their savior? Since I do not like noise, now less than ever, I chose — when I could have chosen palaces — a small house on the East River, where the widow of a minister from New York, named *Oglyby*,<sup>1</sup> had taken refuge with a numerous family of children and step-children. Not far away was the house, or rather the palace

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Ogilvie, long pastor of St. George's Chapel, died Nov. 18, 1774. STONE.

of her aged father, who had a large stock of porcelain, wine, and liquor, and had lost none of it. All these people came back last evening, and when I saw mother and children, grandfather and grandchildren, etc., down to the black children of the slaves, hugging and kissing each other, my emotion affected me so in my wounded state that I got a fever that night: not to mention the flattering things the good people said to me, which I did not deserve, because I merely acted according to orders. — Oh, how much I could tell you about this happy land! but I see the sheet is nearly half full, and you do not yet know how I came to this country, or rather what I have seen between the time I left you and to-day.

My story divides naturally into two parts, that by water and that on land.

#### I. FROM BREMERLEHE VIA PORTSMOUTH AND HALIFAX TO STATE-ISLAND

Our life and deeds here you have probably read already in all the newspapers, truth and lies intermingled; hence I pass over everything and refer to the *Hamburger Correspondenten*. I take my journal in hand and whenever anything turns up that I think might not be unwelcome to you, I will write it down without losing any sleep over chronology or synchronism.

Sea water is nowhere green, nor black in the Bay of Biscay, as some officers recently described it; rather it takes its color from the sky.

The air on the fishing coasts of Newfoundland is so cold that I was freezing in the middle of June with a fur coat on. This comes from the fog which covers the banks and the whole coast of North America fifteen German miles out from land year in year out.

Sea water has various degrees of saltness. On the sandbanks it is less salt than in the open sea, and on the Scottish coast it is still less salt. It has the least the nearer you go to the equator.

On the fishing banks I saw French ships cruising about. Cast a glance at the map of North America in 1755 and note the then possessions of the French on this continent, then look at *d'Anville's* North America, where the only remnant of the conquest is *Miquelon* and *St. Pierre*: two islands, neither of which can support two hundred people!

Halifax is a wretched city. The streets are sandy roads with a row of barracks on each side in which cobblers, brewers (who brew with bark a beer that is very good), and the like live. The churches are a couple of houses twenty-odd paces long; the arsenal and Government House are fair. Poverty, crude art, want of culture show everywhere. Houses merely boarded in were standing on a meadow with no other foundation. One saw few horned cattle and those were small, with no herdsman. All the forts and batteries are just thrown up with fresh sod. Many New Englanders fled here from Boston, etc., and perhaps this will bring the province new prosperity.



When we anchored at *Sandy-hook*, I mapped out the surrounding region and the harbor and found that all the charts draw the E.S.E. point of *State-Island* wrong. They draw it, you must know, as an obtuse angle; it really projects so sharply that if you run in close by the point of *Sandy-hook*, you cannot see the ravelin, but must first sail somewhat southerly, then northerly, and then westerly in the river. I have corrected this error in my chart.

August 12th we entered *New York's Harbour* or inside *Sandy-hook*, and cast anchor near *Hendriks Point*. All you could see was a fleet of over four hundred and fifty ships in the harbor and then a multitude of boats which patrol the enemy's coast, so that they may not set fire to the fleet or any deserters get through. Imagine the finest kind of a harbor with room for a thousand ships, all these ships really at hand, all filled with men, and all around a hostile and a friendly camp, in the most glorious region, with the finest weather, and all these men ready for a task upon which hung the whole welfare of England — that mighty, proud land — and destined for an enterprise which claimed the attention of the whole world. — So far my voyage.

## II. SOJOURN ON STATE, LONG, AND NEW YORKS ISLAND

Staten Island is a hilly country with fine forests, which are a sort of pine, the odor of which one often smells two hours out at sea; but it is really but little

settled. The soil is very fertile. Peaches, chestnuts, nuts, apples, pears, and grapevines grow in wild confusion, with roses and blackberry bushes. The climate and type of soil are surely the finest, healthiest, and most agreeable in the world; and one or more individuals could prepare a treasure for their posterity, if they could now invest a considerable sum. Now, however, everything is still very raw, poor, and at present stripped of the most essential things by the extortions of the rebels and the encampments of the royal troops. The so-called *Oldtown* and *Newtown* consist of two rows of houses each, their walls and roofs covered with boards, and scarcely twenty-five feet long. Horned cattle are scarce, because the soldiers had eaten [about] everything, but good. The horses are wretched. The inhabitants are mostly Dutch by extraction so the German language is fairly current. Colonel Donop's house belongs to a man named Koch from *Hanau*. I see various blacks here who are just as free as the whites. On the whole things here are just as at home; the same sort of shrubs and trees, only the leaves are larger and the trees thicker because the soil is richer. For two months this Staten Island was the only land that England still possessed in all North America, if I except the conquests of the last war in Canada and Nova Scotia.

Long Island is a beautiful island: it has a multitude of meadows, tilled fields, fruit trees of all kinds, and fine houses, although the rebels had al-

ready carried off many things. Nearly all the inhabitants had fled from the houses. When we landed on August 22d, we marched through *Gravesand* and New Utrecht; here there are a few spacious villages with churches and pretty houses. That evening we entered *Flackbush* [Flatbush]. I have made a sketch of *Flackbush*, because we stayed there five days and fought with the rebels: it was a fine village before these incendiaries burned the greater part of it. There were, and still are several villas there. *Newtown* has several streets. *Brooklinn*, *Kirk*, etc., is all one long street with trees and houses built close together. You see here neat, little houses with gardens, meadows, and fruit trees in plenty. In *Newtown* there are two English churches and one Dutch Reformed church. *Freeshbone* and *Little Battein* belong to *Newtown*; both have few houses. Most of the inhabitants of *Freeshbone* are Quakers who have a meeting-house there. The Quakers do not belong to the rebels: rather, they have announced in all their meetings or churches, that whosoever should take up arms would have his name stricken off the list. In *Jamaica-town* are three churches, one English, one Presbyterian, and one Dutch. There are no Quakers here. The market-village *New York ferry* has houses built contiguous, and artisans and arts still flourish there. I made a sketch of it because it is so pleasantly situated. The section around *Jamaica* is very charming and mostly level. From there a road runs to *Hemstead*, where there are fine plains

with hills running along the side and small woods. Big and little *Hemstead* plains, when seen from an elevation on their sea side toward *Beach*, afford the eye one of the glorious prospects. *Hemstead* is a church-town with two churches, one English and one Presbyterian; it has extensive territory, although very few houses stand in *Hemstead* proper. The inhabitants, as upon the whole island, are rich, well-to-do people, who have the real wealth of the state, i.e., they are rich landowners. There are many Quakers here. Between *Bush* and *Newtown* lie many houses and the village *Kirk*<sup>1</sup> which belongs to *Newtown*. The boundaries of *King's* and *Queen's Counties* are wrong on all the maps, even on Holland's. The north boundary starts at the water near *Blackwell's Island*, runs through *Krick*, leaves *Newtown*, *Freesbone*, *Little Battein* and *Flushing* on the left, and runs diagonally through the road, which leads to *Jamaica*, to a bight in *Jamaica-Bay*. I have corrected this and also the position of New Utrecht on my map, and made a new map of the whole western part of Long Island comprising *King's* and *Queen's Counties*. The whole island is like a painted landscape. You can hardly go an English mile in these two counties without finding houses. The inhabitants are lively, and usually rascals at heart. The air here is still (in September) very pleasant. Winter begins with December and lasts till the beginning or end of

<sup>1</sup> Or *Krick*: it was hard for me to read all the proper names because the ink was so pale. S.

March. Deep snow falls often, so there is sleighing every year. Frequently the winters are damp, but in summer it is mostly dry, except in August, when there are many thunder-storms. Tobacco is not raised in King's County, but is in Jamaica. In peace-times every one here lives a pleasant, monotonous, healthy life. The cattle are strong and plentiful. Gardenstuffs are the same as at home. The women are not ugly and on the mainland are said to be very pretty. The good, quite too good manner of living was the reason that these people grew haughty, but without intrigue from England and even from London the disorder would never have grown so bad. The more I regard this land, the fine grass, the luxuriant grain and hemp, and the beautiful orchards, the more I envy the formerly happy inhabitants of this excellent land, the sorrier I am for the unfortunates who must now suffer with the rest through the intrigues and personal envy of their fellow countrymen and others. Everywhere I went there were barns crammed full of the farmers' wealth, but seldom or never did I find a house with the inhabitants in it where war and the wantonness of the English had not ruined everything. Most of the fruit trees were peach and apple; the streets were lined with them; pears, however, were not so plenty.

*Blackwell's Island* belongs to *New York's Island* and is a meager, dry land, two English miles long, and not a quarter mile wide at the widest place. Free negroes live here, but there are only three



houses anyway. There are many blacks on *New Yorks Island*, but few are free. To the north of this little island lies

*Bahama* or (*Passons*) *Island*, prettily situated. It has meadows and cultivated land and some wood on the southwest side. Hard by to the north lies

*Belle Isle*, also a tidy little island. It had only one house, which the rebels have ruined. It lies just above *Harlem* and has *West Chester* on the other side. It belongs to Captain *Montresor*, of the English *corps du genie*, who is now with the army, and is therefore often called *Montresor's Island*.

*New York's Island* is the prettiest place I have ever seen. There is not a superfluous tree, not a useless twig, not an unserviceable straw on it. Fruitful sloping hills alternate with tillage land, meadows, and gardens full of fruit trees; and single houses, built on the heights both sides of the river, give the eye a charming view. All are painted white, one story above the parterre [i.e., two-story houses], with *verandahs*, and upstairs a balcony and lightning-rods: moreover, all are built and furnished in the best of taste. The Hudson River has a swift current, and yet, as far as I know it, it is salt for fifteen miles inland. There are, however, fine wells on the island.

So much for this time as an observer who is always on picket could see and jot down at odd moments. One thing more. You know the Huguenot wars in France: what Religion was there, Liberty is here, simply fanaticism, and the effects are the same.

## XV

### FROM CAPTAIN HINRICHS, ON THE NECK NEAR PHILADELPHIA

JANUARY 18, 1778

(REACHED GÖTTINGEN, APRIL 7, 1778)

YOUR kind little letter of May 25th to Lieutenant H——, in New York, or to Captain H——, in Philadelphia I received November 4th. . . .

My present notions of America depart greatly from those I expressed in my former letters. To be sure, I cannot yet imagine an earthly paradise without thinking of a considerable part of the *Jerseys* and *Long Island*, but not so with Pennsylvania. If the Honorable Count *Pen* would give me the country in exchange for my commission on condition that I spend my life here, I should hardly do it. And that is the promised land, the land flowing with milk and honey, that so many have praised before us. You already know that each North American province must be judged differently, just as it had its own particular origin and is ruled according to its own principles. The packet sails tomorrow, so here are just a few hasty notes on land and climate.

Among a hundred people, not merely in Philadelphia, but also in the whole neighborhood, not one has a healthy color; the unwholesome air and bad water cause this. Really this is not due to

geographic position, for Pennsylvania lies in the very healthiest; but the woods, swamps, and mountains, which in part hem in the air, in part poison it, make the land unhealthy. Nothing is commoner here than a fever once a year, and then skin-irruptions, itch, etc. Nowhere have I found such a lot of madmen as here. Just yesterday I was eating with a gentleman, when a third person came into the room and whispered in my ear: *Take care, this gentleman is a madman.* Often the people are cured again, but almost all have a quiet madness, an aberration of the mind, which comes from compressed, not from heated blood. One reason is perhaps that no food here has the same strength as with us at home. The milk is not half so rich, the bread gives little strength. You can note a distinct difference in the quality of the victuals which are brought to market in the Jerseys and those brought to Philadelphia from Pennsylvania.

The cold in winter and the heat in summer are fairly temperate, but the thunder-storms in summer and the damp, stinking air in spring and fall are unbearable. When in summer mists fall here so that everything is damp, there will be a thunder-storm in the afternoon. And when in winter the trees are covered with frost in the morning, it will rain in the afternoon. Such phenomena are commonplaces in this place only.

Just as the fruits of the soil are only halfway good here, so it is with the animals too. A rabbit, a partridge, a peacock, etc. — all are only half

grown. The big game tastes like tame meat. One of the few good consequences of this war is that the woods are being eradicated and thus the air gets purer. One man from the city here named *Hamilton* alone has lost fifteen hundred acres of wood, that was cut down for the hospital, and yet he had patriotism enough to remark at a gathering recently that it was for the good of the country.

The fertility of the soil is good enough, in so far as one can sow and reap twice a year, only the products are not so good as with us. The greater part of America has minerals, especially the stretch where we operated last summer, on the *Elk River*, *Brandywine Creek*, *Valley Hills*, and along the *Schuylkill*. There is wood enough here: seven kinds of pine [conifers?] without minor varieties, sassafras, cedars, and walnut, are the usual thing, and what I burn in the fireplace and at the watch-fire. In addition the land yields corn, wheat, oats, flax, hemp, Indian corn, potatoes (which are not so good as the Dutch, though this is their native land), turnips, garden vegetables of all sorts, but not so finely grown as at home. The tree fruits are also dissimilar. The grape cannot mature because of the mists mentioned above. Pears are scarce, and the apples have not a very good taste.

You have probably read already in the papers about the *defences*, which make this country so cut-up that one cannot maneuver with cavalry, even where it is level. The *defences*, which are merely wooden fences around the tilled fields, are

there solely on account of the cattle, for every one turns out his cattle (horses, sheep, and cows) without a herdsman. When a field has been harvested the farmer turns his cattle in it, and so on in rotation; hence nearly every field has its own fence. This costs a lot, but an old German peasant, two miles from Philadelphia, assured me that the foot and a half of land which he would lose by a ditch or hedge would do him more harm. A more important reason for making no hedges is because they do not thrive here. The thorn cannot grow because of a certain insect whose name I have forgotten; and the willow does not grow everywhere. Near *Hollanders Cuik* I saw a newly set hedge of willows last week.

Swine are very good here, like the best Holstein breeds, for there is excellent mast in the woods and they feed there all the year. There are plenty of guinea-fowl, but not so many as in the Jerseys and Long Island. Turkeys belong among the wild animals and are found in flocks like partridges in all the woods. There are plenty of sheep, but since the farmer turns them out in the woods, he spoils the wool, and yet he sells the skins for eighteen shillings apiece, York money. Ducks and geese are as common and good as at home, but not better. The stupendous quantity of flies here goes beyond your imagination. Rabbits, heath-hens, partridge, etc., are very plentiful, but all of them only half as large as at home. There are still bear and wolves in *Tolpahaky*, thirty-six miles from Philadelphia,



whence they are brought here; a bear's haunch is a great delicacy.

There is no lack of snakes, either. The big black snake still lives along the *Schuylkill* near our quarters. Just recently a farmer, out chopping wood, was pursued by one, but his neighbor settled it with a club. There is nothing more abominable, however, than the great rattlesnake, which is twelve to sixteen feet long, and, as they think here, kills with its glance. A farmer in the house where I am quartered lost a relative this way several years ago. He went hunting, saw a bear standing still, aimed, and shot it down; hardly had he come near the bear when he too had to stand still; he stood a while, fell over, and died. All this due to a rattlesnake which sat on a tall tree. The nearest to Philadelphia are at *Tolpahaky*, and there were also some between *Elk ferry* and *Head of the Elk*, where we were encamped three days. So much for the country: concerning the people, their culture, etc., in the next letter.

That the domestic animals are not half as good as at home may perhaps be due to the fact that they are left out in the open, winter and summer.

I wrote previously that no white glass was blown in America; but two years before the war a factory was built at Mannheim (Pennsylvania). Nevertheless, this does not make out any better than the porcelain industry, as indeed all crafts and arts are flat here because the wages are too high.

If you care to know where I live. turn to *Barna-*

*by's Travels*,<sup>1</sup> page 90, of the translation: "From here the whole road to the city was filled with country-houses, parks, and fruitful orchards." In these villas, parks, and orchards the honorable Jäger Corps has its winter quarters; and I go tomorrow for [a game of] piquet to the place on the Schuylkill, where *Barnaby* was ferried across: I think this sketch is as clear as many an engineer can draw.

<sup>1</sup> *Travels through the Middle Settlements of North America, 1759-60*, by Rev. Andrew Barnaby, 1776. I do not know the translation.

## XVI

### FROM CAPTAIN HINRICHS, ON THE NECK NEAR PHILADELPHIA

JUNE 2, 1778

SEVERAL weeks ago the army had to send aboard the ships all baggage that could be dispensed with: among other things, I sent along all my note-books, journals, charts, sketches, and memoranda. For this time, then, you get nothing to enable you to institute an examination of my winter's work.

Philadelphia is a very pretty city in its way. There was not a house here ninety-four years ago and now there are 2500 to 3000; with the fire-insurance company alone 1993 are listed. The streets, which intersect at right angles, and the uniformity of the houses, which are all of two stories (a very few of three), give a pleasant appearance. When we had been in the city but four weeks and the ships arrived from New York, everything became as lively, even livelier than in peace-times. Two houses in three surely are shops (not Hamburg, but G[öttingen] shops). A broad stone along the side of the houses makes walking very comfortable, and I must confess that the arrangement is better than in Göttingen. For the gutters do not empty right on the broad stone here; hence in rainy weather, when you really need the walks, you do not have to waddle around in the middle of

the street to keep from getting doubly wet. In summer almost every house-owner stretches a piece of sail-cloth to two poles set in the street, so one walks in the shade.

But the merchant here, or rather the shop-keeper, is a ridiculous creature with his business, which used to be slavishly limited. He is precisely like the librarian of a loan-library. These wares are now in fashion and are made in such a way, they go well in England, therefore in Philadelphia and America also; so he orders them without knowing more about them. Lately in Second Street I found a tobacconist, who had out a sign in English and German; the English read: "Tobacco to be sold so good as the best imported," which means in America — to speak plainly — "Tobacco for sale, equal to the best English goods."

There are hardly any artisans and artists here. The only ones, and the best, are hatters, cobblers, and tailors, and of artists the saddlers and goldsmiths. But they know nothing here of other [fine] work in ivory, steel, iron, plaster, bone, embroidery, silk, gold and silver: the Englishman sends all that, and what he sends is welcome.

And with all that the most unbearable conceit is characteristic of the American, and especially of the Philadelphian, who thinks there is no more beautiful, wealthy, and prosperous land on earth than their state which is hardly in the bud. Why artisans and artists do not prosper here is easy to understand; wages are too high and do not repay

the costs, hence the merchant buying in England can sell things cheaper. But that wages are high is also natural. Journeymen and laborers are hard to get here, because each one can support himself more comfortably, easily, and agreeably by farming. For if he works three hours a day in the field, he has twenty-one hours left to sleep, yawn, breakfast, take a walk, gossip, and gape at the moon: this happy existence he cannot have in the workshop.<sup>1</sup> Figure out for yourself the future epoch of American civilization. For as long as there is still land enough the farmers will not become artists.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Genovesi, *Bürgerlicher Oekonomie*, I, p. 139, §xv. These remarks may also explain, among other things, why the arts did not flourish in the ancient Hebrew state, where, after all, agriculture was most prosperous. Every Pennsylvanian can very easily become a farmer or landowner, and every Hebrew had to be one, according to the Mosaic law. S.



## XVII

### FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A NEWSPAPER

MAY 7, 1778

PERMIT me to express myself briefly this time. It is warm to-day, and to-morrow our gracious gentlemen go on board.

From the enclosure you will be able to inform yourself of the present *status morbi*. The end still seems far off. For the rest, we are still sitting here quietly awaiting whatever is to come. Meanwhile fair summer is approaching, which perhaps will make it rather hot for both sides.

How will you like the fine Philadelphia German in the *Staats-Courier*? Our beloved mother tongue is wholly anglicized here and will soon form a distinct language by itself, called the Pennsylvania language, and will then be unintelligible for Germans and English alike.

As far as I can see, it suits me here very well. My host is an arch-rebel, an apothecary from Nürnberg. He swears I ought to stay in Philadelphia, and proves to a hair that the King is a tyrant. The city is beautiful, the country pleasant, and the people very stout-hearted — for money.

Commend me, etc.

[The enclosures were: I. "Draft of a Bill, etc. (for conciliation with America) . . . Philadelphia,

April 14, 1778. Printed by order of the Commander in Chief, Robert Mackenzin, Secretary." Format, like the following, two columns, only on one side. II. A Newspaper in large folio, three columns on a page (like the English papers), with the following title:]

1778

Der

Num. 745

Pennsylvanische Staats Courier  
oder einlaufende  
Wöchentliche Nachrichten.  
Wednesday, May 6.

This paper is published every week by Christolph Saur jun. and Peter Saur, in second Street at Philadelphia.

[On the whole first page, in three columns, stands the already known Resolution of Congress of April 22d regarding the Conciliation Bill. Then follows from *Montego-Bay* in Jamaica, under date of March 14th, a report of the capture of a rebel ship, where eighty-five men surrendered to thirty-five. Then come verbally, on the three columns of the second page, the following items:]

Several days ago there was perpetrated at and near Anotto Bay the most cruel murder that has been heard of here for years. The first part of this bloody deed was perpetrated at Mr. Huzard's hill, by a negro belonging to him. It seems the overseer and the negro could not get along with one another, and that the negro might be rid of him, he stabbed him to death, and set fire to the dwellings and negro houses. This could not appease his thirst for blood, and as he knew that the overseer had a house at Anotto Bay where his wife and two children were staying, he went thither. On his arrival he

told the wife how the overseer had sent him for various articles; she commanded him to wait a little, but as he complained of hunger she gave him something to eat. On his departure he took the two children on his arm, carried them behind the house and stabbed them both in the back, so that they instantly gave up the ghost. The children's cries caused the wife to run out of the house, where to her great sorrow she found the children dead. The fellow tried several times to stab her, but a man who was in the house ran out at the cry of murder, and was pursued for a time by the rascal, but could not be overtaken. As he could not carry out his evil intent on the man, he went back into the house, expecting to find the wife there, but was deceived, as she had withdrawn shortly before. Now he went away; a party was sent after him which seized him the second day. He was examined and condemned. They brought him to the before-mentioned hill and there cut off his hands, then they took him to the place where he had murdered the two children, and there he was burned alive.

#### PHILADELPHIA

We hear that Mr. Putnam was recently tried before a court martial and honorably acquitted of all charges brought against him: the main accusation was leniency toward the prisoners, which sentiments he acquired early, as he had the honor of serving His Majesty for several years in the late war.

We have been assured from Chester that the following circumstance is true: The beginning of this week two men made a good catch of fish and were dividing them in a storehouse beside the river, when two light-armed riders came along and asked a woman who lived near by, what they were up to; she answered they were neighbors who had been fishing. While the woman was still talking with them, one man had put his portion in a little cart and started to go away, when one of these heroes

rode up to him and asked where he was going with these fish? and received the reply "home." Hereupon this horseman rode so close to the poor man that he set fire to his coat from the pan of his pistol, and shot him dead on the spot without further ado. The other rode to the warehouse where the second unhappy fisherman was still busy with his fish, cursed him as a Tory, and shot him down lifeless, although he was surrounded by a number of children.

We have reliable news from Whitpain Township, Philadelphia County, that a certain Reformed clergyman, named Wickel, who used to preach in Bohemian and Wendish churches, recently quit preaching and turned highwayman. As preacher he used to scold in blasphemous fashion at the king and his government, and to admonish his hearers to steadfastness in the rebellion and to highway robbery (his reward will be great). Whether they did not obey him in everything, whether he got jealous that others enriched themselves by his admonitions while he came out empty-handed, or whether he wished both to practice and to teach, and to give others an example, one does not exactly know: it must suffice then that this goat lays for people on the streets and takes away their property when they go to town or return.

Last Thursday night about eleven o'clock a small party of British infantry, dragoons, and some of the Queen's Rangers, with some of Captain Hoveden's Pennsylvanians and Captain James Chester dragoons, left this city and went up the old York road. A mile above the billet they encountered General Lacey's militia brigade consisting of about five hundred men, which they immediately attacked. At first Lacey acted as if he would resist, but in a few seconds was thrown into confusion, forced to flee, and was pursued about four miles. They left between eighty and one hundred dead on the field, and Friday they brought in between fifty and

sixty prisoners, along with drivers, with ten of their wagons which were loaded with baggage, flour, salt, whiskey, etc. We could not ascertain the number of wounded rebels. The royal party lost not a single man on this occasion and had only seven wounded, and two horses killed.

The editors of this paper will give local papers or any other reasonable small price for papers printed among the rebels.

Conversation of two farmers in Tolpehacken, of an evening over a glass of whiskey and a good hickory fire, May 1, 1778:<sup>1</sup>

What news is there? What do the rebels say?  
What is the base rabble, with their companions, saying?  
They aren't saying very much; but their actions and  
conduct any one can immediately read from a picture  
thought up by a rogue in Lancaster.

Do tell me how the fellow made it?

He represents Washington on a throne.

What further? go on, come whisper it in my ear.

The king lies before him on one bended knee.

Is this really so? Sir, it is no lie;

and what is still worse, he is supposed to beckon with  
his finger for the king to bend the other knee as well.

Is not that insolent? the crime must be punished.

Is that a free people? No — they are slaves of Congress.

Up!

Up! Up! ye Brittons, up! Ye Hessians, gather courage!

Just advance briskly; the king's cause is safe.

As long as sun and moon illumine the globe,  
the streams Delaware and Schuylkill unite,  
till the structure of the earth and firmament grow old,  
Britains hero-hand shall keep the scepter upright.

[Then follow several advertisements, one of them

<sup>1</sup> The original is in verse.



curious enough to merit reproduction here. The German is so poor that only a rough rendering is possible.]

Not a heathen. or a Jew:

But a Protestant. who adheres to the Evangelical Lutheran Church and teaching: and confesses Christ. A freeholder in Pensylvania. In Philadelphia. In America. When glorious King in England GEORGE THE THIRD. reigned: — and however a horrible Rebellion in Ammerica. Has arisen. Has admonished the people. or reminded. In Donlop No 176. Anno 1775 English Paper. their duty and obligation toward God: Jesu and My Ruling King and Lord. of the whole British Empire. As also our neighbor: whose Christian Sovereign Commands. we must all accept and obey.— If we are to be Christians. According to God's decrees.

George Friedrich Bayer: —

Not willing to fight against his king: —  
pays for this.

## XVIII

### SAVANNAH IN GEORGIA

JANUARY 16, 1779

You will have received my last from New York. In it I announced that I had been ordered to sail with vacant Regiment *von Wöllwarth* and *von Wissenbach*.<sup>1</sup> Now I can describe for you briefly this our march, or my fourth sea voyage.

That it is most disagreeable, in a season like the present, to be traveling around on the ocean, any one can probably comprehend. We embarked the 6th of November last year, and the 8th we sailed from New York to Staten Island. Here the fleet assembled, which consisted of about forty-six to fifty ships: among them a warship named *Phoenix* of forty-four guns, commanded by Commodore *Hyde Parker, Jr.*; the frigate *Fowey* of twenty-four guns; *Vigilant* of like number, but twenty-four and eighteen pounders; a *row Galley*; and divers armed sloops. Lieutenant-Colonel *Campbell*, of the 71st Scottish Regiment, commanded the troops. The whole corps consists of approximately thirty-five hundred men, constituting the following regiments: aforesaid 71st Regiment has two battalions,

<sup>1</sup>“Vacant” means without a regular colonel in command. These are the names of the last commanders, perhaps, though *von Trümbach* took the former and *von Knoblauch* the latter of these regiments in 1778 according to E. J. Lowell, *The Hessians*, p. 297.

*Wöllwarth* and *Wissenbach*, first and second battalions *de Langry*, third battalion *Skinner*, and New York Volunteers; the latter are all corps newly formed here in America. Regiment *Wöllwarth* had three ships: *Alicia*, on which I was along with one major, three lieutenants, two *Fähnriche*, one regimental quartermaster, and two hundred men, the *Union* and *Venus*. *Wissenbach* had *Nancy*, *Howtown*, and *Minerva*.

After the necessary orders relative to disembarkation and signals had been given, anchor was weighed November 12th; we set out at 1 P.M. with good wind and weather and anchored again at 5 P.M. near *Sandyhook* lighthouse. Here on the 13th we had a strong wind, which increased on the 14th and 15th and caused such mischief to the fleet that the commodore was obliged to sail back to Staten Island on the 16th. Many ships lost their anchors, two were driven to sea, and one was driven ashore; the ship *Howtown* lost her bowsprit by [colliding with] another ship which had lost its anchor during the night, and the two had to be cut apart. Some Scots were drowned then. The *Alicia* lost only one anchor. Now we had to lie quiet until everything was again ready to sail. The men of *Wissenbach*'s regiment were transferred from the *Howtown* to the *Friendship*; the *Betsy*, which had been driven ashore, was floated, and as she was damaged, another ship was substituted. In this interval I went with Regimental Quartermaster K—— to New York, where our acquaintances

believed we were long since at sea and so were greatly surprised at our appearance.

November 27th, everything was again in order. This day there joined us the frigate *Roebuck* and a great [East] Indiaman, along with four other vessels. On the first was *Lord Carlisle*, and on the *Indian Man* was *William Eden, Esq.* (of whom you may have heard something in Göttingen); both are royal commissioners who were sent here to make overtures of peace; the rebels, however, would have nothing to do with them.

To-day, November 27th, we left *Sandyhook*, where we arrived last evening and spent the night at anchor. Up to the 31st, the wind was good, only rough weather at times. December 1st was fine, unusually warm weather. Toward evening a very strong wind arose and from this time on [especially] the third day we had such violent storms that you could neither see nor hear. We could not lash anything fast enough; trunks and portmanteaus were hurled helter-skelter, and every minute you had fear you would be thrown out of bed. For two weeks we could not sleep nor eat nor drink properly. At the same time there were some very funny figures and postures before one got one's balance: you had to hold on to the bed-frames as firmly as possible. At the same time the weather was wet, and the further south we got, so unbearably warm that we had to open all the windows and strip off our clothes. The sea was composed of terrific mountains and valleys; the foam looked all the time as if

snow were floating about, and the waves quarreled with each other as to which should break over or in the ship first. Even the sailors said they had never experienced the like, because few had sailed in these months. With every storm several ships were quite lost from sight and we had to wait for them the next day. During this stormy weather one of those mentioned above as driven to sea rejoined us. Through it all we were generally well and in good spirits; for at times there were ridiculous scenes when you watched the motions of the women and soldiers. Finally

December 16th, the commodore signaled to cast the lead. We found forty fathoms of water, which looked muddier than sea water. The 17th, another strong wind arose which drove us along with ten other ships and the agent of the fleet off the course and indeed toward land. Our sailors saw land from the mast-heads: it was the coast of Carolina not far from *Charlestown*. The rebels may have discovered the fleet, too, for scarcely did we turn back to seek the fleet, when a thick smoke rose at various places: these are their signals, when they suspect anything hostile. In the evening we rejoined the fleet which still comprised thirty-eight ships. Until

The 20th, wind and weather were good, but very warm. To-day we bought a hog of our ship captain for six guineas; it weighed one hundred and twenty pounds; we had some real Hessian sausage made and regaled ourselves with the sausage soup [the liquor in which the meat was cooked].



The 21st, we saw land again, but still the Carolina region. The 23d, we reached the vicinity of Georgia and finally cast anchor at 5 P.M. far out at sea in eleven fathoms of water. The 24th, we raised anchor and sailed toward the *Savannah River* which we first took for *Port Royal*; soon afterward we saw the lighthouse, and at 1 P.M. cast anchor. Now we were safe from storms. The rebels, who held the City of *Savannah*, again made their usual signals. The 26th, various ships arrived which had become separated from the fleet at sea. We learned that one of the ships driven to sea at *Sandyhook* had entered the *St. Johns River* in Florida, but had lost all its masts by storms. Two horse-ships, which were driven off the course by the second storm and which every one thought had either been sunk or captured by the rebels, are said to have arrived near *St. Augustin*.

December 28th, the order was given to disembark. At twelve o'clock we sailed up the *Savannah River* toward the city, but cast anchor about six miles from *Savannah* because of ebb tide. The 29th, the troops were taken toward the town in flatboats and landed not far from the city. The rebels had posted themselves on heights and in houses; a captain of Scots was killed immediately. The enemy was not over eight hundred strong, and a general named *Howe* was their commander; they did not resist long, however. Our loss was twenty dead and wounded, two of them from *von Wöllerth's* regiment; the rebels lost eighty killed and

wounded and four hundred captured. General *Howe*, their leader, went with the remnant up along the Savannah River to *Ebenezer*. We captured twelve cannon, considerable stores, also several ships, among them a French ship of twenty-two guns. The regimental quartermaster and I stayed on the ship.

The 31st, however, we went to the city and occupied Advocate *Farley's* house where we found a fine library.

*Savannah*, aged forty years, lies 32° N. and has about six hundred houses, mostly lightly built. Of the inhabitants hardly any were to be seen; their chief trade is rice, indigo, and also sago. Most of them ran away with the rebels and generally buried their things or took them into the country. The finest furnishings, *comptoirs*, tables and chairs of mahogany were smashed and lay around on the streets: it was a pity to see! It is regularly laid-out; incidentally, a rifle-shot from the city lies a fine barrack-building which the rebels erected; in this the Hessian regiments are now lying. There is nothing to be seen here but white sand, no stones; the sand is so deep that walking in it is just like walking through fresh fallen snow a foot deep. It is now so warm here (January) that we need no fire, and in summer — as the inhabitants say, who are now coming in with their weapons — it is so warm that they boil eggs in the sand, yes, can often roast meat in it. Not a hill is to be seen, still less a plain: there is nothing here except thick forests.

The trees yield them turpentine, tar, etc. Early vegetables, like beans, peas, lettuce, white turnips, and carrots, we are eating now. Wild ducks, geese, turkeys, pheasants, parrots, large and small game are — like domestic fowl — found in superabundance. Bear, wolves, tigers, etc., are here too. There are also buffalo in the forests inland. Rattlesnakes and other harmful beasts are very disagreeable; these I will describe to you some day orally. The variable, cold, and then excessively warm weather, the many marshes and stagnant waters bring many diseases, especially fevers: three or four times, yes, every year up to forty (for the inhabitants rarely get older here) they have fever. Many Germans live around here, but they grow older; I have found some seventy-four to eighty years old. This gives us some consolation.

The English General *Prevost* is expected daily with his garrison from *St. Augustin*: this is the 162d and 60th Regiments *Royal Americans*, and consists of four battalions. Herr *von Porbeck* is among them, and many Germans: among others an old university friend of mine is along as lieutenant, the son of Privy Councillor H—— of Jena. He is married; his wife arrived yesterday; she is also from Jena, and in my day was still a young girl. The English regiments are near *Ebenezer*, twenty-five miles from here; this is the abode of the people from Salzburg.<sup>1</sup> We are aiming at *Charlestown*. We are one hundred and twenty miles from

<sup>1</sup> Some of the Protestants who emigrated from Salzburg in 1731–32.

there and one hundred and ninety miles from *St. Augustin*. It is to be expected that we shall not get there, as was said when we left New York: Heaven grant it, much as I like to see new places; Madame H—— gives no good account of it. Still, it is healthier there than here; it is more hilly and lies nearer the sea.

P.S. General *Prevost* has just arrived and had two hundred and fifty mounted men with him. They were peasants who had assembled in this province and Carolina and taken the King's part, and therefore were pursued by the rebels and driven into the wilderness: finally they retired to an island and to a swampy place where the rebels could not get at them. Here they had to nourish themselves six days with roots and herbs until General *Prevost* rescued them. They all wore red bands on their hats, which indicate friends of the King; they looked ragged, and wore shoes of undressed hides, and each had a flintlock in front of him on his horse. They will be trained to be regular soldiers here and get green riding-vests with black collars and trimmings.

S. D. H——N, *Auditeur*.

## XIX

### LETTERS FROM JAMAICA

OCTOBER 31 TO DECEMBER 23, 1778

*I. On Board the Transport Crawford, October 31, 1778*

SINCE the 20th of this month we have been on the ship and this afternoon we finally sail. Our destination, as many things allow us to surmise, will be Pensacola. What a distance! How will one be able to find one's way from there back to the Fatherland?

I am with my company on the same ship on which I went up the North River last year. There are one hundred and fifty-three of us now in all, including four women and four children; contrasted with that, I had two hundred and fifteen on board on North River, but because it was only a short passage. Aside from my two officers, Field-Chaplain *Waldeck*, a very excellent man, has become my companion. If Heaven guards us from other misfortune, I think to make a pleasant journey. I write this letter at random; it will be a piece of luck if I can still get it to New York to Councillor *Lorenz*.<sup>1</sup>

Your writing of June 18th I received October 21st, on board this ship. We cannot hope for further news so very soon. Who would have thought of coming clear to the Mississippi? For

<sup>1</sup> Herrn KriegsRat Lorenz.



Pensacola lies in West Florida not very far from this river, and in the Gulf of Mexico. I have many sick on board, especially among the last recruits, and God knows how many of them we shall still have when we get into the hot regions. I for my part would rather have gone to the North than the West. But the dear Lord will make it all right.

The bad luck that befell my last packet of February, and the fact that it arrived so fragmentary and mangled, vexed me not a little: however, there was no material loss thereby. I am well, and this I esteem the greatest good fortune, especially on the element on which we find ourselves at present. All our people are distributed on the ships *Christiane*, *Springfield*, *Britannica*, and *Crawford*. I thank my —— for the last letters, and will answer them, God willing, from Pensacola, but perhaps the letters will not arrive till a year from now. Now the anchor is being weighed, we are getting under sail. I send this letter to the Grenadier Battalion *von Köhler*, which has occupied our *Waldeckstown* on Staten Island. May it soon be in your hands.

P.S. December 16th. This is the letter which was written near Staten Island and was to be sent ashore from there. But because the signal to sail was given suddenly and all boats were drawn up, this letter could no longer reach land. Hence it has made the trip to the West Indies with me and will go from *Jamaica* in a packet which I am sending to Councillor Lorenz.

II. *On Board the Crawford on the Atlantic Ocean, under 27°  
N. Lat. opposite Florida, November 17, 1779*

Finally we have left *Waldeckstown* on Staten Island, which we built ourselves and where we were stationed full sixteen months. We have been floating about on the ocean since October 31st, still uncertain of our destination. From the course we are taking it is easy to conclude that we are going to the Island of Jamaica in the West Indies; but whether we are to stay there, or whether it is merely a temporary rendezvous, time will tell. For two years we have not been used to a sea voyage: this one started right off with a storm and it hardly leaves us; incidentally, every one wishes all the more that the trip end soon. Meanwhile our captain is an incomparable man, quite the opposite of old Vader —, but his ship is not so good, not so well arranged for a transport as the ship *Benjamin*, and a *bad sailer*.

When we started October 31st, from close by Staten Island, our fleet, under command of Commodore *Hotham* on the ship *Preston* of sixty-four cannon, was some seventy-odd sail strong, exclusive of the warship *St. Albans* and *Nonsuch* of sixty-four, *Centurion* of fifty, the frigate *Venus* of thirty-six, and frigate *Solebay* of thirty-two cannon. In the afternoon we dropped anchor again near *Sandyhook*. Because of headwind we had to wait here till November 3d, when we finally got on the open sea. The very first days we had a violent

storm and it hardly left us. Till the 9th of this month we remained together; then in the neighborhood of the Bermuda Islands the fleet separated, the commodore with the warships and the frigate *Venus* sailed with sixty ships more to the left, and let the frigate *Solebay* with the agent's ship, on which is our old General *Campbell*, and ten transport vessels — including the four on which our regiment is embarked — go to the right. We are to go alone, then, as it seems, with General *Campbell*. The presumption is, to Pensacola: why we go first to Jamaica, and whither the main fleet takes its course, must, I suppose, become clear in a short time.

Since the night from the 11th to the 12th, which was very stormy and dark, we have gotten away from the other vessels and early in the morning found ourselves all alone. We have seen nothing of them to this day. Luckily our flag-ship, the frigate *Solebay*, which came up with us again that afternoon and promised not to desert us, is still with us. She takes us on a line every day when the wind is good and so we are towed along, otherwise we should be in some embarrassment; because usually in this latitude many privateers swarm about. We, however, have no cannon on board, and consequently should have to surrender straightway, because we could not escape them by fast sailing. Saturday morning, the 14th, our commodore left us bright and early and gave chase to a two-masted ship which was discovered in the dis-

tance; toward noon it had to strike sails, and in the evening was brought to us. It was a *schooner* or American merchant ship, which came from the West Indies and was bound for home. If we could sail like a frigate, I think we should already be in Jamaica, where we shall not arrive for six or seven days.

The change in climate is already felt very noticeably: it is the finest weather, as warm as with us in the month of June; it has already thundered several times and lightened especially sharp. At night the doors and windows in the cabin must be opened or one doesn't know where to stay for the heat. In this way we could easily lose the winter this year, for in Jamaica they know nothing of snow and frost. How astonished we shall be at all the new, utterly strange things!—when instead of winter, we shall find there the finest ripe pineapples, oranges, citrons, and lemons, and shall pick them ourselves! We all rejoice in anticipation of seeing this part of the world, too. To be sure, when one thinks of the cruel heat there, for which a German body is not exactly made, the joy is somewhat embittered. But one gets used to everything in the world. Heaven will keep us well there, too, just as we have been fairly lucky up to now. Naturally our correspondence will suffer somewhat. I write this in advance, in case a ship should be lying in Jamaica that would soon start for our country. Major von H—— will, by all expectation, have arrived safely and delivered my letters to you.

My letter of October 31st could not be sent ashore;<sup>1</sup> I hope, however, you will have received through Colonel von H—— provisional news of where we are to be found. To-day our ship's captain has invited us all to a good *roasted beef* for dinner. It is splendid weather and excellent wind so that we make five English miles an hour. We shall not fail to drink the health of our good friends in a glass of madeira — the captain has some which is very good — well assured that they will be mindful at their meals of their American friends.

*III. At sea, on board the Crawford. Sunday, November 29, 1778, under 20° 10' N. Lat. and between 74-75° W. Long., on the right the Island of Cuba and on the left the Island Hispaniola.*

Since to-day it is calm for once, and we have had few calm days this voyage, and since, moreover, the sight of land has cheered us up, I will make this afternoon still more pleasant, sit down, and give you, my friends, in thought the course of our journey to the present day.

From the 17th till to-day, we have experienced many uneasy, stormy, and disagreeable days, which, merely because of their monotony, cannot really be taken into account in our career. As yet we have seen nothing of our other ships; and one can also hear nothing of them because one finds no taverns on the way where one can inquire whether they had already gone on ahead or were still behind. On this account we are often quite uneasy:

<sup>1</sup> Cf. postscript above.



Colonel von H——, however, will be a thousand times more uneasy on our account; we are fortunate in that the frigate is still with us, otherwise we could not be easy for a moment; many sea-robbers swarm in these parts and our ship sails poorly; if, therefore, such a one encountered us, we could not escape him, and we could not defend ourselves at all; for usually a privateer carries twelve, fourteen, and even more cannon and we could not accomplish much against it with our muskets. But such a frigate as our *Solebay*, which has thirty-two eighteen-pound cannon on board, is a very respectable thing which the privateers simply don't like to tackle. With good wind the frigate takes us on a cable and tows us along. We tease the captain by saying he has to have himself tied on and pulled; but we are heartily glad of it, for otherwise we should surely not arrive for another fortnight.

This morning on waking up we discovered on the left a whole chain of high mountains which towered over the horizon of water to the clouds. Because of the great distance one was at first uncertain whether it was really land or only cloud formations; but the nearer we came, the clearer one saw that it was really land, and indeed the Spanish island Hispaniola. Our helmsman, who has already made the trip frequently, gives us the agreeable hope that if this wind holds we could drop anchor to-morrow evening in *Port Royal*, on Jamaica. You have to be in our position to be able to judge of the joy which such an assurance arouses in every one. Even if it

does not happen, and I almost doubt it, yet the thought makes us all quite gay to-day, every brow smoothes its wrinkles, every one has his beard removed and decks himself out as if we really meant to go ashore to-day.

Our kitchen, to be sure, cannot be especially provided, as only peas and pork are in stock, so we shall have to regale ourselves with drink. This time we had laid in a good stock of meat, chickens, and fresh vegetables; nevertheless, we have finished almost everything. Every one thought it would be a journey of three weeks at most, and now we have already been forty days on ship and twenty-nine at sea. Rations are distributed again, just such as we always received on land: i.e., meat, rum, grits, and butter, namely, twice pork and peas, twice beef, and the remaining three days barley and butter; bread and rum every day, however. The ship's biscuit are cruelly hard and require young, strong teeth.

This voyage has been bound up with more uneasiness, storm, and danger than the long voyage two years ago. At the beginning incessantly for six days we had the strongest sort of a gale, so that one was ready to lose all patience. My companions were mostly ill; now they are perfectly well until another stormy day chances to come; then they all take to their beds at once. Thank Heaven, I have been perfectly well. Food and drink taste good to me, and I have felt no trace of the so-called seasickness this time. Day before yesterday a cruel

headache tortured me, which was caused by the contrary wind which drove the coal-gas into our cabin, and the next day I was all over it. Among my soldiers I have many sick this time; also four of them are actually overboard, i.e., dead, this trip. They were some of the last recruits, were sick when they came from the transport to the hospital at Staten Island, and sick when they came from there aboard this ship. I have two more of them who will hardly see Jamaica.

I fear the change of climate will cost us many a soldier more. It is at present as hot here as with us in the middle of June. Throughout the day one doesn't know where to stay because of the heat; mornings before sunrise, and evenings after sunset it is most pleasant, especially now that we have moonlight. As many of the soldiers as have room lie all night on deck because it is unbearably hot below. We have the doors and windows of our cabin open day and night and you cannot stand any covering over you. All day we usually go just in our shirts. What a difference! When you are now, at this very time, sitting by a warm stove and dressing in furs and warm winter coats, we are sweating here and getting pretty well burned by the sun.

A week ago to-day, the 22d, we passed the Tropic of Cancer under  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N. Lat. We were hazed by the sailors, as is the custom when one crosses such a line for the first time. We got off with a guinea; they were well satisfied and wished we might cross

the Equator a week from now and then the Tropic of Capricorn. But it is warm enough here: how may it be when you get under the Equator? The last thing I thought of was that I should ever come to the West Indies, but Heaven leads its friends about wonderfully.

*IV. Crawford, Transport ship in the Harbor of Kingston, on the Island Jamaica in the West Indies, Monday, December 14, 1778*

Here we are now on the Island Jamaica, and sweating and roasting at the very time when you sit behind the stove and perhaps do not venture out of doors because of the cold! Here everything is green; the pineapples, citrons, oranges, and lemons are picked fresh every morning and brought for sale: while with you fields, gardens, and trees are covered with snow. Here eternal summer reigns.

Had we not had the frigate, we surely would not be here, but captured either by the French or the rebels, whose privateers swarm in numbers in the latitude of *Charlestown*. We were concerned for the other ships, and they, on the other hand, imagined the most terrible things on our account. But we arrived at *Port Royal*, Jamaica, December 2d, after a very rough, disquieting, and dangerous voyage lasting thirty days. We anchored here and at the same time heard with indescribable pleasure that the other ships had arrived two days before us, and yesterday morning had gone on up to Kingston and from there to a convenient place to take on fresh water. We had to wait with the utmost

impatience before we could speak with our good friends. The 3d, we also went to Kingston and had to lay up with the ship close to the city because the ship had sprung a small leak through the storm, and this had to be repaired. This very day I had the good fortune to meet our beloved colonel and the majority of the other officers. The delight on both sides was extraordinary. The colonel told me he had felt sure we were either captured or had had some other misfortune. The joy which every one, even the common soldiers, manifested when they saw me again for the first time and concluded from that that the *Crawford* — which in their opinion was either lost or captured — was again present, was reward enough to me for the uneasiness we had endured in the twenty-one days' separation. Praise the Lord, we are together again!

December 6th, the ship was repaired and we, too, sailed to the place where the other ships lay to take on water. Now we lie close together and visit one another often or see each other in the city, which is four and a half English miles away if you go by land, or only about one mile by water. However, after we had filled the empty casks with good, fresh water once more, we all sailed up to Kingston on the 10th. Here we lie quietly at anchor awaiting with pain the day of our departure. Pensacola really is our true destination. The first days of our being here an *Express Paquet boat* arrived here from New York in seventeen days and brought the news that the French fleet of *Compte d'Estaing* had left



Boston and one did not know whether it had perchance taken the course toward the West Indies. This made the inhabitants here very uneasy and many thought we should have to stay here: I was even told once that a two months' embargo would be placed on our ships. Now other tidings must have come, for it is said we should depart about Thursday, the 17th.

Jamaica, what we have seen of it in our short stay, is a fruitful and quite incomparable island. It can rightly be termed a paradise, because here, as in a state of innocence, a large part of the people go naked. The chief products are sugar, coffee, cocoa (of which chocolate is made), oranges, lemons, citrons, pineapples, and the cocos tree (which looks almost like a palm and bears a great nut shaped almost like a pumpkin, whose inner kernel contains a beerglassful of whitish water like almond milk, which they drink here as a delicacy, but which will not taste good to me). Furthermore, they raise here indigo, tobacco, cotton, ginger, pepper, etc., along with very many medicinal plants and herbs, chief among them *sassaparilla*. Moreover, the beautiful mahogany and manchineel woods grow here, of which the finest things are made. The whole island is about one hundred and forty English miles long and sixty wide, full of high, steep mountains, especially along the sea side; near these grow the coffee and the other lesser plants. The sugar-cane, which looks very much like the reeds in an old German pond, requires some

moisture and stands mostly in the plains or in the bottoms. The plantations are farther inland, the nearest about fourteen miles from Kingston. If time permits, I shall have a look at one myself.

Kingston is the largest city on the island and is supposed to have about twenty-five hundred houses. It is an open, regularly laid-out place, a longish rectangle in shape, has twelve streets the long way and eight the other, all built alike; only the streets are somewhat narrow and not paved (save that there is a narrow sidewalk near the houses), because one could not stand it on pavements, for the great heat. The houses are of brick, or so thin, light, and airy that one feels the outside heat but little in them. In front of all the houses is an open passage downstairs and a balcony upstairs; the windows and doors are always open, and nothing is known of fireplaces any more than of winter and snow. It is now as warm as it is wont to be with us in the hottest summer. To be sure, nature has also seen to it that one has many refreshing things growing here. The pineapple is all you can ask in the way of refreshment; oranges, lemons, and sugar are cheap; the *Jamaica-Sp[i]rit* or rum is particularly good; hence everything that belongs to a good *punch*. This they drink here from morning till night. The madeira wine is very excellent here; the other lighter wines are said not to keep so well because it is altogether too hot, yet one has almost all kinds. The majority of the inhabitants are blacks or mulattoes: they figure fif-

teen or more to one white. There are plantations which are worth twenty-five thousand pounds on which four to five hundred slaves are kept. Every Sunday there is a great market at Kingston to which only blacks come and sell their wares, because this day is for their own industry.<sup>1</sup> Here one saw more than three thousand black faces, some naked, some crazily dressed. The womenfolk mostly have a short stump of a pipe in their mouths and smoke. But there is such a stench you would be ready to faint: really we were not able to go through the whole market. Among the white inhabitants there are very many Germans. The very first day we met a fellow-countryman, from Holstein; he is a cabinetmaker, who has been here seventeen years and has only seven dwellings in the city and a workshop where nothing but mahogany is worked and more than thirty people are employed. He is a real *Gentleman*, as they say here, and has shown us much courtesy. It may not be all too healthy here; the people look very pale, and to judge by the stones in the churchyards they do not reach an advanced age. The majority die between thirty and forty years of age, few are fifty, and only a single matron was there, who, according to the inscription, had died in her seventy-third year, in the bloom of her age. It is best mornings and evenings, and at that time the most people are seen on the streets; the *Ladies* then ride two and

<sup>1</sup> They are free to work for themselves on Sunday seems to be the sense.

two in little one-horse chaises. I simply haven't seen any special beauties. Among the mulattoes, who are sprung from white fathers and black mothers, there are excellent figures, only the faces are not very charming by daylight. The inhabitants are uncommonly polite and well behaved toward strangers, a trait which elsewhere is by no means characteristic of the Englishman. Governor *Dalling* lives in *Spanishtown*, about ten (fourteen) miles from Kingston, and in *Greenwich*, four miles from Kingston, is the admiral, *Joh. Parker*. The former city has eight or nine hundred houses which are built just like those in Kingston; here is the general assembly of the Estates (Stände), with all the courts. — The harbor is one of the largest in the world. At its entrance lies *Port Royal*; this was formerly the capital, but after it had suffered severely several times from earthquake, tempest, and flood, it was not rebuilt. Now you see nothing more than the fort to protect the harbor, the barracks, some royal magazines, and a very few other houses. Opposite lies the *Muskito Fort* bristling with ninety guns; one battalion of the 60th Regiment *Royal-American* lies there. Not far from this on a mountain is a fort where twelve cannon stand which are called the Twelve Apostles.

When you first catch sight of this island you would not believe that much grew here. You see nothing but mountains, part bare, part covered with small shrubs, such as the juniper is with us. But in between and further inland there are the

most fruitful hills and valleys. In May and October it is said often to rain incessantly, and at times fierce hailstorms come down too. Every noon the wind is from the sea, called sea-breeze, and toward midnight it comes from the land side, which is called land-breeze: without these winds no human being could stand it here. The inhabitants proverbially call these winds the *West Indian Doctor*. This year they were once more infrequent, which causes bad sicknesses. The people die frequently, and indeed for the most part suddenly, and every evening one sees corpses. A few days ago I saw a five-year-old mulatto girl buried: some old matrons, twelve or fourteen young ladies dressed in the most dazzling white, with five negro girls followed [the coffin]; the pastor in the very same garb as ours, save that he had on white silk stockings and wore a white cockade on his hat, gave a short address; the schoolmaster said the Lord's Prayer aloud after him, and so the earth was thrown upon the coffin. The women seated themselves two and two in their little one-horse chaises and rode away. When the corpse arrives, the pastor is obliged to lift all the ladies from the chaise; this was an imposing young man who had all the requisite strength for the task. There is a very fine church here: the organ, the chancel, the altar — most delicately carved of mahogany — give it an exquisite luster. Aside from various epitaphs carved in alabaster and white marble one sees no extensive ornaments; nevertheless, it is a very beautiful church.



*V. Wednesday, December 16, 1778*

I will address this and the preceding letter to KriegsRat Lorenz in New York and ask him to forward it at the first opportunity to the Fatherland. To this day we are all quite hale and happy. I am only disquieted that you have been unable to get news from us for so long. You probably know already that we have left New York; also our destination will be no secret among you. I shall send off more than one packet, but with different destinations: if one does not arrive, perhaps the other will not have the same fate.

It is said we shall sail from here Saturday, the 19th of this month, with our little fleet under protection of the frigate *Solebay* and lay our course through the Mexican Gulf toward *Pensacola*. Personal experience, as the best teacher in all things, will tell us what is to be done at Pensacola. The stories heard about it around here are so different that one does not know what to believe. The trip thither is supposed to last fourteen days: since we are accustomed to sailing two or three times as long, I will add fourteen days, and make us arrive there the middle of next month, January. May Heaven keep French fleets and privateers away from us! We are going thirteen degrees further north, and so, as I hope, are coming into a somewhat more temperate region. Here it is too warm for us Germans, especially to wage war, march, and endure fatigue; this we cannot do with our heavy

equipment. That we have seen the West Indies on this occasion, that I would not have missed now for a lot of money. Seeing with our own eyes is quite a different thing from reading dead descriptions — recompense enough for all we have endured in this connection. Also one judges more justly of other unfortunates when one has experienced a great deal oneself, now good, now bad.

Early to-morrow I drive to town with my captain. He will show me the *Post Office* and there I will deliver over this packet on a chance. How I shall get off another, thicker packet, I do not yet know. I shall let it go direct, via London; this is said to be best and shortest. If we ever get to Pensacola safely, I shall write diligently and more in detail. But shall we get an answer in a year and a day?

VI. Monday, December 21, 1778. *In the Harbor of Kingston, Jamaica*

Last Thursday, the 17th of this month, I took to the local *Post Office* a packet addressed to you, direct to — *par Londres and Hannover*, and they assured me it should go with the first *Paquet boat* all right and, if this did not perish, would surely reach its real destination. Since things are not always as they should be with the ocean mails, I will repeat here the content of the last [q.v.].

Every day we are expecting the order to set sail for Pensacola, not far from the Mississippi River. Jamaica is the largest and most considerable of the English possessions in the West Indies. We like it

here very well; if only it were not so terribly hot, and then so expensive! At present the heat is as intense as, I would almost say more intense than with us in dog days: just imagine how this must strike us people of wintry lands! Around Christmas Day they have here the finest fruits, the best fresh vegetables, which are only found among us in June and July. Besides the delicious pineapples (the most delicate fruit I have ever eaten, which grows as if on a great cabbage stalk and looks very pretty), the citrons, oranges, lemons, which are all picked fresh every day, you see in the market the finest sweet and garden peas, fresh turnips, curcuma root, savory, cucumbers, lettuce, endives, beans, potatoes, *yams* (a kind of potato, but disproportionately larger, eight, nine, to ten pounds in weight), *plaintins* (also a sort of potato, which are eaten by the negroes instead of bread), and still other fruits, some familiar, some strange. The sugar and coffee plantations are commonly surrounded with hedges of citron, lemon, and orange trees. Moreover, there are so many strange plants here that they could not even be touched upon in a short letter. Anyway, the trip here is worth the trouble. Here everything is new, unfamiliar, and strange. North America had too much similarity with our climate, hence little could be told of it that was unusual; but here almost every little blade of grass is different than with us. The many negroes and mulattoes, part of them naked, likewise offer a wonderful sight to the eye of the German who

comes here for the first time. It is astonishing that one notices the outside heat but little, or not at all, in the houses; that is due to their airy construction, so well adapted to the nature of the country. Stoves and fireplaces are as scarce as snow and winter. There are only doors and windows in the houses; these are placed opposite each other, are always open, and cause a constant draft. Downstairs and up on the front of the houses are open passages and balconies provided with awnings instead of windows. The clothing of the inhabitants is uncommonly light and mostly white. The woman shows herself little by day and therefore has an incomparable complexion. The males are very pale, and mostly die between thirty and forty. Luxury is as great here as in any part of the world; you can also get anything to that end that most appeals to any one's senses; this is the reason many strangers find their grave here if they do not look out for themselves.

Besides the heat, it is frightfully expensive, and at the same time you suffer a considerable loss with the money. You cannot easily get a dinner for less than a German ducat: to be sure, you are magnificently entertained and served by blacks exclusively. Food is high except sugar and coffee; of the latter you get nearly a Waldeck spiet<sup>1</sup> full for one species dollar or two florin German. A pound of sugar costs five and a half groschen. A small silver

<sup>1</sup> I have not been able to trace this measure, but perhaps we might say here "a peck."

coin, called a *bitt* and worth five and a half English stiver, is the smallest coin they have: ten *bitt* make a Spanish dollar. A guinea passes here for twenty-one English shilling, while in New York it is accepted and paid out as twenty-one shilling nine and a half stiver, so you lose nine and a half stiver.

*VII. Wednesday, December 23, 1778*

The signal is just being given from the agent's ship; the news comes we are to sail to-morrow. No one is happier than we, and each one wishes we were already at sea, better still in Pensacola. I shall address this letter to Hofrat *Zanders* at The Hague. I hasten, since I mean to go ashore myself this evening to attend to this letter.



## XX

### FROM HERR WALDECK, WALDECK CHAPLAIN AT PENSACOLA<sup>1</sup> IN WEST FLORIDA

MARCH 18, 1779

REACHED AROlsen JULY 1, 1779

Now we are living at the outermost end of the great Gulf of Mexico, in West Florida, a desolate, uncultivated, waste, and here on the seacoast wholly unfruitful land. Wholly cut off from all the world, we learn nothing that is going on in Europe, or in North America either. Before us is the Gulf of Mexico, behind us desert regions which are only now and then traversed by wandering hordes of wild Indians for purposes of hunting. For a full twelve miles around Pensacola not a place is seen of which one could say that a stalk of lettuce could grow on it, just nothing but white sand. Some little gardens have been started, but they had to be enriched with rotted wood, so that they really owe nothing to the natural soil. On the Mississippi the

<sup>1</sup> That a part of the British army in North America started for West Florida (in the neighborhood of Mexico) way back last winter has not become generally known in Europe. [I wonder] whether in time an expedition is even planned from here against Mexico, as last summer against Pondichery in the East Indies? This much, at least, I know for a certainty, that in the year 1770, at the time of the troubles about the Falkland Islands, mighty preparations were made in Florida against Mexico. [So far in 1779; in 1780 — reprint — is added:] Now, in July, 1780, the British are really on the way to Mexico, not from Florida, but from Jamaica. S.

soil is said to be better; I have not been able to find out about it yet, because I am still not sufficiently acquainted here.

And what conception can one form of the religion of the inhabitants, who after all are almost wholly Scottish or English? In Pensacola, the principal place in West Florida, there is not a church, not a preacher. Here are children ten years old who are not yet baptized. I myself baptized two children of a German woman, of whom the one was two, the other one-half year old. The darkness of the savages in respect to their religion must be more pleasing to God than the clear light, in which this nation is born, since they do not honor Him.

My diary contains news that will interest you. You do not get it this time, for only the day beforehand did I learn that the packetboat would start for New York. You shall surely get it, however, by the very next packetboat to leave.

## XXI

### FROM AN OFFICER IN NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER 11, 1780

*Washington* is on the North River in our vicinity and is cutting all kinds of capers, which no one bothers about. In the remote interior of the country a certain *Johnson*, *Butler*, and others with a party of royalists and Indians are busy with burning, murdering, plundering, taking prisoners, and whatever other such little war-plays there may be: are making themselves terrible to the inhabitants, who live singly and scattered, and their residence dangerous. Meanwhile the spirit of rebellion in Philadelphia and around us is not yet weary of forcing the inhabitants to [take up] arms by flattery, deception, threats, and open violence, and of continuing the war; despite the fact that their finances, their credit, and their money sink lower and lower daily. Only last spring the Congress vainly sought to raise the value of the paper money; but it has already fallen one half again: eighty or ninety paper dollars for one of silver. Whether peace has come about between Britain and Spain you must know better than we. If it has happened, we are a few steps nearer the general peace. In a short time Spain has, as usual, paid dearly enough for the dance.

At first I was inclined to be favorable to the

Americans. Prejudices and false conceptions of the oppression threatening them — with which our German papers always embellished their cause — brought me on their side. But since I have had a chance to get closer acquainted with their history, their motives for the war, and their character as a whole, I have no further wishes for them. The most abominable trait in their make-up is ingratitude. It is true, when I tell you how happy, quiet, and unconcerned they lived in the lap of the most beneficent Nature before the outbreak of these unhappy disturbances; so one is almost inclined to recognize the British as tyrants who cannot bear to see their offspring happy: and so they picture it to you. But let some one calculate for you, on the other hand, the unstinted care with which the mother country watched over its colonies from their origin; the severe and costly wars it fought, now with the Indians, now with neighboring European nations, for the sake of this safety and quiet — whereby the Americans for the most part calmly looked on; the other great sums which it spent on their inner civil arrangements, salaries, churches, schools, academies, etc., etc.; and then, when it was asked, as was right and proper, that they should take upon their shoulders a part of these burdens heaped up on their account — then the child rebelled against its mother. But all the pretext of resistance to the imposition of illegal taxes was in the beginning nothing more than a mask, a trumped-up reason. The plan for that

rebellion is laid older and deeper, and was conceived and hatched chiefly in the New England provinces. Since this sort of people are mostly Presbyterians and Puritans, so for a long time — in accord with their church principles — all secular authority, but especially the name and power of a king, has been a thorn in their eye. The New Englanders for years bore the name *Yenkies* and were always known in all the provinces as crafty folk, deceitful under their mask of holiness. They had become proverbial, and folks put just as much confidence in them in business as in a Jew, etc.

FROM THE SAME, OCTOBER 8, 1780

Just as last winter was excessively cold, so this summer is excessively hot and dry. The extreme low temperature last January was twenty-one degrees below zero, or fifty-one degrees [fifty-three] below the freezing point by the Fahrenheit thermometer: and the heat at the end of July and beginning of August was between eighty and ninety-six degrees in the shade and up to one hundred and thirty-five degrees in the sun; hence the difference between the maximum heat and cold was one hundred and fifty-six degrees: an unusual condition compared with most European climates. And with it such a drought that all the grass and herbs in the fields are burned. Were it not for drinking, it would go evilly enough with us human beings, too. This is a bad country, this America, where you always have to drink, either to get warm, or to get cool, or



for protection against the evil mists, — or because you get no letters.

FROM THE SAME, DECEMBER 19, 1780

We are occupied the while with stories of [a] rebellion in South America, which, if it is as serious as it is represented, will perhaps divert Spain's attention from us. It is to be feared, however, that this is not the case, because it seems to be merely a sudden flare-up and not to have at bottom any such deep-laid plan with years of preparation as the insurrection in North America.

Our rebels feel more and more the iron rod of the Congress: many sigh under it and wish for the old government, but they dare not venture to betray their sentiments. The circumstance that our troops have several times had to abandon places after most of the inhabitants had come out openly for the King, has rendered many unhappy and the rest shy. Everywhere the royalists simply expected protection and aid from the troops in order that they might the more calmly get rich off us; and the leniency of the English disposition allowed it, to its own disadvantage. The Congress is more despotie in this matter and forces friend and foe to bear arms, and employs every base means of force and persuasion — as from the beginning — to prop up its authority, which is hated by the people and wavering, and to prolong the war.<sup>1</sup> The situation

<sup>1</sup> In a word, the Congress at Philadelphia since 1776 has been what the Long Parliament was in England after 1642. If one could put in

between the Congress and its troops is such that one flatters oneself the latter will soon proclaim their Washington dictator.

Almost open trade is carried on from here with the rebels; at least both sides close an eye. Passionately anxious for gold and silver, they constantly brought us cattle and other provisions from the outset; but to hold back the money, one prefers now to let them have tea, linen, cloth, etc., in exchange.

The war has made the inhabitants of this city and the neighborhood rich, and New York is for its size one of the wealthiest cities in the world. The sums which the army consumes here are incredible. So much, however, is true beyond a doubt, the price of food-stuffs, wages for labor and personal services, and all merchants' wares is dearer than in the East and West Indies, which used to be considered the most expensive places. You will not believe, I presume, that a wood-chopper earns daily six florin, Rhenish money, and more? or that a good coachman will not serve for less than four hundred florins, good board, and clothing? Perhaps you would like the chimney-sweep's profession? There is a royal chimney-sweep here, who has to look after the quarters belonging to the army. He keeps a half-dozen negroes, each of whom can sweep at least twenty chimneys a day,

the hands of the poor, deluded people in North America a readily comprehended history of the Cromwellian period, such a booklet would perhaps have more effect than twenty newly dispatched regiments. S.

and often must clean more; and for each chimney his master, who sits quietly at home, is paid two shillings York money (twenty-eight coppers). The negroes get nothing out of it save coarse food and rags.



## APPENDIX





## APPENDIX

### I

#### NOTE FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN LOWER SAXONY

IN the year 1764 a peasant from this land (Lower Saxony), who had settled in North America many years before, came home again to visit his friends. As he told me, he has a plantation which is worth eleven to twelve hundred pounds sterling. Through long absence his speech and manners had become almost entirely English. I often spoke with him about his new Fatherland, which he loved greatly. Just at that time the well-known affair of the Stamp Acts began. He assured me his American compatriots would never yield; and that in England they were too shrewd to press the matter too far. All the articles of clothing he wore were made in America, and it was easy to comprehend that such a great, populous land, which could feed and clothe its inhabitants, no longer needed to allow despotic laws to be given by others. This was known in England, and for this reason England would do well to deal gently with them at all times. Should this not happen, there was no doubt that the people who had conquered Canada for England would also be able to assert their own freedom.

M.

## II

### LETTERS FROM GERMAN EVANGELICAL MINISTERS IN PENNSYLVANIA TO PROFESSOR FREYLINGHAUSEN IN HALLE <sup>1</sup>

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 18, 1775, FROM PASTOR RUNZE

YOUR Reverence's fatherly interest in our weal and woe will probably find nourishment in all the papers at present. Prudence forbids any further mention of what we feel and might perhaps feel. I am glad to leave political judgments to others; although I wish from my heart that the Lord would guide the heart of our sovereign, from whom the colonies really do not wish to be separated, to favor us with those liberties, with which we were formerly favored. My own judgment of the matter is theological. There is no land known to me which in the course of history has not been celebrated because of certain great afflictions visited upon it by way of punishment. British America seems now to have become sufficiently of age to be reckoned along with others in such prophetic rubrics as are found, Jeremiah, chapters 46-52, and Ezekiel, chapters 25-32. But the Lord still has compassion for the sake of 40-50. Many a faithful soul still prays in America, and many a Moses still lifts up his hands in supplication in Europe. . . .

LANCASTER, AUGUST 25, 1775, FROM PASTOR HELMUTH

YOUR welcome letter of February 25, 1775, I received safely. Your Reverence, you announce your interest in the sad circumstances of our country right at the beginning of your honored letter, and this lays me under obligation to give you at least a short sketch of the martial disturbances here. General Gage lies in Boston with about nine thousand royal troops and very many warships. He has had a city named Charlestown near Boston entirely reduced to ashes. The troops of the united provinces, about three thousand strong, have

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<sup>1</sup> The reader does not imagine that these letters stand here merely because of the news, partly stale, partly false, contained therein? S.

entrenched themselves around Boston so close to the royal troops that shots are exchanged almost every day. Up to now everything on the side of the provincial troops has turned out favorably; on the other hand, the royal troops have had many a notable loss. Because the latter cannot accomplish anything on that side and dare not go a mile into the country, General Gage has blown up a very strong fort near Boston called Fort William, and is now on the point of leaving his previous post with his people. No one knows, however, whither he will turn. Great preparations are being made throughout the country, and almost every one is under arms. The zeal which finds expression in these troubled conditions is not to be described. Where a hundred men are called for, many more than that number report immediately, who are rejected — to their great dissatisfaction, because one does not need them all. My slight acquaintance with history knows of no similar condition. Regions, of which one must have believed it would take years before the people would voluntarily take arms, have become quite martial in a few weeks, as soon as the news of the first occurrence at Lexington in New England became known. Quakers, Memnonites, etc., drill with the rest, and thereby renounce in great numbers their former religious principles. The rough turmoil of war is heard hourly in the streets.

The Allknowing alone knows what the end of these sad times will be. England has merited it, to be sure, by its sins, if God should permit a break; but, on the other hand, this land has probably merited it just as much, if God should visit it with tribulation. The sigh and heartfelt wish of all honest people is that the Lord may turn the heart of our most dear king to us once more, to leave us the liberties once granted,<sup>1</sup> and so might again unite us in peace with the crown, under which this land has been so happily governed. The present disturbances are doing Christianity no little harm. Every one is eager, like the Athenians of old, always to hear something

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<sup>1</sup> And who wanted to take them away? Or has Great Britain ever given them assurance that it would always protect them for nothing and, merely for its own account, always incur new debts for their sake, and never ask a shilling as a contribution toward the payment of these debts? S.

new; and because of the many new things unfortunately the way to the heart is entirely closed to the good old Word of God. The Lord smites the people, but they do not feel it. Those from whom the danger seems far removed are secure, those whom the trouble has already befallen are embittered and think only of revenge. In the American army there are many preachers, who perform the function of a teacher and of a military officer at the same time. I myself know two, of whom one is a colonel, the other a captain. It is nothing rare to hear those who have been killed on the American side painted as martyrs by many a preacher. The people are for the most part all in a veritable enthusiasm regarding freedom. The whole land from New England to Georgia is of one mind, to venture life and limb to maintain their freedom. Those few who think otherwise dare not speak otherwise. If, indeed, a few have been so incautious, they fare so badly that others have no desire to show the least opposition to the course entered upon. In Philadelphia the English and German pupils are organized in soldier companies, wear their uniforms, and are drilled like regular troops. What the father does, the child simply imitates. Would to God, the human race were for once as zealous and unanimous in asserting their spiritual freedom as they now are here in America in respect to bodily freedom!

In the present circumstances the Jews in the time of Zedekiah, and in the time of Vespasian and Titus, but also the revolution in the time of Rehoboam have often occurred to me. The Lord alone knows, however, whether one or none of these three references is applicable to the present troubles. The outcome alone will tell. I think that a preacher in this land does best; if he preaches repentance and faith all the more earnestly, the less willing the people are to hear of them at present. To speak against the cause would be unwise and without the least success; to speak for the cause, dangerous, because I at least for my humble part cannot determine whether America is doing right or wrong. Your Reverence will meanwhile remember us in prayer before the Lord, so that before all things the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God may be advanced. With all the disturbances, the work of the Lord goes on, at least with the children of God among us: may the Lord out of His mercy increase the small number of these same!



### III

#### COPY OF A LETTER FROM MAJOR-GENERAL VON STEUBEN TO PRIVY COUNCILLOR — IN HECHINGEN

IN CAMP NEAR NEW WINDSOR ON NORTH RIVER, *July 4, 1779* <sup>1</sup>

HERE you have my fifth letter, my friend, which I send from this part of the world. Since up to now I have not had an answer to any, I fear my letters have not reached you. Two ships, by which I sent packets to Europe, have been captured by the English; about two others, which had letters for you and another friend, I am uncertain: your silence, my dearest friend, makes me fear these have been lost also. Since I send this by the French minister plenipotentiary, Mr. Gerard, and I flatter myself that it will come into your hands, I will, as far as possible, repeat what I have already told in detail in my previous ones.

I wrote my first letter to you, my dearest friend, from Boston about five weeks after my arrival on this continent. It contained an account of my journey and all the disagreeable things that happened to me on the trip. You can find a better description of a tempest in *Robinson Crusoe* or other adventurers than I can give. I will only say this much, that I went through two such, and each of the roughest kind: the first in the Mediterranean, close to the African coast; and the other on the coast of Nova Scotia. Each lasted three days, and through each, especially the first, my frigate was so damaged that even our naval officers themselves gave up all hope. Add to these little annoyances the fact that the fore part of the ship caught fire three times and that we had seventeen hundred hundredweight of powder on board, and, furthermore, that a mutiny among the crew put us in the embarrassing position of fighting fourteen against eighty-four men in order to get hold of the ringleaders, that we spent sixty-six days on the voyage

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<sup>1</sup> Imparted by highest authority. S.

in the most dangerous season, and then you will find that this passage was one of the hardest a person can imagine.

But disagreeable as my voyage was, so flattering was my arrival in America. We arrived in *Portsmouth*, the capital of New Hampshire, December 1, 1777. Before we entered the harbor I sent my secretary in a sloop to the commandant to announce my arrival. General *Ladom* [John Langdon], who has command, came on board the ship himself and took me and my officers off in a sloop. Upon my arrival in the harbor the cannon of the fortress and of all the ships in the harbor were fired. Several thousand inhabitants welcomed me in the most friendly fashion as I stepped ashore. Mr. *Ladom* led me to his house, where we dined at noon, during which time all the inhabitants of the city collected as if to see a rhinoceros.

Exhausted as I was from my troublesome voyage, I nevertheless spent the second day inspecting all the fortifications. The third day I reviewed the troops of the garrison, and the 4th of December, I continued my journey to Boston by land.

My reception at Boston was just as flattering for me as that at *Portsmouth*. I found there the celebrated Mr. *Hancock*, former president of the Congress. He showed me an order received from Congress that the requisite conveniences for the journey (to *Yorktown*, where Congress was then assembled) should be provided for me and my suite. Mr. *Hancock* took upon himself the provision therefor. Wagons, sleighs, and pack-horses were procured for me; five negroes were given me as grooms and drivers, and a commissary to provide quarters and forage on the way. Since I had brought along from Paris only one valet and one cook, I engaged two Englishmen in Boston as servants, and made up my field equipage for myself and my officers. From here I wrote you my first letter, in which I enclosed one to His Highness the Prince, a packet to Captain von H—, and, as far as I recall, there was also a letter to Fr—.

The arrangement of my equipage held me up in Boston over five weeks, and January 10th I continued my journey to *Yorktown*. Here I was received by Congress with every conceivable distinction. A house was fitted up for me, and two sentries posted before my door. The day after my arrival Congress

sent a committee of three members to know under what conditions I would accept service here. My answer was, that I was not minded to make any conditions with Congress, that I wished to share the impending campaign as a volunteer, that I merely asked commissions for the officers with me, and that I was unwilling to accept either rank or pay. This declaration was received by Congress as I expected. I received a letter of thanks in the most courteous terms, with the offer that I should have all my expenses paid. My officers received their brevets, and even my secretary was given the rank and pay of a captain.

Here I must remark that in the constitution of our military establishment here no higher rank is assigned than that of Major-General. General Washington is the eldest [ranking] major-general, and as *Général en Chef* he is accorded all the prerogatives of a General Field Marshal in other armies. His authority is as unlimited as ever that of the Statthalter may be in Holland. The other major-generals, whose number at present does not exceed nine, command corps, lines, wings, and divisions: Major-General *Gates* commands the army of the North, General *Lincoln* the army of the South, and General *Sullivan* the army against the Indians. All are under the orders of the General-in-Chief. The second rank is that of Brigadier-General: these command brigades, like the major-generals in European armies.

Upon my arrival at the army I was likewise received with more marks of honor than I expected. General *Washington* came several miles to meet me and escorted me to my quarters, where I found an officer and twenty-five men on guard, and when I forbade this, with the statement that I was to be regarded merely as a volunteer, he replied, in the most courteous way, that the whole army would be delighted to guard such volunteers. He introduced to me Major-General Lord *Stirling*, and various other generals, and at the same time Lieutenant-Colonel *Fernans* and Major *Waaker*, whom Congress had appointed my adjutants-general. The same day my name was given the army as the password, and the following day the army turned out and General *Washington* accompanied me to see the troops. In a word, if Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, or the foremost field marshal of Europe, had come

in my stead, he could not have been received with more show of honor.

My services as volunteer lasted not over five weeks, during which I drilled the army and made various arrangements, which were received with such approval that on April 26th I received a patent as major-general and at the same time the commission of inspector-general of all the armies. My pay was fixed at 16,400 French *livres*; besides this my table and all my people are maintained free by a special commissary, and provided for in every way; twenty-two horses for me and my equipage, one captain of horse, two lieutenants, and forty dragoons were allowed me by Congress as my guard. Aside from this my adjutants and officers have horses and servants suitable to their rank. I have two adjutants-general, two inspection adjutants, and two secretaries, who are paid by Congress; besides these I have Major *des Epinier*, a nephew of the famous *Beaumarchais*, and Marquis *de Brittain*, major in the American army, as adjutants.

Flattering as these decided honors are, so great are my obligations to merit them, my friend. As far as my powers of body and mind go, I employ them without ceasing to fulfill the demands of a nation which honors me with such confidence. No difficulty, no toil, no danger shall or can hinder my progress. My department is extensive: the eighth part of the world expects that my dispositions shall be of service to it. They have been thus far, thank Heaven! and joyously will I die for a nation which so honors me with its trust. All my undertakings have thus far had the happiest results: and I can say that with every day the trust which the army reposes in me increases. At the battle of *Monmouth* last year I commanded the left wing of the first line and was so fortunate as to bring the day's decision in our favor. And in the little affairs, both of the last and of this campaign, I have been so fortunate that every soldier wishes to be under my leadership. Last winter I composed the "Regulations for Infantry and Cavalry," which was immediately printed and published.

Congress testified to its thanks by a courteous letter which was published in all the papers, and then made me a present of two fine English saddle-horses and four thousand dollars (one dollar is five *livres* ten *sous*). Each of my adjutants and



even my secretary received gratuities. I spent the winter in Philadelphia. January 4th, Congress appointed me a member of the War Directory [War Department?]. March 26th, I departed to join the army. During my stay in Philadelphia I formed a close friendship with Mr. *Gerard*, the French minister, whose departure for Europe I regret very much. He did me the honor of coming to the army especially to visit me. He was received by the army with all honors of an ambassador. The day after his arrival I arranged a maneuver with eight infantry regiments and sixteen cannon; after the conclusion of this, Mr. *Gerard*, together with the *Général en Chef* and all the other generals and colonels of the army, dined with me, which made a table of sixty covers.

Now I am on a tour to inspect all the regiments and to introduce the system which I laid down in my Regulations. Everything is going along well with me here. My friend! I am now the fifth general in rank, and if a fever or a half-ounce of lead does not interrupt my career, the bounds of possibility are wide enough to satisfy an ambitious man. Two or three years of effort: and then, my friend, you must promise to visit me in Paris, and there we will arrange whether you will dine with me in Europe or in America. — Oh, my dearest Fr——, why have I wasted my years so! Two years of work — if we do not shy at work and danger — can get a man a long way! Experience convinces me, and I cannot forgive myself my [former] indolence.

What a beautiful, what a happy land this is! Without kings, without high-priests, without extortionate farmers-general<sup>1</sup> and without idle barons. Here every one is happy. Poverty is an unknown evil. I should get to rambling, if I

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<sup>1</sup> *In verbis simus faciles*, etc. When Brutus had abolished the royal government in Rome, the patricians talked a great deal about freedom, and meanwhile practically rode rough-shod over the plebeians who had been freed. Also under the Protector Cromwell many people, especially gentlemen of the army, sang praises that there was no longer a king. . . . The word General Pächter (farmer-general of taxes, like the Publicans of the Bible) has never been known in North America; but what are the gentlemen called, who since 1774 annually take from the inhabitants under threat of fire and sword the great sums for the continuation of the war? S.



should give you my description of the happy state<sup>1</sup> of these inhabitants. Abbé Raynal's is not entirely correct but is the best: read it and judge for yourself.

Now enough of myself and my new Fatherland: how are you, my friend? how is our most Serene Highness? I beg you to hand the enclosed to the best of princes with assurances of my most submissive respect. My happiness will only be complete when I shall have been able to give him convincing proofs of the full extent of my gratitude. My extensive duties and the uncertainties of the sea have prevented this thus far. Nevertheless, before my departure from Philadelphia I have given a certain Mr. *Robert Morris* the commission to provide a complete collection of North American trees,<sup>2</sup> of which there are three hundred and twenty-odd varieties, and to send three or four specimens of each variety next fall to Mr. *Gerard* in Paris, who has promised me to send these trees at my expense to Strassburg and will simultaneously notify His Highness the Prince. A similar collection was provided by Mr. *Morris* this spring for the king in France. The pheasant-garden is the best place for this collection. Nothing but the uncertainty of shipping will be able to prevent me from testifying to my respectful gratitude both to Her Highness the Princess and to Princess von F—— by some West Indian wares at this or the first opportunity.

And then, my friend, what for you? what for H——? what for ——? In truth, I still have obligations to fulfill before I finish my letter. What is Fr—— doing? is he married? is he happy? If not, let him come, for I can now reward his services. In case he should wish to decide thus, give me word as quickly as possible and I will remit his travel expenses to Strassburg.

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<sup>1</sup> All the Europeans who have come to North America in the present war speak without exception of this exceptional, universal prosperity of the country, which strikes every one at once. Now this prosperity, which is admitted by both sides, has [1] either begun only since the rebellion in 1774. This no one asserts; neither can this be so in the nature of the case: a wretched people, even under the wisest guidance, needs generations to become happy. Or [2] it comes from the previous period, when North America was still quietly under British rule. Therefore this could not have been harsh, oppressive, tyrannical. S.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix IV, *infra*.

I wrote you that I would employ *Sch*—— here, despite the fact that it is difficult to advance in the service here without the English language. I am now a complete master of it, so that I can write and say everything I wish: I even wrote my Regulations in the English language. Since *Sch*—— has not come, and I have heard nothing from you since then, I presume that you either did not get my letter, or that he is provided for in another way. For the rest, I must confess to you frankly that six foreign officers make me more trouble here than two hundred Americans; and most of the foreigners have so utterly lost credit here that it gets harder from day to day to employ foreign officers. A great number of German barons and French marquises have already sailed away again;<sup>1</sup> and I am always worried when a baron or marquis announces himself. We are in a republic here and Mr. Baron does not pass for a red cent more than Mr. Jacob or Mr. Peter; and [German and] French noses find it hard to get used to this. Our general of artillery was a bookbinder in Boston: a worthy man, who understands his trade from the bottom up, and administers his present position with much honor.

Baron von Kalbe and I are now the only foreign generals in this service; and Kalbe, who has over thirty thousand livres income in France, will resign at the end of this campaign.<sup>2</sup>

Now, my friend, I will lay before you my prospects and then conclude my letter. I shall finish this war here or it will finish me: apparently England cannot keep up the game much longer than two years at most. Then it is my concern to place the military system and the militia in the thirteen provinces on a uniform, solid footing, and then settle with Congress what we owe each other. The continuance of my appointment at 16,400 livres is already assured me for my lifetime; Congress has promised me, not *ESTATES*, but *DOMINIONS* in the best province — Jersey or Pennsylvania; a considerable pension from France after the (successful) termination of the war was pledged me by the French Court, before I went to America; and then I can count on a good gratuity from each of the thirteen provinces individually. All this requires of me not more

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. letter from Boston, p. 142.

<sup>2</sup> Kalbe was recently — August 16, 1780 — present at the battle of Camden, was wounded, captured, and died. S.

than three years of life, health, steadfastness, and courage. The first two conditions do not depend upon me; the latter are in my power and will. And if this is fulfilled, my friend! — then I shall see you again in Europe; and then we will agree with one another whether you will dine with me in Philadelphia or in Paris.

Believe me, my friend! this globe is not so large as we imagine. An ant does not deserve its nourishment if it is too lazy to seek it at the other end of the mound; and I wasted fourteen years of my life. Now Canada is my hunting lodge, Georgia my Linden park: and this strip comprises an eighth part of the world; at both ends of this section a command signed by me is executed! This flatters an ambitious man a little, and in this you recognize your friend.

When you write me, my best friend! address your letters henceforth to Mr. *Gerard à Versailles*, through whom I shall most surely get them. Here is his address: *Mr. Gerard, Conseiller des Affaires Étrangères, à Versailles.* and here is mine:

*To His Excellence, the honourable Baron of Steuben, Inspector-General and Major-General of the Armées of the United States in North America.*

Have the kindness, my friend! and send worthy General R——d an abstract of my letter. My many affairs prevent me from writing to all the persons whom I esteem. Sp—— also belongs to the number; inform him of my present circumstances; I am assured he is interested. If General R——, or any other of my friends, knows officers or other persons who wish to seek their fortunes in this part of the world, a line from his or their hand will be sufficient for me to do everything possible to care for their happiness.

Farewell, may yours be a happy life, my dearest friend! Let me hear from you soon. As long as I live I am with sincere friendship

Yours

STEUBEN

#### IV

##### PARAGRAPH FROM THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST HAGENSCHIESS NEAR PFORZHEIM

FURTHERMORE, according to the plans of the ruling Margrave of Baden, who is himself a lover of silviculture and forestry as well as a connoisseur of the foreign woods now naturalized in the country, one has not failed to beautify the aforesaid forest with foreign varieties and to leave something to posterity by laying out new plantations [of trees] of which nothing was known a short time ago. To this end five great main plantations have been started in this forest, and of the North American wild trees planted there some have distinguished themselves by their excellent growth: so the Weymouth firs, of which there are three thousand on hand; the American black and white pitch pine; further, the *pinus foliis trilobis* from Virginia; *pinus foliis geminis conis parvis*, commonly called Jersey fir; *pinus maritima*, called by the English pinaster or cluster pine; *tuya Virginiana*, also called *juniperus Virginiana*, or really red cedar; *populus Canadensis*; *populus Virginiana nigra*, vel *Taccamahaka*; *juglans Virginiana*; and finally a plantation consisting of eight thousand larches, on which (as on the Weymouth fir plantation) there has been erected as a memorial a stone monument with an inscription telling under what reign, and in what year these previously unknown woods were planted, and how they continued from year to year.

# V

## LIST OF THE GENERALS WHO SERVE IN THE ARMY OF THE REBELS, MAY, 1778<sup>1</sup>

### *Commander-in-Chief*

George Washington, from Virginia. Assumed his post  
June 15, 1775

### *Major-Generals*

Charles Lee, from Virginia, since June 17, 1775.

Philipp Schuyler, from New York, since June 19, 1775.

|                                  |                                            |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Israel Putnam, from Connecticut  | Joseph Spencer — Ct.                       |
| William Heath — Mass.            | Nathanael Green — R.I.                     |
| John Sullivan — N.H.             | Thomas Mifflin — Pa.                       |
| William, Earl of Stirling — N.J. | Adam Stephens — Va.                        |
| Arthur Sinclair — Pa.            | Benedict Arnold — Ct.                      |
| Benjamin Lincoln — Mass.         | (an apothecary, bankrupt,<br>and smuggler) |
| Marquis la Fayette — France      | Robert Howe — N.C.                         |
| Alexander McDougal — N.Y.        | Baron de Calb — Germany                    |
| Thomas Conway — France           |                                            |
| Horatio Gates — Va.              |                                            |

### *Brigade Generals*

|                            |                           |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| William Thompson — Pa.     | John Nixon — Mass.        |
| Samuel Parsons — Ct.       | James Clinton — N.Y.      |
| Christopher Gadsden — S.C. | William Manyschell — S.C. |
| Mc Intosh — Ga.            | William Maxwell — Jersey  |
| Matthew Allexis — France   | De Roche Fernay — France  |
| De Bore — France           | Henry Knox — Mass.        |
| Enoch Poor — N.H.          | John Glover — Mass.       |
| John Patterson — Mass.     | Anthony Wayne — Penn.     |
| James Vernon — R.I.        | Peter Muhlenberg — Va.    |
| George Weedon — Va.        | William Woodford — Va.    |
| Edward Hand — Pa.          | Ebenezer Learned — Mass.  |
| Stark — N.H.               | Count Polousky — Poland   |

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<sup>1</sup> Schlözer: *Briefwechsel*, v, (xxvii), page 195.



## VI

### AMERICAN GENERALS AND STAFF OFFICERS <sup>1</sup>

[Published 1781]

1. *Général en Chef*, George Washington, 1756-1762; was Captain in the Virginian militia.
2. Major-General Gates, second general in command; was Lieutenant-Colonel in English service and a very capable officer.
3. Macduggel, third in command; was a sailor.
4. Lee; was a Major in English service and a capable officer.
5. Baron Steuben; is Inspector-General of the American army; <sup>2</sup> was Lieutenant Quartermaster in Prussian service, and quit in 1760.
6. Arnold; was a horse-dealer.
7. Putnam; was an innkeeper.
8. Sullivan; was a breeches-maker, later lessee of a ferry, finally an advocate.
9. Knox; was a blacksmith: is *Général en Chef* of all the artillery.
10. Green; is quartermaster-general; was an advocate in New England, who was forbidden to practice.
11. Brigadier-General Scott; was an English corporal who deserted.
12. Mühlenberg; was a preacher in Winchester County.
13. Wayn; was a tanner's hand, and later a surveyor.
14. Irwin; was a hat-maker in Philadelphia.
15. Westphal; was a tailor and citizen of Boston.
16. Maxfeld; was a genuine swineherd <sup>3</sup> in New Jersey.
17. Colonel Broecter [Proctor], *Chef* of an artillery regiment; was a disreputable servant to several gentlemen, and finally a carpenter.

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<sup>1</sup> Some names may not be spelled correctly; otherwise the list is from reliable hands. S.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. letter, p. 241.

<sup>3</sup> Emperor Justinian's uncle, also Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, are said to have been swineherds. S.

18. Vibecker, commands the light infantry; was an innkeeper in St. Croix.
19. Fermer; was hostler at an inn, and now as colonel is an innkeeper still.
20. Balthasar Melchior; is barrackmaster general; was a Jew and innkeeper in Philadelphia.
21. Nagell, *Chef* of an infantry regiment; was a farmhand.
22. Globbler [Glover?], *Chef* of an infantry regiment; was a tailor.
23. Mönchen, *Chef* of a Pennsylvania regiment; was a dancing-master, and danced publicly in the comedy to pay his transportation on his arrival.
24. Lieutenant-Colonel Fränck, Adjutant to General Arnold; was a Jew.

*Adjutants-General to His Excellency Mr. Washington*

1. Colonel Fitzgerald; was a bankrupt merchant from Virginia.
2. Hamilton; was an advocate.
3. Mith; was a haberdasher in Philadelphia.
4. Tillermann; was employed by a merchant.
5. Harrison; was an advocate.
6. Lee; is private secretary to General Washington.

*General Staff*

1. Colonel Paltfry, Paymaster; was a merchant, and thrice bankrupt.
2. John Mitchel, Deputy Quartermaster-General; was a merchant from Philadelphia, several times bankrupt, and had served time in a common prison because of a false oath.

N.B. An American Major-General is the same as a Lieutenant General in other armies; and Brigadier-General is equal to Major-General.

*War College*

1. Colonel Petersen, President in the *Kriegs Collegio*; was a porter.
2. Pickering, Deputy in the War College, was a ruined merchant.

*Court martial, trial of a lieutenant*

A captain accused the lieutenant of his company, because of a pair of shoes which the latter had stolen from him. He was tried by court martial, the verdict was: the lieutenant was acquitted of the charge with honor.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This prompted a correspondent to write (VIII, 314): "The sender of this report probably made a bad error in translating. I would bet the English read: 'honorably acquitted of the charge.' This is a very usual formula in English courts martial."

## VII

### LETTER FROM PARAMARIBO NEAR SURINAME IN SOUTH AMERICA

JANUARY 28, 1778

How religious observance is arranged in this country? — It is not limited except with the Catholics. Why they are allowed no churches and no public worship is unknown to me. The Jews of both sects, Portuguese as well as German, have their synagogues. The Calvinists have two churches, one of them outside this city among the plantations. And we Evangelicals have a single church, which is here in Paramaribo. Churches enough, if there were only more Christians! But the great majority is ashamed to be. . . . The box with the works of Gellert, Hagedorn, Sturm, Zanthier, Miller, Haller, Feddersen, Lichtwehr, and Pardey I received in good condition October 4th of last year. A thousand thanks to you, noble friend, for the trouble you had in the matter. The books will cheer all my dark hours and encourage me in piety.

You are right, many an European is killed here by the blacks; but nevertheless it does not happen as often as people think over there. Rarely will a black man or woman do this inhuman deed, which they abhor even as heathen, unless they are provoked by all too great injustice or all too barbarous treatment till they consider themselves justified in taking retribution. If a negro has deserved punishment, he receives, according as his crime is great or small, one, two, three, four to five hundred blows with a whip on his bare back. And then they are whipped in another way with rods till they are all raw; but this punishment is in their estimation worse and more disgraceful than the former. At sight of such an execution [whipping], especially if one has never been present at one, a man's whole nature revolts, and one thinks a person thus punished will seize the first opportunity to kill his master. But far from it! They are used to being treated worse than the cattle. The only thing they do is to run away in the Bush (for the whole

country, aside from the inhabited places, is a wilderness), where from time to time they band together. Peace was made with two such parties about twenty years ago; with the third and with several smaller ones we are still at strife. They never dare stand before their enemy, but hide behind trees if they have learned by their spies the region where we are marching, blaze away at us, and then run away. When they note that they are safe from us, they go to a plantation, burn and destroy it utterly; by which the owner, who shortly before was a capitalist with many hundreds of thousands, is reduced to a beggar's staff. Then several of the ill-dispositioned plantation negroes go along and take away whatever tools, guns, powder and lead there may be. The situation in this land is so bad chiefly because you have to go from one plantation to the next by water, so that they have done the mischief and gone before necessary aid arrives. To pursue them is useless; for they make a hundred trails side by side till they come into the swampy regions, and then all hope of finding their trail again is lost. To check these evil actions as far as possible — for it is impossible to stop them entirely — fifteen hundred soldiers are maintained; aside from those in garrison at Paramaribo and the fortress New Amsterdam, they lie scattered among the plantations, and a good part of our troops are constantly on active duty in the Bush. Here strain your imagination to conceive the most wretched, most pitiable life that a human being can endure, and you have only a faint idea of the misfortune of a soldier here when he has to roam through the Bush (be a nigger-catcher). Just imagine how I have to drag myself through swamps and morasses, deprived of even the plainest nourishment, more than too often sigh vainly with my poor companions for a drop of water; when I hang my hammock at evening to two trees under the open sky, [my hammock] which in the severe heat of the day I carried on my back, and throw my weary limbs in it! If now the all kind Lord heard the prayers of the many thirsty ones and sent a sharp rain upon us, then we quenched our thirst, but where was our rest? — They have sent five to six hundred troops here from the State<sup>1</sup> in

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<sup>1</sup> Countryman, German Countryman! why do you allow yourself to be hired as a negro-catcher by a few Dutch merchants! If you serve them faithfully and successfully, they will not reward you. If you are



hopes that numbers would be the best thing, but still in vain. Therefore, a plan has been made, to surround the colony as far as it is occupied with plantations with a cordon; and another five hundred men have been asked of the Suriname Society in order to guard everything properly. Then the runaway negroes will do us less harm, but will the poor soldier be any happier? No, he will still have to remain a slave.

The year here in Suriname, as in all lands of the torrid zone, is divided into the wet and dry season, and many Europeans die before they get used to the climate. The former owners of the land we call Indians, or also *Bokken*. They have gone away from us entirely and for the most part live on rivers, where they empty into the sea. Their natural color is yellow, but they have the foolish habit of coloring themselves bright red with an Indian fruit, and then at times painting black and yellow stripes on top. They all go naked, even more than the blacks, and have only a small part of the body scantily covered. They live free and independent, and seek and love nothing more than quiet and peace; therefore we get along well with them. They bring us for sale tortoises, which here contain five to six hundred pounds; hammocks; Indian ravens, which are a handsome sky-blue, and others which are bright red; green parrots; and other things; and buy in return powder, lead, slow-match, cotton cloth, mirrors, strong drinks — which they love beyond measure, and go back to their dwellings in their canoes with the things. They are the most loyal, but also the laziest people the earth bears; and this laziness is especially prevalent among the male sex. All day they lie in their hammocks, gorge and guzzle, sleep it off, and begin anew. When everything is consumed, the Indian accepts the situation, goes hunting or fishing, looks after his household affairs, and begins his previous life once more. The women are regular slaves to their husbands, and they have several wives. If one comes down with child, she walks into the sea with the newborn babe, throws it and herself into the water a few times, then goes back to her lodging and goes to work: the child's father pretends to be sick and goes to bed for the confinement! Peaceable as the Indian

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unlucky, i.e., if you fall into the hands of the blacks, then you die like a criminal and the dear angels in heaven sing *Te Deum laudamus* to it. S.

is otherwise, he is capable of taking the life of any one who enters his enclosure and allows himself to be caught. Their wives risk the same punishment, and yet they are the first to offer opportunity thereto. So much about the Indians, their manner of life, and customs, I have gotten pretty well acquainted with, as I was seven full months last year in the region where they have established themselves.

Suriname, looking at its good side, yields an astonishing sum of money annually through its products, consisting of sugar, coffee, cocoa, and cotton, of which over sixty shiploads go back home each year. And for all that nothing but poverty prevails! A few years ago Suriname had too much credit, and precisely this was the cause of its ruin. The *planters* depended on it and lived more expensively than their incomes permitted. Now the *creditors* in Holland get everything, and the *planter* has nothing; and when the big fellow has nothing left to consume, what shall the little fellow, the common man, live on? It gets worse here daily both for soldier and civilian. No human being any longer has good prospects; no position of honor, no rank can make him happier in this ruined land than he is.

I. W. L.—N

*Lieutenant in the Holland service*

## VIII

### LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 16, 1779 <sup>1</sup>

JUST as one, whom his unhappy fate has condemned to slavery, rejoices when he sees himself freed from his fetters, so I rejoice now that I feel myself transplanted from rough Suriname to this agreeable section of the world. . . . I have been captured by the English. In this misfortune I have suffered considerable loss, yet I have the sweet pleasure of seeing more of the New World than I otherwise should. . . . Finally I arrived in South Carolina. What a great joy it was for me when I found myself again in a land that so resembles my own! Here I exposed myself to new dangers and undertook the nine hundred mile trip by water along the coast to Baltimore. Here I became acquainted with a Dr. *Wiesenthal*, a German, who showed exceptional kindness to me, a stranger.

After the English had left Philadelphia, I arrived here and was astonished at the size and beauty of this city, which is only about one hundred years old and has over thirty thousand souls. Through some Germans, whose friendship I won, I gained entry into the best houses. The agreeable and upright association with the fair sex caused me to make good progress in the English language. This country throughout is blessed with extremely handsome and charming women. An unconstrained, natural manner, a very free conduct that never transgresses the rules of propriety (but no slavish propriety), however, and still more their wide reading increases their worth. He must be without feeling, indeed, who could see here and not feel.

I have now been almost ten months in North America; I see that I cannot attain my goal; so I am going to renounce military life — for several other reasons as well.<sup>2</sup> Here every one

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<sup>1</sup> Arrived at Göttingen January 26, 1780. By the writer of the letter from Suriname.

<sup>2</sup> I. W. L——n, the writer, was a lieutenant in Dutch service.

is free to carry on trade, and I shall devote myself to this because I have the backing of good friends. For this reason I seek to make use of the fortune left me and have taken the liberty of drawing on you for —. It would go ill with me if this draft were not honored. The sharp laws of this country would, in case it came back with protest and I could not then pay, condemn me to prison, and shame and disgrace would drive me to despair.

Things look very critical here in North America. The English still hold New York and Rhode Island. Recently they have gone for the right wing and occupied Georgia; one is also worried about South Carolina because they will find little resistance there. People are on the point of sending a strong army to oppose them. The American expects much good from Spain. News has come that they [Spain] have a strong fleet at sea, and also offer to assist with several million Spanish dollars, because their [American] paper money is so low in value. It is almost incredible that England will ever again get this great, broad land under her dominion by force of arms, if no other power intervenes or the Americans do not become disunited. They are now recruiting briskly, and nothing but bloody occurrences are expected this summer. Many inhabitants of this land are on the English side, but have to remain quiet. It is doubtful if they will be so happy — should America actually become independent — when the talk is of former times.

You can send your letter under the cover: *To Mr. W. Hasenclewer, Merchant at Philadelphia*; but first to Holland to: *Hrn. Andreas & Christian Karseberg, wonhaft op Cingel à Amsterdam.*

## IX

### INDIANOS BRAVOS IN SOUTH AMERICA<sup>1</sup>

1752

SEVERAL days' journey from *Cuzco* behind the high range of mountains there dwells an Indian king whom the Spaniards, to be sure, call a rebel, but who calls himself the rightful Lord and King of Peru and claims he is descended from the blood of the Incas or old kings. Now, whether he is sprung from this royal race, as he says, I won't attempt to answer. So much is known, however, that some years ago he was brought up as a youth of noble birth in the City of *Cuzco* in the house of Mr. *Borgia*, and was instructed in the sciences, where he always gave signs of great spirit, without his ever having disclosed his high ancestry to any one. Even then he attached to himself almost all the neighboring heathen (*Maran Cochás*), among whom he lives, and whose number is infinitely great, and they follow his beck and command. Since he now seeks with all his might the whole kingdom of Peru, saying it has been stolen unjustly from his ancestors by the Spaniards, so one has good cause for fear he might, perchance, as he has already done several times, break forth from his mountains at a favorable opportunity, overrun all Peru with an astounding army, and render it all subject to himself, especially as the Spaniards in this country have very few, or no regular soldiers and fortresses, and so could hardly make resistance to his power. In addition there is the fact that the newly converted Indians are tired of the Spanish yoke and might well be the first to unite voluntarily with this Indian king, and would go over to his side in numbers.

At the command of King Ferdinand VI, the Viceroy at Lima, *Don Joseph Manso, Conde de Superunda*, some years ago sent two Jesuits, who told me this story orally with all the circumstances, over the mountains to this Indian king to see what sort of institutions he had and managed there. Now, when

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<sup>1</sup> From the Jesuit P. Bayer's *Journey to Peru*, in von Murr's *Journal zur Kunstgeschichte, etc.*, Part III, pp. 272-277. Nürnberg, 1776. S.



they came to *Tarma*, a border fortress, where right across the river the territory of this Indian king begins, the *Corregidor* living there told them they should say they were ambassadors of the Roman Pope, for he knew to a certainty that the *Apu Inca* (*Apu* means Lord), or king, was a Catholic Christian, consequently he would surely give them an audience. — The two Jesuits made use of this good advice; when they came to the river they called across in the Indian language that they desired to speak with the *Apu Inca* in the name of the Roman Pope. The next day early the answer came, they should cross the river. When they found themselves on the other side, countless Indians stood on the roads they had to take, with arrows and bows lowered to the ground in token of peace and friendship. They journeyed several days under escort of many Indians, through very large and populous Indian villages, till they finally came to the place where the *Apu Inca* had his dwelling. They were led into the house which the King had assigned as their quarters; after they had rested a while from their journey they were led by some body-guards and servants before the Inca. He received them very kindly upon his throne. One of the Jesuits, when he caught sight of him, immediately recognized by his face that he was the one who had previously been reared and instructed in the house of Mr. Borgia at Cuzco as a noble youth of Indian blood of a cacique; but he did not let it be noticed. The Jesuit made his address in the Indian language, he said: they had been sent by the Roman Curia to inquire whether in these regions of the kingdom of Peru the light of the true faith might be kindled too and his subjects be instructed in the holy lore of the only saving faith? — Hereupon the Inca answered: This had long been his desire, that his subjects might be instructed in the teaching of the true faith, because he himself was a Catholic Christian. He had, indeed, some years before had some priests of another order in his neighborhood who might have begun this; but since they had tried to persuade his subjects that they ought not to obey him because he was only a rebel, because the King of Spain alone was the rightful Lord over all Peru, so he had been forced to chase them far across the mountains again.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Apu Inca* is then still a barbarian, for any enlightened European Inca would not have chased the papists away, but — have hanged them. S.

Of the Jesuits, however, as many should come as were necessary. He promised to aid them in everything pertaining to this work of conversion, and at the same time he assured that his subjects, at his command, would quite willingly let themselves be instructed in the true faith; but the Pope should revoke his unjust donation, which he had made to the King of Spain when he turned over to him the kingdom of Peru. The Holy Father had, to be sure, been deceived and lied to by the Spaniards with craft and deceit, when they assured him there was no one left of the royal blood of the Incas, to whom the Crown of the Kingdom of Peru belonged; for they thought they had extirpated and utterly wiped out all branches of the royal line by their inhuman cruelty which they had practiced on his ancestors; but they had been greatly mistaken in their opinion, for he still had four princes. After these two Jesuits had stayed there a week and daily discussed many things with the Inca, they traveled back over the mountains to Lima where they set down in writing the whole matter of their journey and submitted it to the Viceroy, who promptly transmitted the report to Madrid to Ferdinand VI.

This monarch later sent a royal decree to Peru, that in future neither a Jesuit, nor a member of any other religious order, should henceforth presume to go to this rebel to instruct the people there in the true faith.<sup>1</sup> — Both Jesuits, with whom I was associated for nine months at Lima, assured me they had met in the villages of these regions countless Indians; and one could not know how far this district extended into the unknown, so-called Lands of the Amazon, where all the heathen inhabitants had already submitted to this Inca.

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<sup>1</sup> Christian policy of His Catholic Majesty! Because the people do not wish to become Spanish slaves, they shall not become Christians either? S.

# X

## A CURIOUS DRAFT <sup>1</sup>

HAMBURG, APRIL 12, 1782

HERE you have the copy of a strange draft, the like of which will perhaps never appear in the world after this war, and which might, therefore, deserve preservation. It is drawn by the French army in America on Paris, and is being duly negotiated and paid.

|               |                                                          |
|---------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| Copie         | ARMÉE de Rochambeau.                                     |
| Guerre        | Département d'Amérique. Pour 3300L.                      |
| Exercice 1781 | Au Camp de White Plains le 8 Juillet 1781.               |
| N 1338        | Monsieur, par cette première, la seconde, la             |
| Première      | troisième & la quatrième n'étant pas payées, à           |
| Jal N 189     | trente jours de vuë, Je vous prie de payer à             |
|               | M <sup>rs</sup> Wadsworth & Carter ou Ordre, la somme    |
|               | de Trois mille Trois cent Livres Valeur reçue            |
|               | des dits Sieurs en une ordonnance de Mr.                 |
|               | l'Intendant sur les approv <sup>ts</sup> qu'ils ont pour |
|               | l'Armée, de laquelle je Vous rendrai Compte              |
|               | sur les Dépenses de la Guerre de ce Départe-             |
|               | ment en me remettant la présente acquittée               |
|               | Pour la dite somme de Trois mille Trois cent             |
|               | Livres.                                                  |

par Première  
(Signé) Paulus. .

à Monsieur  
Monsieur de Sexilly  
Trésorier Payeur Général  
des Dépenses de la Guerre  
à Paris

Je prie Mr. . . .  
Trésorier de la Guerre à . . .  
d'acquitter la Présente

L'Original se trouvera accepté chez M<sup>rs</sup> Lavatre Doerner  
& C. à Paris

(Signé) Wadsworth & Carter  
— Josh Bindon  
— Edward Fox.

---

<sup>1</sup> Schlözer: *Briefwechsel*, x (LX), pp. 366-67.

Payés à l'Ordre de Mess<sup>rs</sup> Bohl frères & C. Valeur reçue des  
dits Sieurs.

Cadiz le 25 Sept 1781.

Harrison & C.

Payés à l'Ordre de Mr. Daniel Stockfleth, Valeur en Compte.

Cadiz ce 25 Sept. 1781.

Bohl frères & Comp.

## XI

### LETTER TO GUSTAF III FROM THE ROYAL FRENCH VICE-ADMIRAL COUNT JEAN BAPTISTE D'ESTAING

SIRE, carried away by admiration and gratitude, it is rather as a soldier than with all the prudence of a courtier that I venture to render an account to Your Majesty of the execution of the orders with which you<sup>1</sup> have deigned to honor me. Baron de Steding has just received in the name to which the world so justly adds to its proper title that of the Great, in the name of Your Majesty, the insignia of your Order of the Sword.<sup>2</sup>

To do justice to so distinguished a soldier, though far away, to recompense Mr. de Steding, is to act royally. This officer, as I have represented him to my court, is worthy to be a Swede. Your Majesty then has not been able to forget him; but to charge me with the most flattering commission, to load me with your bounties in an autograph letter, is, Sire, the act of a great man who wishes, who succeeds in creating other [great men], who perceives, who animates the least spark of zeal wherever it exists, and whose genius embraces and warms all

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<sup>1</sup> Naturally the pronoun of the second person is not employed, but the third person, referring to Majesty, would be strange to us.

<sup>2</sup> In the French fleet serve various Swedish officers, several of whom have so distinguished themselves, especially at the naval battle near Grenada in 1779, that the King of Sweden nominated several of them Knights of the Order of the Sword at a special meeting of the order held September 28, 1779, at Gripsholm. The most distinguished among these officers, and one who participated with great honor in the assault near Savannah, was Ludwig Bogislav Curt von Steding, a nobleman from Swedish Pommerania, Chamberlain to the Queen of Sweden, corporal in the body guard, and colonel in the royal French service. He it is, whom Count d'Estaing, after his return from America, dubbed a Knight of the Order of the Sword in the name of the Swedish king. S.



peoples. It seems to me that my satisfaction and eagerness have rendered my recovery more speedy. My attachment for the Nation of the Gustaves and of Charles XII could not be augmented; nevertheless, I believe to be more worthy to fight along with those who compose it; their Monarch has kindled me with a ray of that fire which animated him the 19th of August, 1772;<sup>1</sup> and upon receiving the promise of Baron de Steding, I have taken oath, like the ancient Gauls, and on the same Order of the Sword which I have just had the honor of presenting to him, to celebrate as long as I shall live this day, so famous, so glorious for humanity, and so useful to all the subjects of Your Majesty. The favor that you have done me in choosing me to represent you, will give me the happy right to remind you at the same time and every year of your kindness, my gratitude, and my devotion.

I am, with most profound respect, Sire, Your Majesty's very humble and very obedient servant

ESTAING.

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<sup>1</sup> When Gustaf wrested the actual power from the nobles.

## XII

### LIST OF ITEMS IN SCHLÖZER'S *BRIEFWECHSEL* DEALING WITH AMERICA AND THE REVOLU- TION, INCLUDING A FEW WITH BUT REMOTE BEARING THEREON

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- 55 343 Silas Deane. (Trial of James Hill.)
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- 59 381 Population, Commerce, and Income of Spanish America.
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- 36 268 Letter from the barracks near Boston, February 5, 1778 (in French).
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